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A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

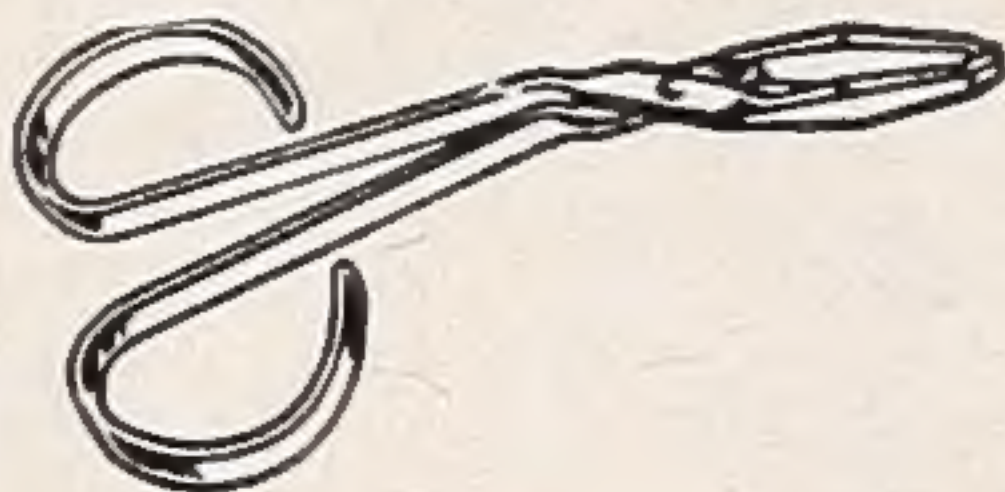
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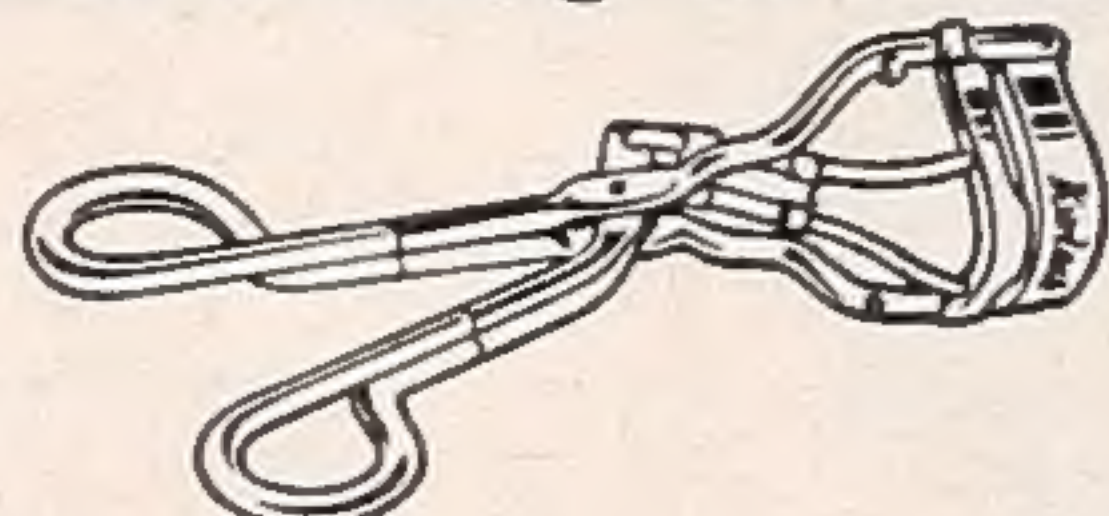
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PHOTOPLAY

Your October issue will be on sale at your newsstand—September 6

September 1956

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AUTUMN LEAVES—Columbia. Directed by Robert Aldrich: *Milly*, Joan Crawford; *Burt Hanson*, Cliff Robertson; *Virginia*, Vera Miles; *Mr. Hanson*, Lorne Greene; *Liz*, Ruth Donnelly; *Dr. Couzens*, Sheppherd Strudwick; *Mr. Wetherby*, Selmer Jackson; *Nurse Evans*, Maxine Cooper; *Waitress*, Marjorie Bennett; *Mr. Ramsey*, Frank Gerstle; *Colonel Hillyer*, Leonard Mudie; *Dr. Masterson*, Maurice Manson; *Desk Clerk*, Bob Hopkins.

AWAY ALL BOATS—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Captain Jebediah S. Hawks*, Jeff Chandler; *Lt. Dave MacDougall*, George Nader; *Nadine MacDougall*, Julie Adams; *Commander Quigley*, Lex Barker; *Doctor Bell*, Keith Andes; *Lt. Fraser*, Richard Boone; *Ensign Kruger*, William Reynolds; *Lt. Mike O'Bannion*, Charles McGraw; *Alvick*, Jock Mahoney; *Old Man*, John McIntire; *Chief "Pappy" Moran*, Frank Faylen; *Lt. j.g. Sherwood*, Grant Williams; *Lt. j.g. Robinson*, Floyd Simmons; *Ensign Twitchell*, Don Keefer; *Lt. Randall*, Sam Gilman.

BLACK SLEEP, THE—U.A. Directed by Reginald Le Borg: *Sir Joel Cadman*, Basil Rathbone; *Odo*, Akim Tamiroff; *Mungo*, Lon Chaney; *Borg*, John Carradine; *Casimir*, Bela Lugosi; *Dr. Gordon Ramsay*, Herbert Rudley; *Laurie*, Patricia Blake; *Daphne*, Phyllis Stanley; *Curry*, Tor Johnson; *Nancy*, Sally Yarnell; *K-6*, George Sawaya; *Miss Daly*, Claire Carleton; *Investigative-Sergeant Steel*, Peter Gordon; *Angelina*, Louanna Gardner; *1st Bobby*, Clive Morgan; *Scotland Yard Detective*, John Sheffield.

BRAVE ONE, THE—RKO. Directed by Irving Rapper: *Leonardo*, Michel Ray; *Rafael Rosillo*, Rodolfo Hoyos; *Maria*, Elsa Cardenas; *Don Alejandro*, Carlos Navarro; *Marion Randall*, Joi Lansing; *Fermin Rivera*, Fermin Rivera; *Salvador*, George Trevino; *Mammel*, Carlos Fernandez.

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT—Filmorsa. Directed by Orson Welles: *Gregory Arkadin*, Orson Welles; *Burgomil Trebitsch*, Michael Redgrave; *Mily*, Patricia Medina; *Jakob Zouk*, Akim Tamiroff; *The Professor*, Mischa Auer; *Sophie*, Katina Paxinou; *Marquis of Rutleigh*, Jack Watling; *Bracco*, Gregoire Aslan; *Thadeus*, Peter Van Eyck; *Baroness Nagel*, Suzanne Flon; *Oskar*, O'Brady; *The Blonde*, Tamara Shane; *Raina*, Paola Mori; *Guy Van Stratton*, Robert Arden.

CONGO CROSSING—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Louise*, Virginia Mayo; *Carr*, George Nader; *Arragas*, Peter Lorre; *O'Connell*, Michael Pate; *Gorman*, Rex Ingram; *Rittner*, Tonio Selwart; *Amelia*, Kathryn Givney.

FASTEST GUN ALIVE, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Russell Rouse: *George Temple*, Glenn Ford; *Dora Temple*, Jeanne Crain; *Vinnie Harold*, Broderick Crawford; *Eric Doolittle*, Russ Tamblyn; *Harvey Maxwell*, Allyn Joslyn; *Lou Glover*, Leif Erickson; *Taylor Swope*, John Dehner; *Dink Wells*, Noah Beery; *Kevin McGovern*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Brian Tibbs*, Rhys Williams; *Rose Tibbs*, Virginia Gregg; *Frank Stringer*, Chubby Johnson; *Ben Buddy*, John Doucette; *Lars Toomey*, William "Bill" Phillips; *Bobby Tibbs*, Chris Olsen; *Sheriff Bill Toledo*, Paul Birch; *Joe Fenwick*, Florenz Ames; *Reverend*, Joseph Sweeney.

FRANCIS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE—U-I. Directed by Charles Lamont: *David Prescott*, Mickey Rooney; *Lorna*, Virginia Welles; *Neil Frazer*, Paul Cavanagh; *Lt. Hopkins*, David Janssen; *Lorna Ann*, Mary Ellen Kay.

HIGH SOCIETY—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: *C. K. Dexter-Haven*, Bing Crosby; *Tracy*

Lord, Grace Kelly; *Mike Connor*, Frank Sinatra; *Liz Imbrie*, Celeste Holm; *George Kittredge*, J. Lund; *Uncle Willie*, Louis Calhern; *Seth L.*, Sidney Blackmer; *Himself*, Louis Armstrong; *Seth Lord*, Margalo Gillmore; *Caroline Lord*, L. Reed; *Dexter-Haven's Butler*, Gordon Richards; *Lord's Butler*, Richard Garrick.

HUK!—U.A. Directed by John Barnwell: *C. Dickson*, George Montgomery; *Cindy Rogers*, M. Freeman; *Bart Rogers*, John Baer; *Steven Rogers*, James Bell; *Major Balatbat*, Teddy Benivenido; *Kalak*, Mario Barri; *Pinote*, Ben Perez.

KING AND I, THE—20th. Directed by Walter Lang: *Anna*, Deborah Kerr; *The King*, Yul Brynner; *Tuptim*, Rita Moreno; *Kralahome*, Martin Luther King; *Lady Thiang*, Terry Saunders; *Louis Levens*, Rex Thompson; *Lun Tha*, Carlos Romo; *Prince Chulalongkorn*, Patrick Adiarte; *Brian*, Ambassador; *Alan Mowbray*; *Ramsay*, Geoffrey Toone; *Eliza*, Yuriko; *Simon Legree*, Marion J. Kennedy; *Keeper of the Dogs*, Robert Banas; *Uncle Thomas*, Dusty Worrall; *Specialty Dancer*, Gemze de Lay; *Twins*, Thomas Bonilla, Dennis Bonilla; *Angela*, Ballet; *Michiko Iseri*; *Ship's Captain*, Charles Irving; *Interpreter*, Leonard Strong; *Siamese Girl*, I. James; *Amazons*, Jadin Wong, Jean Wong; *Wiping Guards*, Fuji, Weaver Levy; *High Priest*, William Yip; *Messenger*, Eddie Luke; *Guest*, Joseph Smith.

PARDNERS—Paramount. Directed by Norman Taurog: *Slim*, Dean Martin; *Wade*, Jerry Lewis; *Carol Kingsley*, Lori Nelson; *Pete Rio*, Jeff Morrow; *Dolly Riley*, Jackie Loughery; *Dan Hogan*, John Baragrey; *(Mrs.) Matilda Kingsley*, Agnes Moorehead; *Whitey*, Lon Chaney; *Hawkins*, (Milton) Frome; *Chauffeur*, Richard Ahearn; *Gus*, Lee Van Cleef; *Carol's Cowhand*, Stuart Dalton; *Salvin*, Scott Douglas; *Pete*, Jack Elam; *Sho*, Bob Steele; *Red*, Mickey Finn; *Smith*, Douglas Spencer; *Footman*, Philip Tonge.

PHANTOM HORSE—Daiei. Directed by Shima: *Yukie*, Ayako Wakao; *Jiro*, Yuko Iwatare; *Ichiro*, Akihiko Yusa; *Toki Onishi*, Yos Kitahara; *Yasuke Shiraishi*, Bontaro Miyake; *Homura*, Koreya Senda; *Hyogoro Onishi*, Ei Yanagi.

RUN FOR THE SUN—U.A. Directed by Boulting: *Mike Latimer*, Richard Widmark; *Browne*, Trevor Howard; *Katy Connors*, Jane Grey; *Van Anders*, Peter Van Eyck; *Jan*, Carlos Henry.

SANTIAGO—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Cash Adams*, Alan Ladd; *Isabella*, Rosalinda Podesta; *Clay Pike*, Lloyd Nolan; *Sidewheel*, (Lloyd) Wills; *Trasker*, Paul Fix; *Digger*, L. Q. Jones; *Jingo*, Frank de Kova; *Sam*, Don Blackman; *L. Royal Dano*; *Dutch*, Clegg Hoyt; *Josef M.*, Ernest Sarracino; *Juanito*, Francisco Ruiz.

SEVEN MEN FROM NOW—Warners. Directed by Budd Boetticher: *Stride*, Randolph Scott; *Al*, Gail Russell; *Masters*, Lee Marvin; *Greer*, W. Reed; *Bodeen*, John Larch; *Clete*, Donald Baillor; *Henchman*, Fred Graham; *Clint*, John Barradine; *Jed*, John Phillips; *Mason*, Chuck Roberson; *Fowler*, Steve Mitchell; *Senorita*, Pamela Dunbar; *Cavalry Lieutenant*, Stuart Whitman.

STRADA, LA—Ponti-De Laurentiis. Directed by Federico Fellini: *Zampano*, Anthony Quinn; *somina*, Giulietta Masina; *The Fool*, Richard Hart; *Colombaioni*, Aldo Silvani.

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS—U.A. Directed by Winston Jones: *Documentary*.

The 'Burning' Question:

WHO IS TODAY'S HOTTEST TEEN-AGE STAR-TEAM?

Answer:

The Audience Award-winning Guy from "Battle Cry"!

The sensational girl of "Rebel Without a Cause"!

TAB HUNTER • NATALIE WOOD

FLAMING WITH THE FIRE OF FIRST LOVE IN

THE BURNING HILLS



Don't call them kids—not anymore! Shy Trace Jordan, half-shamed and half-proud, and the mixed-up teen-age runaway girl! There'd be talk--there'd be terror--but for the first time there'd be love!

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Screen Play by IRVING WALLACE • Based on the Novel by LOUIS L'AMOUR • Produced by RICHARD WHORF • Directed by STUART HEISLER



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205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.
For list of studio addresses, see page 111.—Ed.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

After reading Ernst Jacobi's write-up about Oreste in your June issue, I thought I'd send this letter to express my appreciation. It was a perfect delight to see such a well-rounded and detailed spread about this up and coming young tenor. I liked it especially since it brought back to me happy memories of my earlier life in sunny Malta.

Oreste is a wonderful lad and I am sure that America will like him.

PAUL C. SPITERI
Detroit, Michigan



A new role for Kim

I bet we would really have a perfect attendance record in school if our faculty members were: *Principal*, Jeff Chandler; *Secretary*, Kim Novak; *Dean of Girls*, Ann Blyth; *Algebra*, Marlon Brando; *English*, Grace Kelly; *Biology*, Tony Curtis; *French*, Zsa Zsa Gabor; *Latin*, Rita Moreno; *Gym*, Debbie Reynolds; *Chorus*, Eddie Fisher; *Cosmetology*, Jane Russell; *Speech and Drama*, Marilyn Monroe; *Coach*, Rock Hudson.

We know we wouldn't miss a single day.

ANN BRYANT and PATRICIA HENDRY
Florence, South Carolina

I was pleased and surprised by the letter in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY protesting the stereotype role in which Indians are always cast in Western movies. We go to the movies, too, and it is rather boring to see our race continually depicted as villains. I, for one, have lost my taste for the ordinary Westerns because of this. I was inclined to believe that your magazine, or any other magazine, rarely received a letter protesting this matter from one of us. Therefore, I felt the above-mentioned letter rated a word of appreciation from an Indian.

PATRICIA ANDERSON
Lawrence, Kansas

I just read an article stating that Ingrid Bergman is a bit reluctant to return to the United States because of what people, especially women's clubs, will say.

I, for one, think that Miss Bergman would be welcomed back very warm-heartedly and I'm sure there are millions of people who love her and agree with me. Of course, there will be a few who will never approve of what she did and will always hold it against her.

I'm just hoping that she will return because she is one of the greatest and most beautiful actresses we have today.

MARILYN KING
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Be sure to see October PHOTOPLAY, in which Ingrid Bergman discusses her return to this country.—Ed.

I would appreciate your printing this letter in Readers Inc. so that I may tell the fans about the Jimmy Dean Lest We Forget Club which I have started.

The aim of the club is to do good deeds in the memory of Jimmy Dean. We plan to serve shut-ins, veterans' hospitals and polio victims.

A free 4 x 4 photograph of Jim will be given to all members. Those wishing to join should write to: Chaw Mark, Drawer 30, Staunton, Illinois.

CHAW MANK
Staunton, Illinois

QUESTION BOX:

I recently went to see "The Eddy Duchin Story" with a friend of mine. She says that Tyrone Power did play the piano, I say he did not. Who is right?

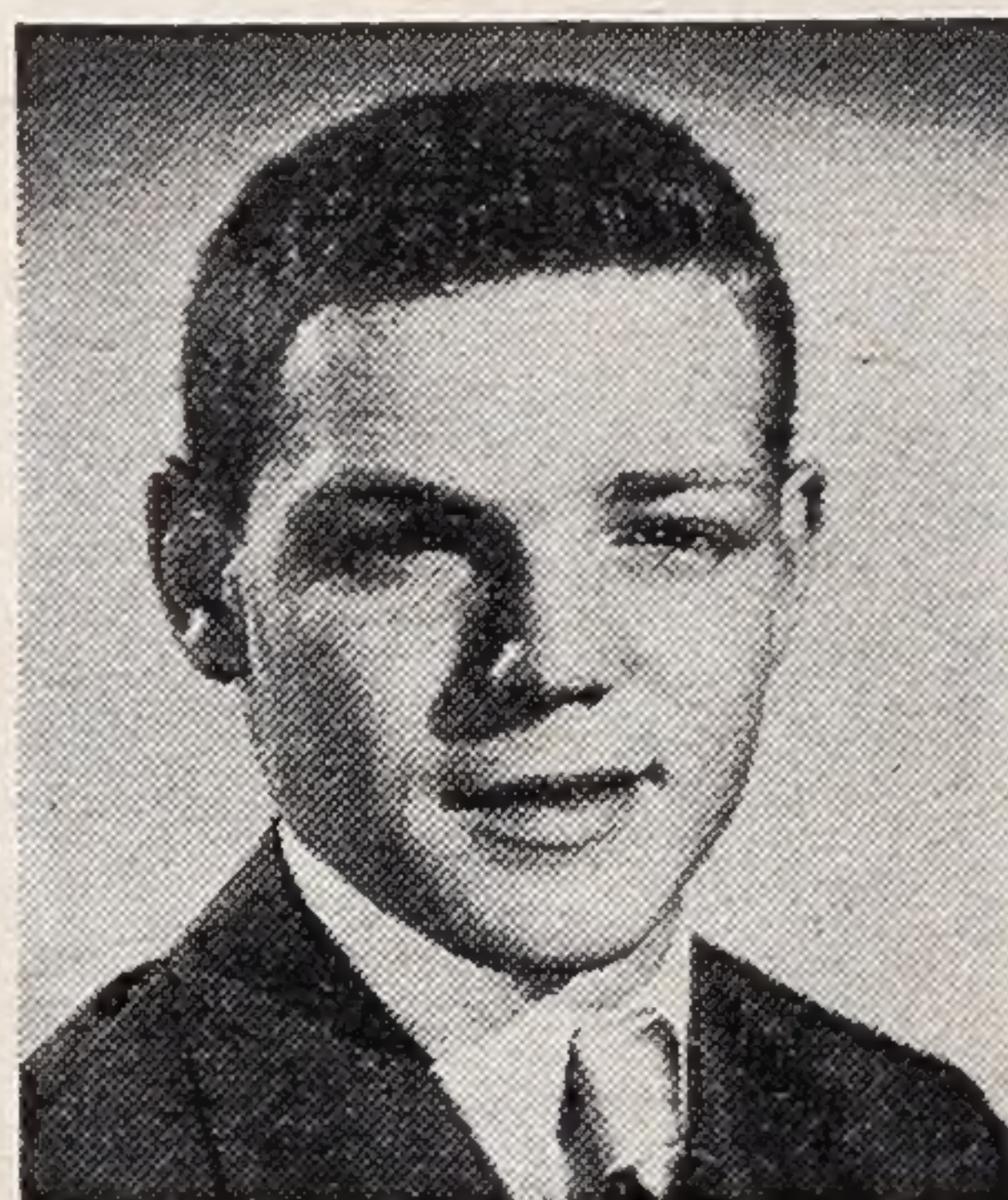
JERRY JANE ADAMS
Houston, Texas

You are. Carmen Cavallaro played the piano for Ty.—Ed.

Could you please tell me who played the part of the Indian girl opposite Clark Gable in "Across the Wide Missouri"?

GERTRUDE WELTY
Elbert, Colorado

Her name is Maria Elena Marques.—Ed.



On the way to stardom

Would you please print something about James MacArthur?

I saw him some time ago in "Deal a Blow," on TV's Climax and haven't seen or heard much of him since. He's absolutely great and so cute, too! I bet that if you get a picture and something about him in PHOTOPLAY, he'll turn into something big.

PAT CORBETT
New York, New York

You'll be seeing a lot of James in the future. The seventeen-year-old son of actress Helen Hayes has been signed to make several pictures with RKO. The first of these, "The Young Stranger," is based on the TV play that you mention.—Ed.

I have just seen "Battle Cry" and would like to know the name of the actress who played Aldo Ray's wife. My neighbor says she was Dorothy Malone, I say she wasn't. Who is right?

VALERIE BERZERON
White Castle, Louisiana

You are. Nancy Olson played Aldo's wife; Dorothy Malone played Elaine.—Ed.

Will you please tell me the names of the three leading actresses in the movie, "Three Coins in the Fountain"?

MRS. V. H. HALLING
St. Joseph, Missouri

Dorothy McGuire, Maggie MacNamara and Jean Peters.—Ed.



Here's handsome Roger

A few months ago I saw the picture "Diane" with Lana Turner and Roger Moore. I wonder if you could please give some information about him with his picture. I think he did a marvelous job in "Diane" and would like to see and hear more about him.

JO JO ADAMS
New York, New York

Roger was born October 14, in London, England. He is 6'2", weighs 175 lbs., has light brown hair and blue eyes. He married Dorothy Squires in 1953. Among his early roles in America, he played Eleanor Parker's brother in "Interrupted Melody."—Ed.

I thought I saw Barbara Britton in "Guys and Dolls." Was she in that picture?

BARBARA WYNN
Phoenix, Arizona

No, she was not. Barbara is currently in "The Spoilers."—Ed.

How about some facts and figures on Louis Jourdan? I have just seen him in the movie "The Swan," and admired him very much.

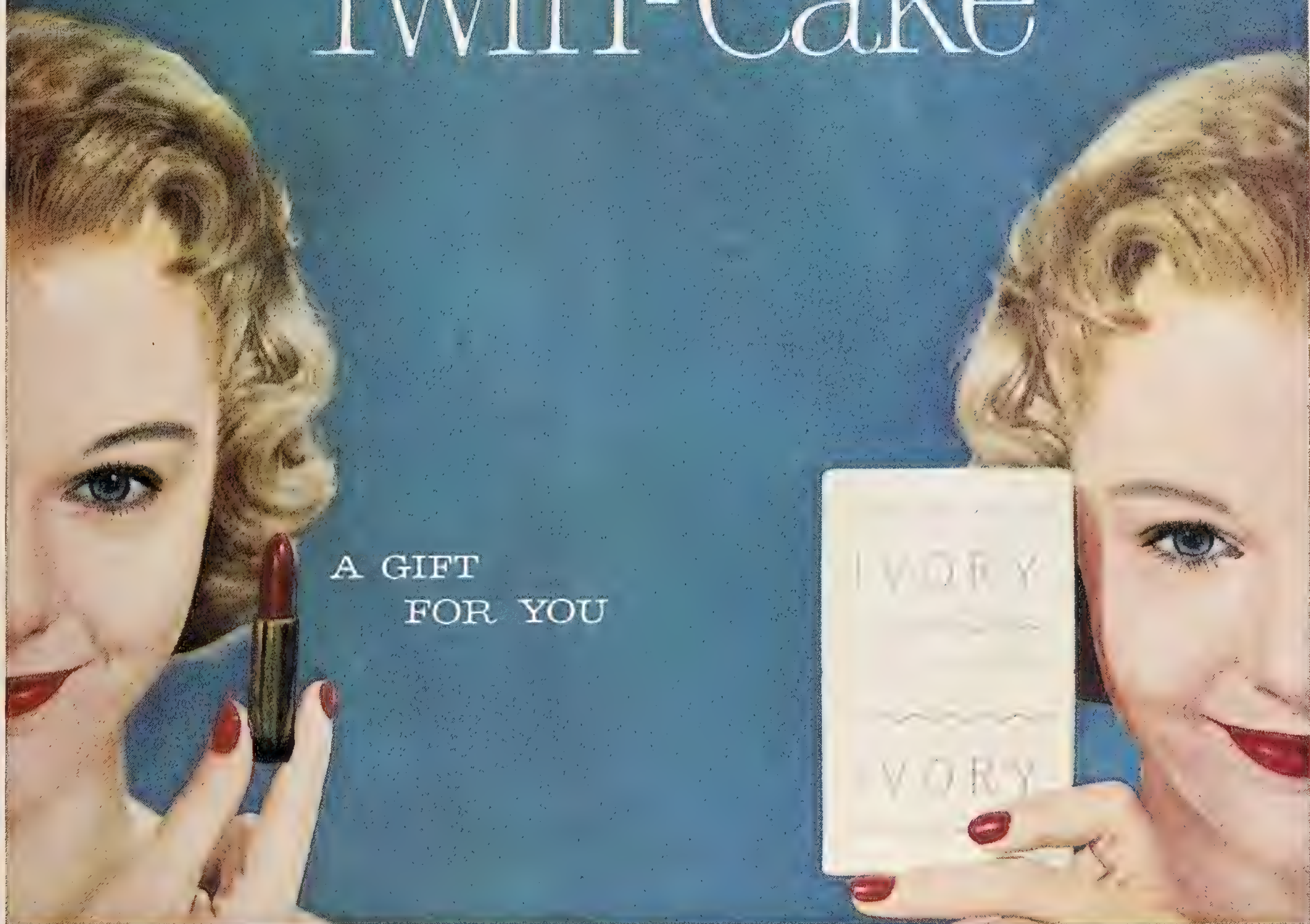
D. E. SPENCER
Moncton, N. B., Canada

Black-haired, brown-eyed Louis was born Louis Gendre in Marseille, France, June 19. He is 6', weighs 170 lbs. He has been married to Berte Frederique (called Quique) since 1944. They have a four-year-old son, Louis, Jr. "The Paradine Case" introduced Louis to American audiences and he has since appeared in a number of movies, among them "Madame Bovary" and "Three Coins in the Fountain." He will be seen next in "Julie."—Ed.

Continued on page 12

TO INTRODUCE NEW LARGE IVORY

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FOR YOU

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... a shade for every hair color

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PROCTER & GAMBLE, DEPT. 22B
Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed are 4 special Large Ivory wrappers. Please send me FREE Hazel Bishop Lipstick. My hair color is: ☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette ☐ Brownette ☐ Red ☐ Grey

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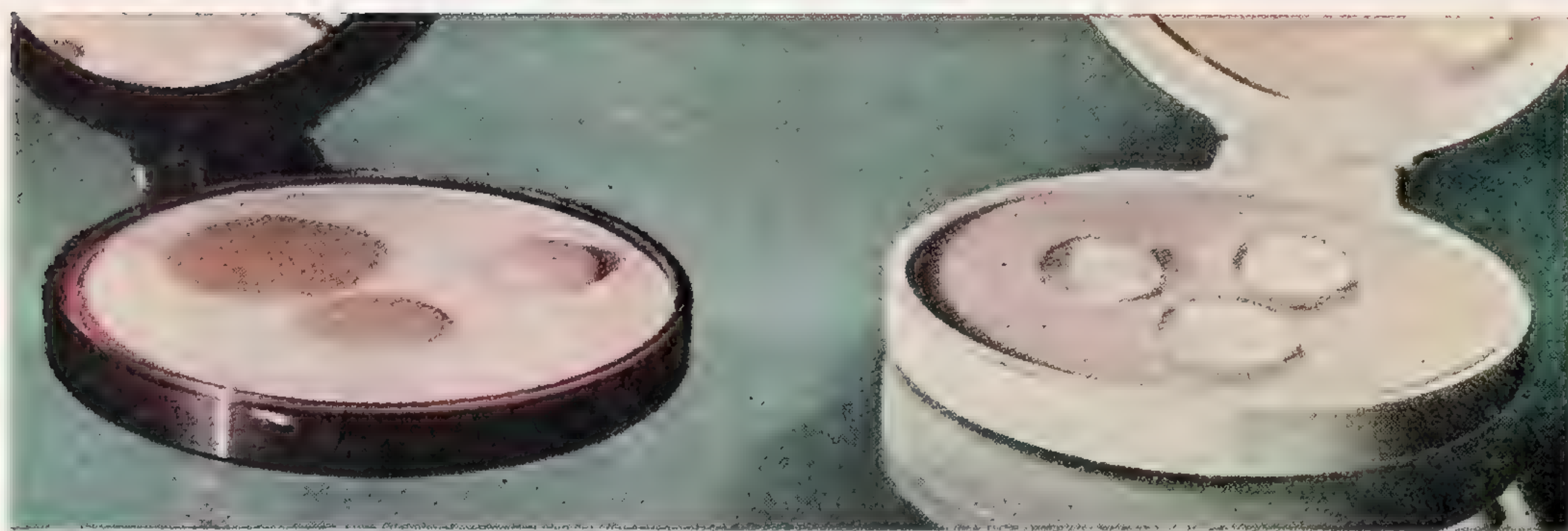


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New "Stay-Fresh" Angel Face
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READERS INC.

Recently I saw the movie, "Come Next
Spring." Could you please tell me who
played the part of Bob?

JEAN ANDERSON
Springfield, Minnesota
Bob was played by Rad Fulton.—Ed.

Can you tell me something about John
Smith? I'd like to know his age, height,
color of eyes and hair, and whether he is
married.

What is his latest movie?
BOBBI JEAN GASTON
Highland Heights, Kentucky
Blond and blue-eyed John was born
March 6, 1931, in Los Angeles, California.
He is 6'2½", weighs 185 lbs, is unmarried.
He is currently in "Quincannon, Frontier
Scout" and is making "Mark of the
Apache."—Ed.

Ever since I saw Leslie Caron in "Lili"
and "Daddy Long Legs," I have admired
her. Could you please tell me something
about her?

I would also like to know who her co-
stars were in "Lili."

RENATE FIEDLER
Merrick, New York
Leslie was born in Paris, France, on July
1, 1932. She is 5'3½", has brown hair and
blue eyes. "An American in Paris" was her
first picture. Jean Pierre Aumont and Mel
Ferrer were her co-stars in "Lili." Leslie is
now appearing in "Gaby."—Ed.

Could you please settle an argument?
My friend says that Clark Gable and Bar-
bara Stanwyck played the leading roles in
"The Egg and I." I say Fred MacMurray
and Claudette Colbert did. Who is right?

ROY CRALEY
Nevisdale, Kentucky
You are.—Ed.

I have a question I wish you would clear
up for me. My husband claims that Rod
Cameron is originally from York County in
Pennsylvania. I do not agree with this.
Will you please tell us who is right?

MAMIE RAGUSA
York, Pennsylvania
You are. Rod was born in Calgary, Al-
berta, Canada.—Ed.

I have seen "East of Eden" several times
and think it is wonderful, although each
time I saw the picture I was more im-
pressed by the musical background. I
would like to know the title and composer
of that music and, if it has been recorded,
what record label I may find it on.

GRETIA J. EVANS
Priddy, Texas
The music from "East of Eden" was
composed by Victor Young and has been
recorded on the Decca label.—Ed.

My girlfriend says that Tony Curtis
played in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef," and
I say that Tab Hunter did. Could you tell
me which one of us is correct? Can you
also tell me the leading lady?

JEANETTE LAIRD
Tampa, Florida
Neither of you is right; it was Bob Wag-
ner. The leading lady was played by Terry
Moore.—Ed.

I have just seen the movie, "Count
Three and Pray," and thought it was sim-
ply wonderful. Joanne Woodward, who
played 'Lissy, is one of the best actresses I
have seen in a long time. I don't believe I
have ever heard of her before. Could you
please give me some information on her?

MARY BETH ANDREWS
Evanston, Illinois

Joanne was born in Thomasville, Georgia, February 27, 1930. She is just under 5'5", weighs 108 lbs., has blond hair and green eyes. "Count Three and Pray" was her first picture. She is under contract to 20th Century-Fox.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Dean Martin and Perry Como are brothers? Many people I have talked to say they are, and many say they aren't.

BEVERLY ROBERTS
Whitesboro, New York

Dean and Perry are not related.—Ed.

I have just seen "Rebel Without a Cause" for the thirteenth time and can truly say that this is the best picture I have ever seen. I would like to know who played the parts of *Crunch* and *Moose*.

SUE BREDE
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Crunch was played by Frank Mazzola. *Nick Adams* played *Moose*.—Ed.

Would you please tell me who the actress was who played opposite Ray Milland in the movie, "Golden Earrings"? She played the part of a gypsy.

LYNETTE BOURQUE
Gonzales, Louisiana

Marlene Dietrich played opposite Ray as the gypsy woman, Lydia.—Ed.

CASTING

Our English class has just finished reading *Silas Marner* by George Eliot, and we think this would make a great movie. In the leading roles we would like Alastair Sim as *Silas Marner*; William Holden as *Godfrey Cass*; Barbara Rush as *Nancy Lammeter*; June Allyson as *Dolly Winthrop*; Pat Crowley as *Eppie Marner*; and Dick Davalos as *Aaron Winthrop*.

NATALIE JANKOW
Westbury, New York

I have just read *Song of the Voyageur*, a wonderful book by Beverly Butler. It would make a sensational movie with Susan Hayward as *Diane Aubert*; Jack Palance, *Jean Cormier*; Alan Ladd, *Nathan Jeffers*; Barbara Stanwyck, *Nancy Cormier*; Bobby Driscoll, *Emile*; and Edward G. Robinson as *André Cormier*.

LAVERNE LUCAS
Raywick, Kentucky

The Rich Are Not Proud, by Mary Douglas Greig, would make a very good movie. I would like to see Diana Lynn as *Diane*; Janet Leigh as *Lois*; Tab Hunter as *Peter*; Jeff Richards as *Mark*; and Michael Rennie as *Fenton*.

JUDY McQUISTEN
Wheatland, Wyoming

I think Taylor Caldwell's wonderful novel, *Tender Victory*, would make an excellent movie with the following cast: Charlton Heston, *Reverend John Fletcher*; Kim Novak, *Lorry Summerfield*; Agnes Moorehead, *Mrs. Burnsdaile*; Ward Bond, *Dr. Alfred McManas*; Richard Egan, *Father John Kanty*.

ELLEN JANE WALLER
Columbia, Pennsylvania

I have just read the book *Sawdust in His Shoes*, a wonderful story about a circus. I think that Sal Mineo would be terrific as *Joe Lang*, a sixteen-year-old boy with a chip on his shoulder.

MARTHA MATTESON
Chatham, Massachusetts



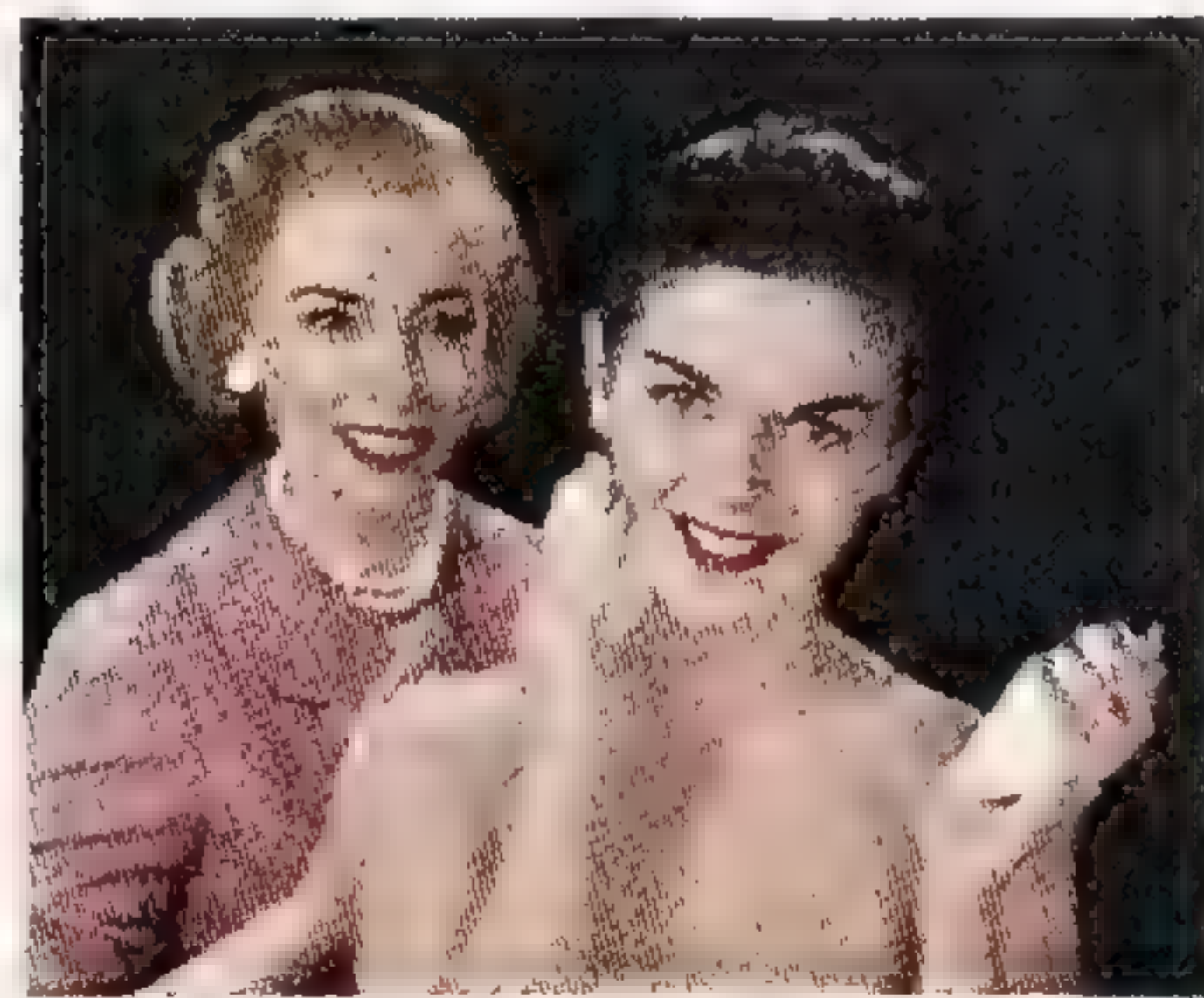
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row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch *your skin thrive!*





Your letters answered by
Spring Byington

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q I am a man of twenty-four and I have already been divorced twice. Now there is another girl who wants to marry me. I don't want you to get the idea that I'm conceited, but the truth is that both of my wives did the proposing, just as my new girlfriend has taken the initiative.

I was married the first time when I was nineteen, the second time when I was twenty-two. Both marriages lasted about a year. The complaint of both my wives was the same—that I seemed to be two different men; one when I went out, and one around the house.

When I go out, I try to make a party or a date a big success. I think of things to do and places to go and I try to put my best foot forward. When I am around my own home, or in an apartment I am sharing with a wife, I don't have a lot to say. I've always been like that according to my mother. She says I charge my batteries by turning off my bright lights when I figure I don't need them.

I've tried to explain my problem to this girl who wants to marry me now, but she says it won't make any difference to her. Do you think a guy like me could ever make a girl happy? I'd hate to be a three-time loser—it's bad enough to have fouled up the lives of two girls already.

PHELPS N.

A You seem to be apologetic about your natural inclination to intersperse great activity with extreme lassitude, Phelps. I should like to point out that one of the most vital characteristics of show-business people is their ability to turn off magnetic power as if it were water from a faucet.

Years ago, I had a maid who had worked for a celebrated comedian and his wife. "The thing that amazed me," she confided one day, "was discovering that this funny man, this idol of millions, was actually an exhausted businessman when he came home at night."

To your key question as to whether a fellow like you could ever make a girl happy, the answer is an emphatic yes. One stipulation should be made: the girl should understand your nature through an understanding of herself.

She should have an intense interest of her own, perhaps painting, music, or writing, or interior decorating. It should be necessary for her, in her work, to dedicate every ounce of her vitality to some task, and then to "fall back and regroup." Such a girl could understand your natural inclination to give your all in a social situation, but to allow the reserve of stamina to be "re-charged" between times of great output of vitality.

Perhaps your present girlfriend is that person; perhaps not. In any case, it seems to me that you should remember that when a man asks a girl to marry him, he runs the risk of getting "no" for an answer. By the same token, a girl who asks a man to marry her should be fortified against the negative.

The one invited into matrimony always retains the veto, a vital fact for you (who seem to be soft-hearted and sympathetic) to remember.

Q I had an aunt who used to advise me bitterly, "Marry an only child who is an orphan, dear, then you can be reasonably certain of happiness." Everyone used to laugh at this tart observation, but I'm coming to believe that she had

something, at that. My particular problem is my brother-in-law, Mike. He is my husband Gary's younger brother, younger by nine years, the baby of the family—really the baby.

Gary is steady and hard-working, and I'm working too. We are paying off a car and a small house, and making some progress, but Mike is no help at all. He will hold a job for perhaps a month, then get into an argument, leave his home town (about seventy-five miles from here) and move in on us. He has to sleep on the living-room sofa, and he is usually still asleep when Gary and I leave in the morning. When we come home the house is a mess: every ashtray filled, dirty dishes in the sink, the covers still on the sofa, newspapers over the floor and damp towels on the bathroom floor.

During the two years Gary and I have been married, Mike has moved in seven times, and I'm getting sick and tired of it. So far I have been gay and pleasant about it, but we had a letter today from Mike saying that his new job isn't going so well, hours too long, boss an old bear, etc. I know the signs now. Can you tell me how I can get rid of this nuisance without hurting my husband's feelings? Gary is so good-hearted and so clan-minded that he really doesn't mind. Besides, Mike has always been the pet of the family, the curly-headed, kidding, irresponsible type who is irresistible to everyone—but me, and I don't want him around.

GLADYS O.

A You have my complete sympathy in this predicament, Mrs. O., because I can't think of an individual type who can inspire more irritation than the irresistible charmer. Such a person has a positive genius for making everyone else look like a complete heel.

There is one way to foil him: accept him as the child he is, emotionally and intellectually, and treat him warmly, pleasantly, but firmly. Tell yourself repeatedly, "He is a problem I can and will solve; what I must try to teach him is responsibility."

If he were a child of ten or twelve, you would awaken him in time for him to join you and your husband for breakfast. This you should do, no matter how much you would like to have a few minutes alone with your husband.

Don't be cross if it takes him a few minutes to wake up. Naturally, he is going to want to sleep in the morning, but you must not allow it—very bad for his morale and for his training in responsibility. Pull off the covers if necessary, play the radio if necessary, but insist—gaily—upon his having breakfast with you when breakfast is ready.

Afterward, give him definite tasks, such as, "Help me with the dishes, dear, and then fold up your sheets and blankets and place them neatly."

You will have to start gradually at first but keep adding to the tasks. Ask him to empty all the ashtrays, dust, and perhaps do some marketing for you. Ask him to clean the bathroom thoroughly after his shower.

Never, never lose your temper. If he fails to cooperate, say sweetly, "Today you forgot to wash the dishes after your noon snack, but I'm certain you'll remember to tomorrow."

If the home isn't too comfortable you uninvited guest won't linger, and if he does linger, and does learn, he might be of some help to you. I hope so.

Q I am going to a private school and "live in" because my parents are not married any more. There has been a lot of gossip about our family, and that's where my trouble begins.

You see, my father set up a trust fund for me. I get a certain amount every month for school and to cover all the things my father thought I would need. All the kids know it, and so when they run short of money they come to me to borrow. Then, too, during recreation hour, when we are allowed to walk to the corner, it seems I am supposed to buy the candy bars or Cokes for anybody who forgot her money, and you'd be surprised how this mounts up. You understand that this is always asked for as a loan "until Monday" or something like that, and it's usually some silly amount like a dime or a quarter.

The point is, nobody ever pays me back. I've never asked except once and that was for the money a girl borrowed to buy a belt (\$3.95). When I said that three weeks had gone by and she hadn't paid me back, she said, "You've got silver fingers from hanging onto money so tight. Everybody knows you've got it so why not be nice enough to give a little?"

How can I keep my friends, but still not feel that they like me for my allowance?

EILEEN L.

A Yours is a problem as old as mankind, Eileen. Perhaps it is just as well for you to meet it at a comparatively young age so that you will know how to deal with it.

First of all, it is the responsibility of all who are fortunate to help those who have suffered misfortune. On the other hand, a person can give too much—give everything—and then find themselves with nothing, thus becoming a burden to others.

Your first act should be to set up a budget for yourself, preferably with the aid of your father. You should review your normal expenses, and allow for them. You should set up a fund for the purchase of clothing, for traveling, for whatever expenses occur with predictable regularity. Deducting that total from your monthly income, you will find that there is a small reserve. You should set aside a certain sum of that reserve, and mark it mentally, "For gifts."

But—never lend a penny. If you are asked for a loan, give it instead, and explain that you do not expect to be repaid, you are not lending the money, you are donating it. And when the sum you have set aside for donations is gone, say so. Be regretful, but firm, and explain that you won't have money in your gift fund until the next month.

Never forget for a moment that permitting people to take advantage of you in the lending department is worse for the borrower than for the lender. It sets up an expectation of being given something for nothing, and that notion can only lead to, at minimum, disillusion, and at maximum, destruction. Don't be a party to it.

Q I am what you might call a semi-invalid. In other words, I have a nervous condition that has the doctors stumped. I have been married for twenty-three years, and in that time I have had five children and lost all but one.

My life would fill a book—nothing but birth, sickness, and death. The sickness has stayed on, and now all my husband and I have ever been able to save has gone to doctors and hospitals—no end to it. The doctors say go away to the country, but how

Continued

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Then sleep tight with a radiantly clean skin safe from "make-up damage."

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"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Debra Paget. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

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Debra Paget

co-starring in CECIL B. DEMILLE'S production of
"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"

A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

can I? My husband's work is here and he needs me, as little as I can do. At least I am here when he gets home.

At first he used to say, "Honey, if only I could buy you a small house somewhere out of the city, with a little garden with fresh air and sun." Now he knows that can never be because he had a heart attack not long ago, but is now back at work making very little, but making something.

But sometimes I wonder why things have to happen to people like me. Do you know of any real good nerve doctor who lives in my area and who might be able to cure me?

OVIETA E.

A Did you, as a child, Mrs. E., ever learn to ride a bicycle? As an adult, did you learn to drive a car? Do you realize that, in operating any vehicle, you go in the direction in which you are looking?

Since you have obviously had a lifetime of medical care, why not try an experiment somewhat beyond the realm of what is normally regarded as medicine? Why not focus your attention upon health?

Look at the trees in your area. Look at the parks near your home. Remind yourself of how long the trees have grown there, through all kinds of weather, strong and secure and full of belief, in sunshine and rain. Watch children play and watch animals—dogs, or cats, or squirrels frisking through the trees—and remark to yourself about how filled with health they are.

After such a day, look at yourself in the mirror. I believe that you will find your eyes brighter, your skin softer and more glowing, and your head held higher.

One other suggestion: Each of us is gifted, each in his own way. Find your gift. So far in your life you have had no time to explore your own abilities, yet you may be able to do any number of exciting, interesting things which will bring you profit, pleasure, your husband's pride, and the admiration of your neighbors.

Q I am thirteen and I am having trouble with my best girlfriend. For a long time we used to be just alike in everything. We always bought our clothes together so that we could dress alike and usually we called in the morning before school to find out what we were going to wear. We liked the same music and thought the same boys were real cool. We had one of the nicest friendships that any two girls could have.

Now she is changing. She wants to be different, or as she puts it, "individual." She has given away some of her clothing like mine, and I must say some things went to girls I don't want to look like.

If I say I like a particular TV program, she thinks it's square, and if I have an idea for a Saturday matinee she says the movie is juvenile. Our conversations usually end with me bursting into tears and her calling me a neurotic juvenile.

Do you think I should give up this girl as my mother suggests, or should I keep on trying to find out what has gone wrong?

BRANDI H.

A Bless your heart, Brandi. It is discouraging to find that a friend who has been intensely congenial suddenly has ceased to be a source of pleasure. But this experience is an essential, though heart-breaking, part of growing up.

Let us face the fact that each of us develops in different directions, and at different speeds. It is up to you to be what you are without apology, and certainly without trying to follow the pattern set by someone else. You must feel that you have a right

you, and that your girlfriend has a right to be herself. If your paths no longer coincide, that's a fact that must be faced. Look around and you will find that you are not alone, as you seem to feel you are. Doubtless there are any number of girls in your own class who share your present tastes and tastes. And if you will think a bit, you will realize that your ideas are changed and are changing constantly. And new friends who satisfy your attitude at this particular time, and be prepared to continue this sort of growth all your life.

As time goes by, you will probably meet an old and misplaced friend for the second time and you will have the very precious experience of finding that the old friend is now in the same direction you have in and shares many of your adult viewpoints. That new friend who is also an old friend will be one of the delights of your life.

I am planning to be married this fall, and I should like to know what would be appropriate to wear. You see, although I am only twenty-four, I am a divorcee. I can't be married in my church, my fiancé has an uncle who is a judge, and he has agreed to perform the ceremony at home.

I certainly would appreciate your suggestion as to an outfit and the color of the accessories I should wear. Also, is there any additional gift to give the groom?

My mother would rather we went away and got married in some wedding chapel, but I ran away to marry my first husband and I think that was the beginning of a long list of mistakes that I don't care to repeat, so your suggestions will be very appreciated.

NATALIE S.

Since a marriage is a partnership, Natalie, wouldn't it be a good idea to treat it as such, and find out from your husband-to-be what he would like to see wear at the wedding? You probably know what his favorite color is and what he finds you most attractive in a dress, gown, in a sheath, or in a suit. It should be easy for you to dress for your husband in such a manner as to please him. As far as conventions are concerned, you can wear almost anything except the traditional white satin. As for a gift for your husband, convention doesn't dictate. The gift should be dictated by your own intuition as to what he would cherish. His personal tastes of which you should be well aware, should be the controlling factor in your selection, of course.

Finally, may I extend my sincere wish that you will be very happy, and may I say that second marriages are often intensely happy because, after a mistake, a sensible woman has learned a great deal about herself, and has become adult to a great deal (before marriage) about her tastes, dreams, and needs of the one she is as a second partner.

If you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 10, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

**A non-drying spray-set with
no lacquer at all!**

*Sets hair to stay
—the softest way!*

"I use Lustre-Net—everyday!"
says **VIVIAN BLAINE**, co-starring in
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An RKO-Radio Picture.
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New SUPER-SOFT

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Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining! Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters! Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!



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SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Dana Wynter was last in "D-Day the Sixth of June."
Her next is "Something of Value"

W

Wynter

victorious

*Wedding bells rang on ears still stunned
by the marriage of Dana and Greg. How did
she capture the heart of this confirmed
bachelor? And how does she plan to keep it?*

BY RADIE HARRIS

On June 10, in London, I received the following cable: BEING MARRIED TONIGHT 8 P.M. CHURCH THE WAYFARER CARMEL. OUR LOVE, DANA AND GREG. This message held a very special meaning. It was a gesture of friendship made to me by Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, who had promised me that, even though I was 6000 miles away, they would disclose the exciting news of their marriage before it hit the front pages.

Why did they include me among their small circle of intimate friends to whom they cabled this happy announcement? And how did this twenty-four-year-old English girl, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, capture filmdom's most eligible bachelor? To learn the answer, one must turn back the calendar to a little over a year ago and the setting to Beverly Hills, California. I was just rushing out of the Beverly Hills Hotel where a tall, dark and handsome chauffeur named Tyrone Power was waiting for me, when I ran into another handsome hero, Greg Bautzer, a noted Hollywood lawyer. I don't remember when I met Greg for the first time; it seems to me I have always known him, and admired him. Greg is the epitome of a gay cavalier. He has all the instinctive qualities of a gentleman. Whereas, these days, most "guys" dating "dolls" will phone the office at the last minute and say, "Darling, I've been delayed. Will you grab a cab and meet me in the lobby?", Greg will phone and say, "Can I send my car for you?" Or, if he's going to be delayed even five minutes, he'll have the car

Continued

Younger than Greg, but wise beyond her years, Dana knows instinctively the things that would interest him. To Greg, perhaps weary of glamour, Dana was a refreshing surprise.

Excerpt of Dana's letter to the author, who was instrumental in getting her and Greg together





HERE SHE COMES!

She knows the ropes
and all the jokes!
Her merchandise made
history! But please
don't tell what Ginger
sells. Or give away the
mystery!



Ginger
ROGERS Barry
NELSON Carol
CHANNING
"The **FIRST TRAVELING**
SALESLADY"



co-starring

David BRIAN James ARNESS

Written by DEVERY FREEMAN and STEPHEN LONGSTREET
Produced and Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN



The most talked-about movies are coming from the NEW RKO

Anne's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-96, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



Wynter victorious

continued

secretary call and explain that he's on his way. I once asked one of the many women who have been in love with Greg what was the outstanding quality that had made her so enamored of him. Without hesitation, she replied, "He makes a woman feel like a woman!"

This glamour queen has since married, as have most of the other women in Greg's romantic life, for the simple reason that they despaired of ever landing him.

Please don't ask me what made me hear the strains of "Lohengrin" when I stopped to talk to Greg that summer day in Beverly Hills, but suddenly I heard myself say, "Greg, I've got just the girl for you. I met her in London two years ago. She's twenty-three, her father is a prominent surgeon in Rhodesia, she was a medical student at the University there, but went back to London and started on a film career. She's under contract to 20th and is co-starring with Dick Egan in 'The View from Pompey's Head.' And finally and most important, she's unattached. Why don't you give her a ring?"

Greg confessed that he had already taken inventory of her when they had met at a large cocktail party. She was with another date, so he'd not "pursued" her any further. However, he added, he would follow my suggestion.

Not long after that, I had lunch with Dana and extolled Greg's virtues to her. But to my utter amazement, Miss Wynter froze to the idea. Since Hollywood is worse than a small village when it comes to gossip, it hadn't taken long for Dana's 'best friends' to alert her that Greg was the most eligible bachelor in town. But she was also warned that, like all her predecessors, she couldn't fail to succumb to his charms and wind up with a broken heart. Dana had heeded these warnings and determined to steer clear of Mr. Bautzer.

Naturally, with a man like Greg—so used to women's shameless pursuit of him—Dana's stand-off attitude only increased his desire to meet this unique *femme fatale*. He flooded her with calls from Palm Springs, New York, Paris, Rome—wherever his affairs as a prominent lawyer took him. But still no date.

The following November, after finishing "The View from Pompey's Head," Dana was sent to New York for a big, advance-publicity campaign. Over a luncheon gabfest she told me of Greg's pursuit and her defense tactics. I told her I thought she was being very foolish. "You must accept people in their relationship to you," I said, "and not be influenced by what you hear about them from other people. If you go out with Greg once, and then decide that you don't want to become emotionally involved, that's up to you. But why put up this barrier before you've even met?"

I know I sounded like Greg pleading one of his own cases in court, but I sincerely believed that these two would click.

Realizing that I had no personal motive except the sincere gesture of friendship, Dana assured me that when she returned to Hollywood—if and when Greg did call—she would take my advice and see him.

Scarcely a month later, I received a note from Dana that made me wonderfully happy. It read in part: "You're right, Radie, my love is a Dream Prince and I wish everyone in the world could be even one

tenth as happy as I—I love him dearly have you to thank for it."

Greg was equally ecstatic. "She's the most wonderful thing that's happened in my life!" he exclaimed when we had cocktails together a few weeks later in New York, during one of his business trips. Since Dana had come into his life, Greg wasn't interested in anyone else. Of course it didn't take long for this budding romance to hit all the gossip columns. And when the possibility of marriage was hinted, it was greeted with the usual skepticism. Remember, Greg was a confirmed bachelor! But isn't every man? In Greg's case, it was only a question of the right woman at the right timing. Dana came into his life at a period when he no longer wanted protection of "safety in numbers." He had his fill of playing the field; he was ready for a wife, a home, and a family.

What are the qualities in Dana that made her qualify for a role that so many other glamorous women had failed to achieve? Although she's about twenty years Greg's junior, Dana is extremely adult for her years—as most British women are, especially those who, like Dana, grew up in the thick of World War II. Also in England, it is a man's world: the average Britisher is lord and master in his own house, and his wife ungrudgingly submits to his "whim" of iron. Greg, on the other hand, was used to glamorous stars whose private little egos meant more to them than anything or anyone else. Thus, Dana said to him, "Let's talk about this now, darling"—and, by that, didn't she? "How did you like my last picture?" Greg was greatly surprised—and relieved. And, when Dana told him that after they were married, she would give up her promising career because he was to be her only career, he knew this was it!

Dana's contract with 20th Century Fox still has six years to run. When Dana announced that she was planning to marry, it came as a big blow to the studio. Dana had big plans for her, especially after her glowing reaction to her performance in "D-Day the Sixth of June." Dana's marriage, however, is not irrevocable. "I'm one of those rare and exceptional people," Dana told me two weeks before her marriage. "But just to play any old game wouldn't be worth sacrificing the chance that I could and should be spending my life with Greg. His legal affairs keep him constantly on the move, and if he has to suddenly take off for New York or Europe, I want to be free to go with him. I also want to be free for him here in California—to play tennis with him at Palm Springs, to follow the normal routine of breakfasting with him in the morning and dining with him at night, instead of being tied up at the studio. I want to help him relax from the pressures that are constantly being put on his time. Greg can't say no to any client, whether it's an important client or a casual acquaintance, and people knowing they can take advantage of him. He's lived in Hollywood most of his life. I want to make a home for him now that he's bought himself two homes for us to share together. I want a bungalow (Continued on page

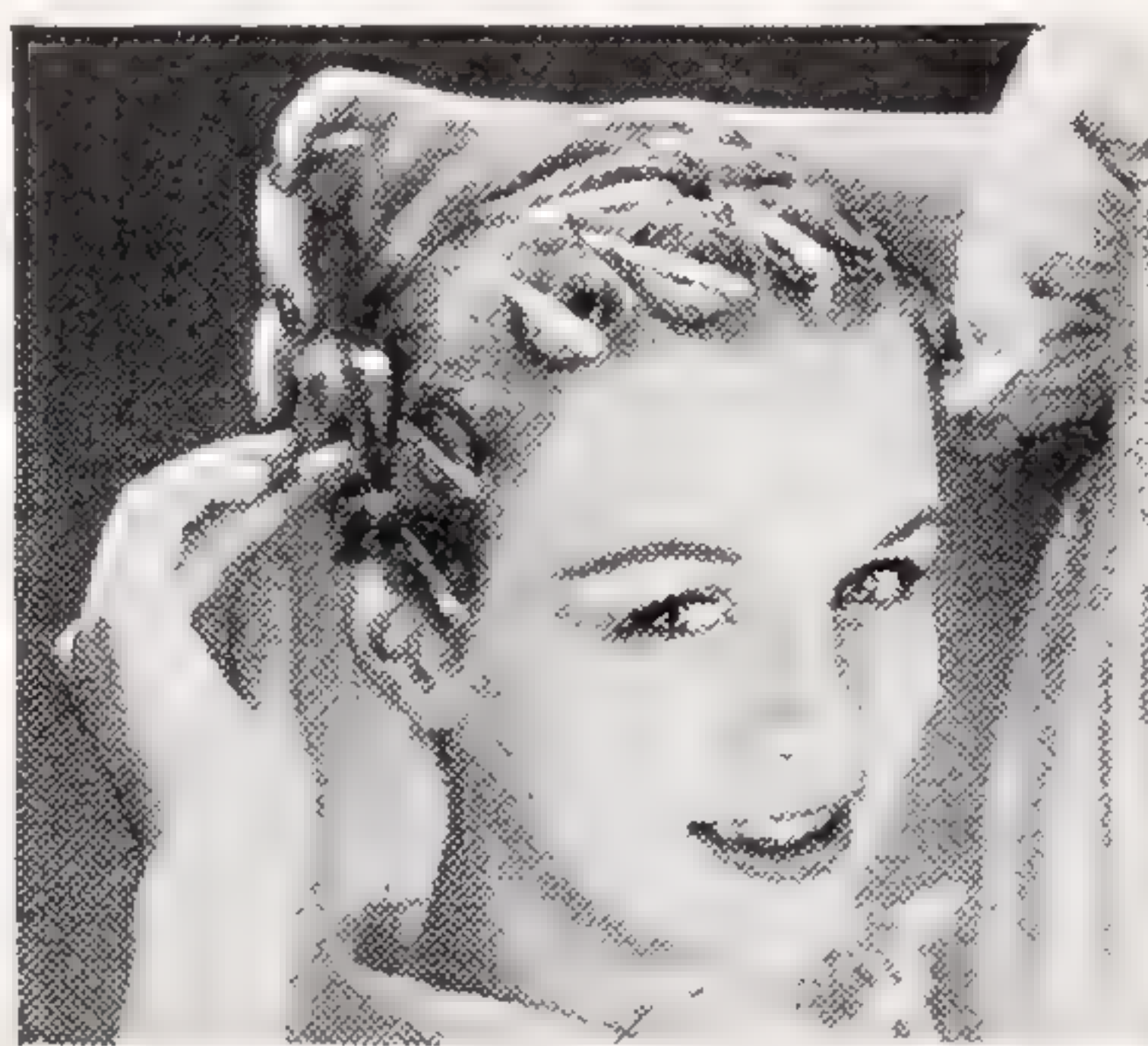
New! BOBBI— with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

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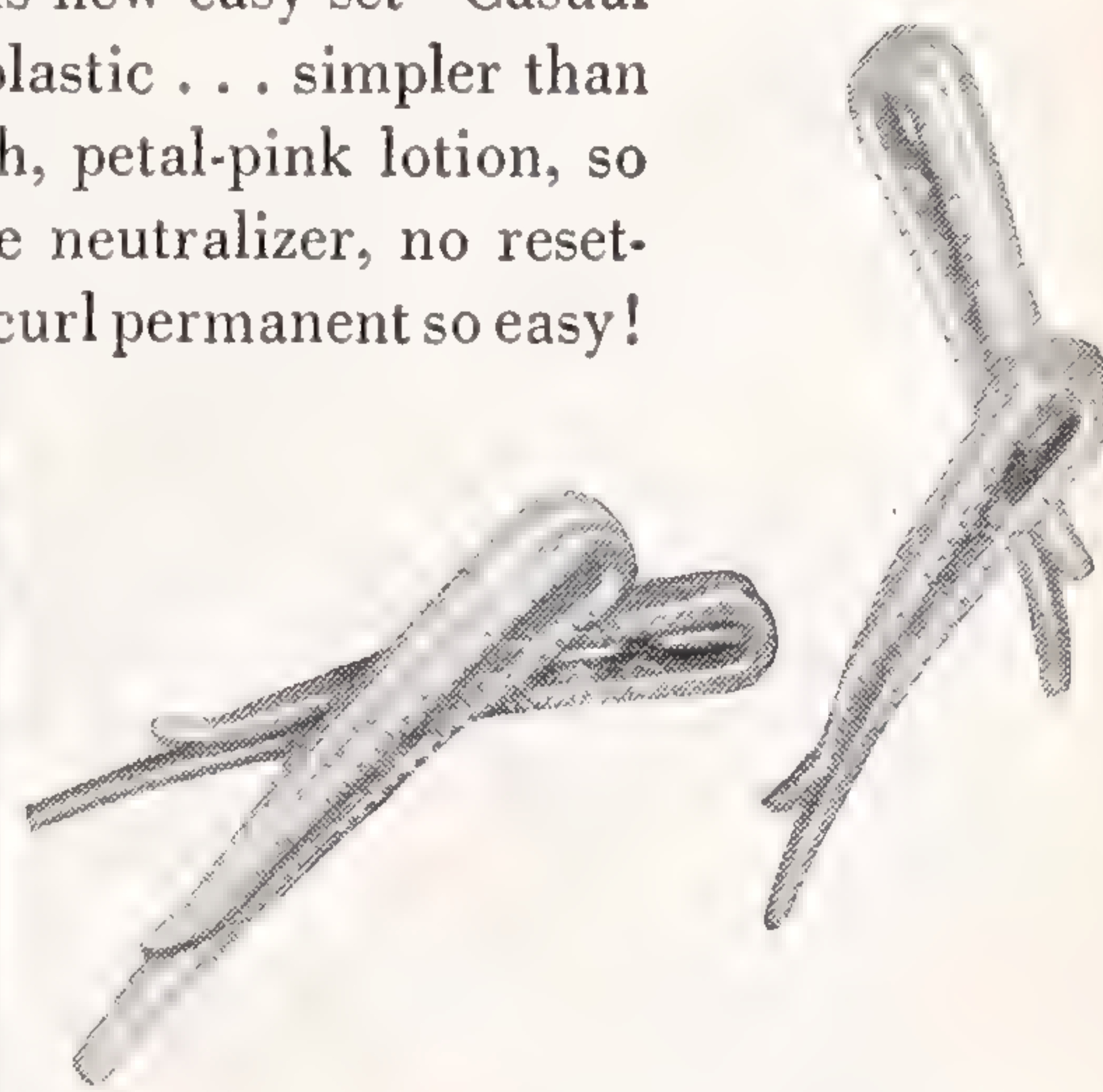
Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets” . . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



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6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.



All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.

See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

Glamour Gab of Hollywood



Ruth makes a surprising discovery about Ingrid (here with Rossellini, friend)

BY RUTH WATERBURY

I've certainly been "roughing" it this month. I had to spend several weeks in Paris, in one of those Parisian hotels where your bedroom leads on to a balcony that overlooks the glittering city; I had to eat those fabulous French meals; and, everywhere I went I saw people such as Ingrid Bergman, Audrey Hepburn, Ava Gardner, Gina Lollobrigida, Fred Astaire, and Anthony Quinn.

Ingrid—Has It Been Worth It?

Let's take Ingrid Bergman first, for there's one question every woman must want to ask her—but which can't be asked of her, if you have any heart. Question: Has the price she paid for Rossellini's love been worth it?

My answer, based on my observations of this beautiful woman: I'm sure it's been worth it—for two reasons.

Here's one of them. The first night I was in Paris, Anatole Litvak, director of "Anastasia," asked me to a cocktail party. There were only about twenty guests, just the cast and crew of

"Anastasia," including Ingrid, Yul Brynner, and Akim Tamiroff.

I had not seen Ingrid for more than six years. With the exception of Greg Bautzer, her lawyer, few people in Hollywood have. So it was magical to look at her, against the red plush antiquity of a little Paris bistro, glowing like a white diamond. As always, she was dressed with the utmost simplicity, her golden hair drawn simply back, with no make-up except lipstick on her lovely face.

In the old Hollywood days, Ingrid used to be shy and reserved, around women at least. Now she bubbles over with talk and laughter. She told me about her son, of whom she is most proud, and about her twin daughters. She spoke about the Italians whom she thinks know more about the sheer zest of living than any other race. She spoke about the theatre, for which she has developed a great enthusiasm. That night, in fact, she was planning to see a stage production of "War and Peace," performed by some Germans. She told me that Rossellini was joining her the

next night in Paris, bringing their children with him.

Throughout the party, Ingrid laughing, radiant, no longer a worrier on guard, as she always seemed to be in Hollywood.

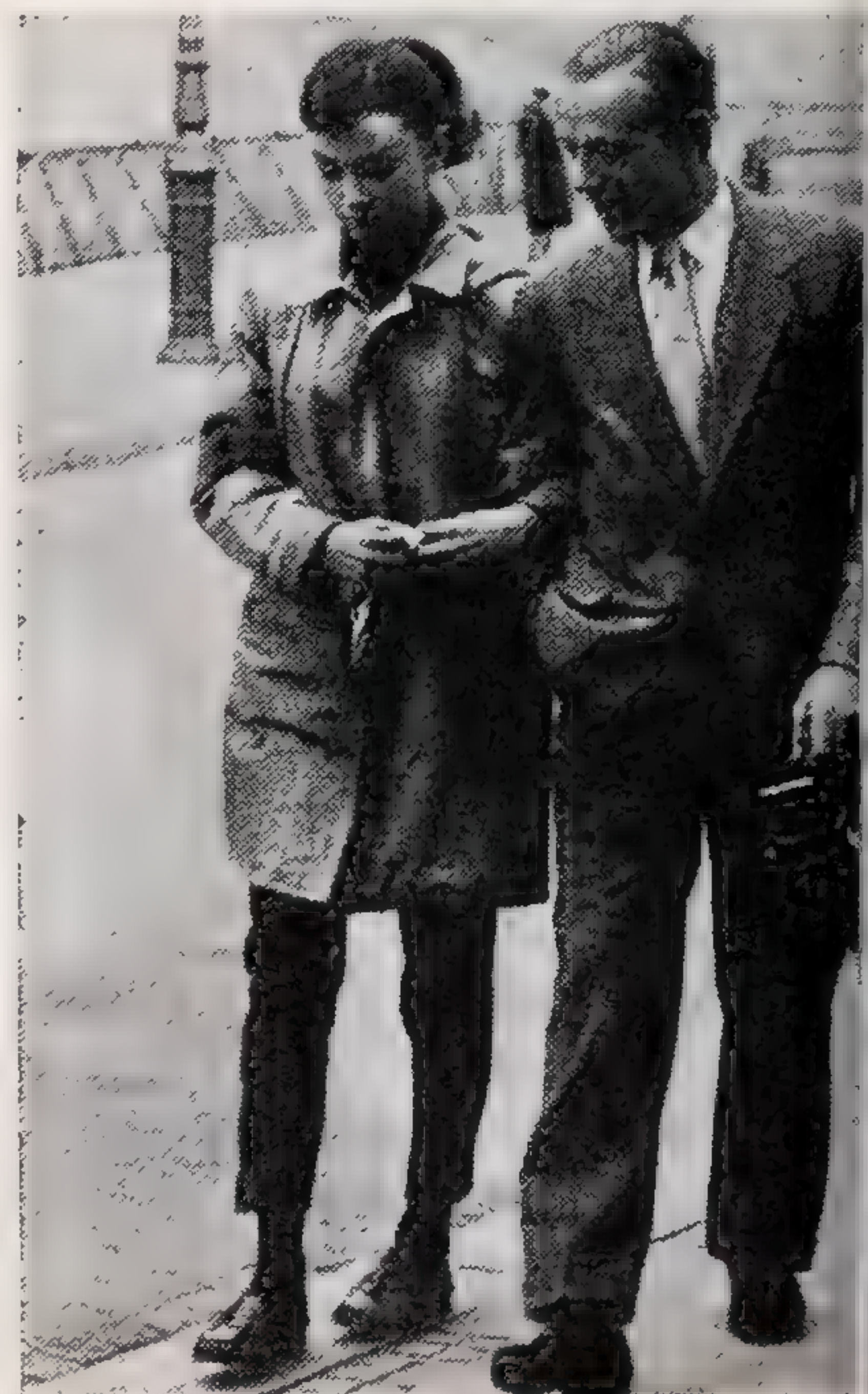
On Location In Paris

The next night, on location for the first scene of "Anastasia," it poured rain. The scene was being shot on the beautiful Pont Alexandre III, which bridges the Seine. The rain actually helped the plot, since the scene pictured the lonely Princess Anastasia being saved from suicide by the character portrayed by Yul Brynner.

Ingrid stood halfway across the bridge, where she would first be "covered" by the camera. Brynner waited farther down, in a car. The rain kept falling and the atmosphere came more miserable, but Bergman's warmth seemed to radiate more and more. It was obvious that she was deeply happy, almost ecstatic, over being in such an important picture.

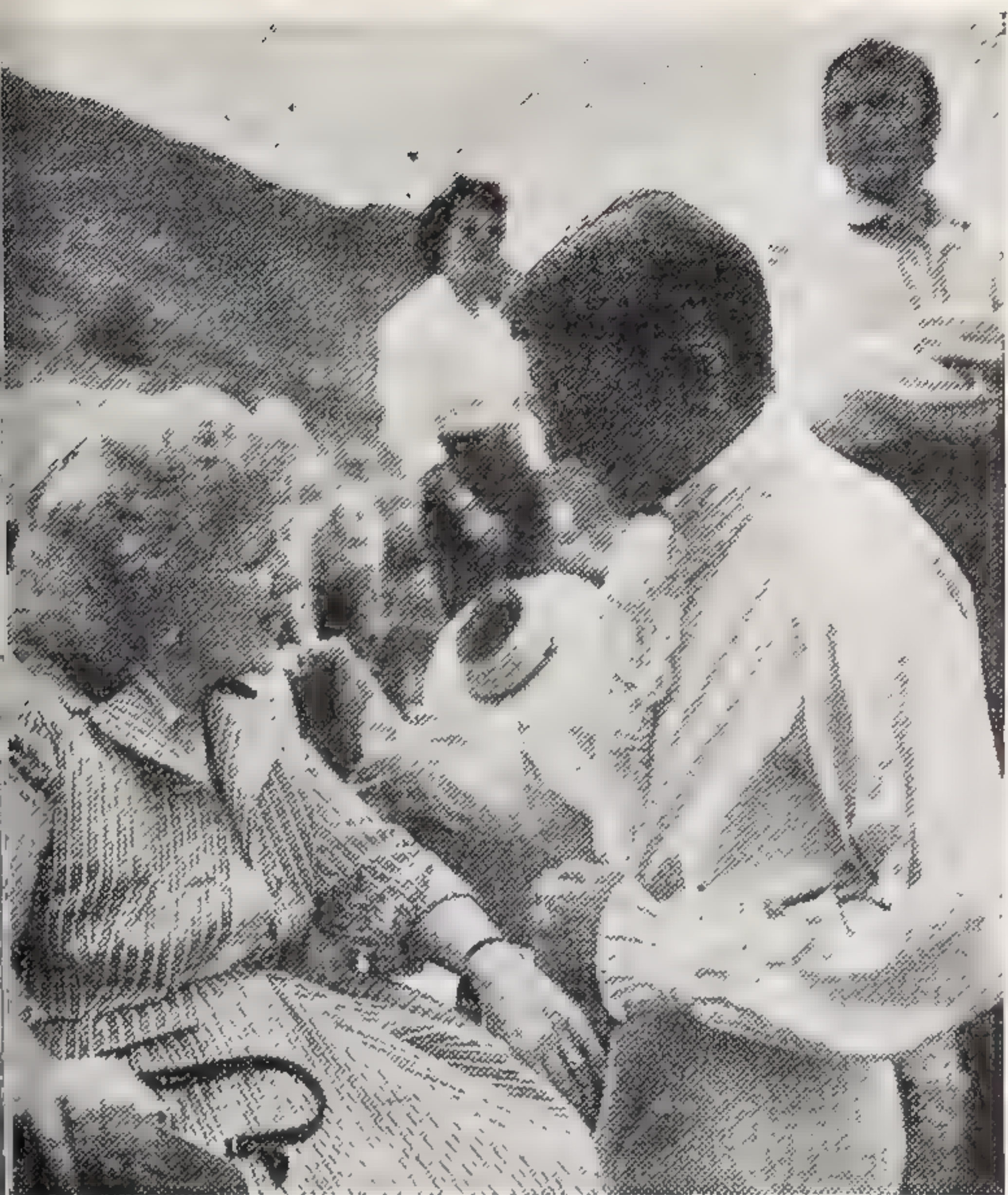
During all this, carefully outside camera range, Rossellini stood leaning against a light pole. Nobody seemed to be aware of him, except me. I couldn't help wondering how Rossellini felt—he who was the great man when he married Ingrid; he who was supposed to be the Italian film-making genius; he the great lover, the dominant male. Maybe the question that can't ask Ingrid should really be directed to Rossellini. Has it been worth it? What do you think his reply would be?

Whereas the day-after-day rain in Paris didn't interfere with the "Anastasia" shooting, it forced the "Funny Face" company to devise scenes weren't in the script. One day, out in Chantilly, a Paris suburb, Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire were supposed to play a love scene beside a small lake. The lake is on the grounds of the Chateau of the White Queen. Wall-to-wall among the gardens, wearing a Givenchy



Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire in Paris for filming of "Funny Face." The weather didn't cooperate.

ews about Bergman . . .
va and Frankie in Spain . . .
ary Grant takes Madrid



Spain, with "The Pride and the Passion"
Ruth found Cary Grant had become a
rist attraction! Right rear, Sinatra

n, with the rain beating the fra-
nt blossoms into the ground, Audrey
ed like a princess.

fter an hour in the rain, the com-
y had to give in to the elements. It
decided to revise the scene and
ot it in Paris in front of the Louvre.
l Astaire, as the demon young (!)
ographer, was to be photographing
model, Audrey, holding a big bunch
balloons.

udrey and Fred went through their
era paces in the best good humor,
ite the downpour. Fred, incident-
says that all he wants is work and
e work, because this is the only
he can briefly forget his grief over
loss of his wife.

he light of the dark day began fail-
however, before the shooting could
inished. So the call went out for
same place the next morning. As
would have it, the next morning,
sun blazed out. Audrey and Fred
d in the same spot—but under
cial shadows, dripping beneath
raindrops splashed on them by
s from every angle.

hile in Chantilly the day before, we

Continued

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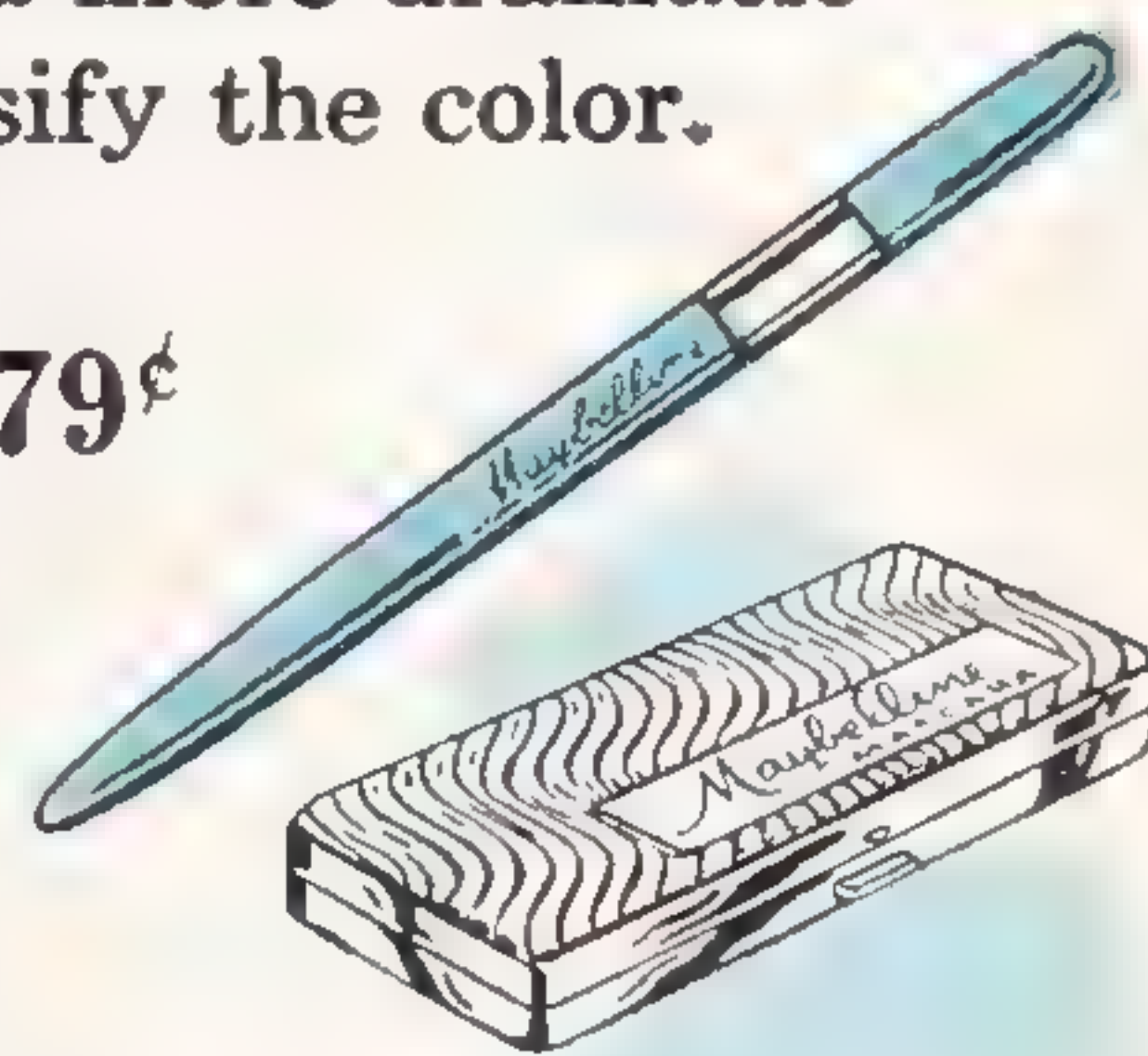
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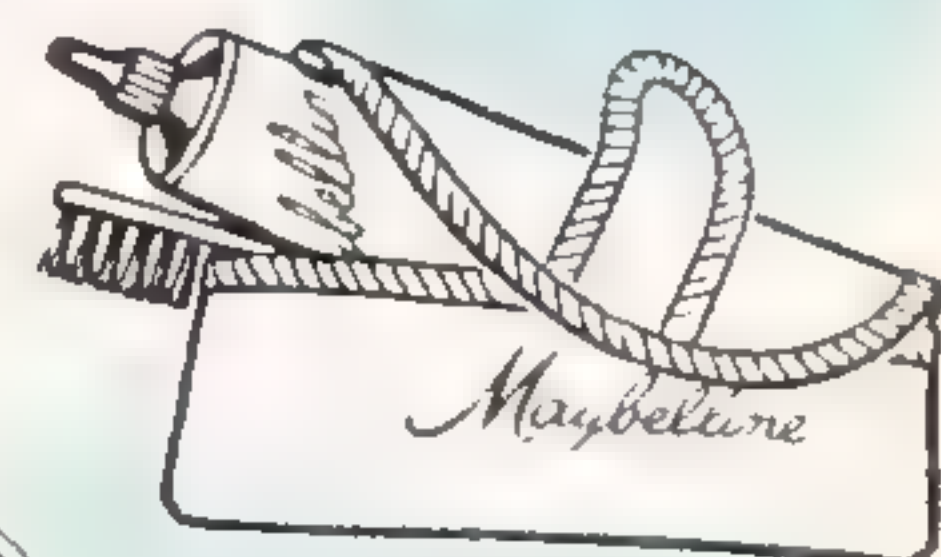
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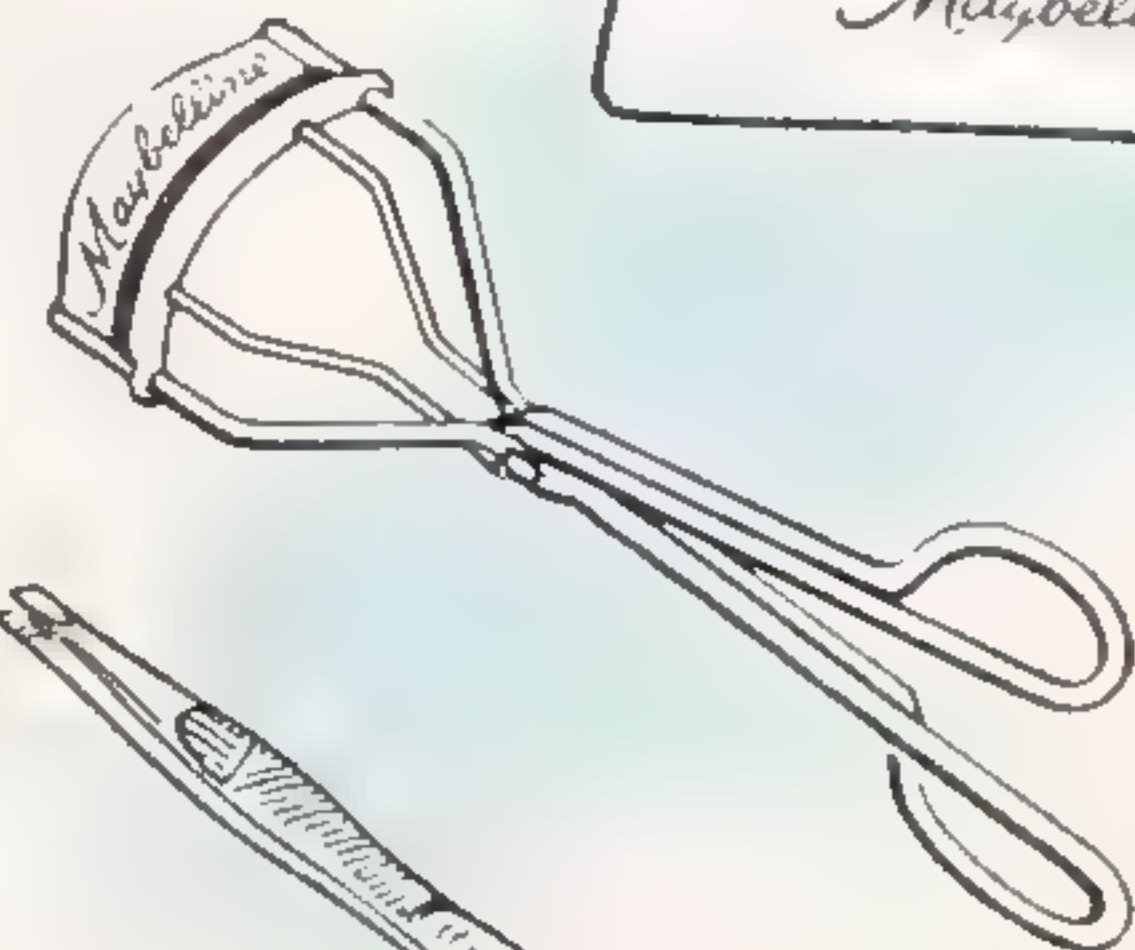
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Choice of smart women the world over



It was more than her beauty that fascinated Ruth when she met Gina Lollobrigida in Paris. Above, Gina, her husband Dr. Skofic, producer Harold Hecht



At party hosted by Mrs. Julius Cahn, center, Danny Kaye receives award from Nicaraguan Ambassador Sevilla-Sacasa for his UNESCO film

Glamour Gab of Hollywood

Continued

stopped for lunch at a little restaurant. Such a time Audrey and Mel Ferrer had, each making sure that the other was eating. Mel thinks Audrey doesn't eat enough and she's sure he doesn't. So there they sit, so bemused with taking care of one another that neither eats barely a bite. It is enchanting to see a couple so completely lost in each other as these two are in the second year of their marriage.

Designing Men

All this movie-making in Paris has presented the first challenge to our top Hollywood dress designers, Edith Head and Helen Rose. Until now, they have been supreme, but for "The Little Hut," Ava Gardner had no less than fourteen outfits made by Dior, while Audrey Hepburn had all her things for "Funny Face" made by Givenchy—and none other than Balenciaga designed the middy blouse and skirt that Ingrid Bergman wears in "Anastasia."

I saw the sketches of Dior's designs for Ava, and they are unbelievably beautiful, chic and breathtaking. They are so lovely that Ava agreed to make "The Little Hut" largely because of them—although the script is a dilly and playing opposite Stewart Granger

and David Niven isn't painful, either. As for Givenchy's creations for Audrey Hepburn, I think they're a crime. Although Audrey's beauty and sweetness still stand out, Givenchy's angularity tries to make women look like yardsticks, long and flat. His may be the last word in chic, but to me it is not the first syllable in allure.

Curves, Cash and Conquest

On the set of "Notre Dame de Paris," which is a re-make of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," I saw Gina Lollobrigida in a piece of burlap that covered her from neck to toe, but still didn't conceal her curves. They could lower this dazzler into a pitch-black mine at midnight and you'd still know she wasn't a boy.

Last year in Paris, when Gina was making "Trapeze," I found her very reserved and most formal. But this year, as she capered about between shots, I decided she had either been shy before or had learned that on the set of an American-made picture you become very friendly. I believe it's a bit of both, but mostly the latter. Because here is a tearing beauty with a tremendous brain. As Robert Hakim, who is producing "Notre Dame de Paris,"

said, "U. S. Steel should be as well run a corporation as is the corporation of Lollobrigida."

Gina's corporation is run by Gina and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic. Here is a couple, quietly but completely in love, who understand each other absolutely. Already, from their 50% ownership of "The Most Beautiful Woman in the World," they are secure for life. And Gina is a mere twenty-eight.

After spending seven hours a day shooting "Notre Dame de Paris" in two languages that are foreign to her—French and English—Gina spent two more hours a day on singing lessons and three hours on ballet. There's no stopping people like that, when they have talent, too. Gina's got it, in every sense. I think she's terrific.

Return of the Hunchback

Anthony Quinn is the hunchback in the film with Gina. His make-up for the picture is so fantastic that it took three hours every morning to get it on and two hours to get it off. He had lead soles on his shoes to make him walk heavily, a brace around his body to pull him out of shape, a twenty-five-pound "hump" on his back, and one of his eyes was blacked-out with putty.

Since the French shooting day runs from 12:30 to 7 P.M., Tony got to the studio at 9:30 A.M. and left at nine in the evening. During the on-and-off make-up sessions, he, too, studied French. He had to, since the picture was made in French and English. On Saturdays and Sundays, Tony studied painting with two different instructors. He let me see a few of his landscapes and they really are knockouts.

On Location in Spain

In Madrid, where "The Pride and the Passion," starring Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra and Sophia Loren, was being filmed, the mere presence of Her Serene Highness, Princess Grace of Monaco, stole the show from the other stars.

With her usual effortless, the ex-Miss Kelly captured all Madrid just by being her flawless super-self. I saw it happen at a bull fight on my first weekend in the capital of Spain.

Sophia Loren is the greatest star in Europe today—even more so than Gina Lollobrigida, although I think Gina will stay on top longer. Sophia deserves to be a star. She is a spectacular beauty, with naturally curly gold-red hair, large topaz eyes and luscious mouth. She is five-feet nine with a 23-inch waist and 38 bust and hips. She will be twenty-two in September.

Before the camera, Sophia is a sensitive, stormy actress. Cary Grant told me he believes that, now she has been signed to a contract with Paramount, she can become one of the greatest stars. Stanley (Continued on page 115)

Hair with the fresh young **HALO** look

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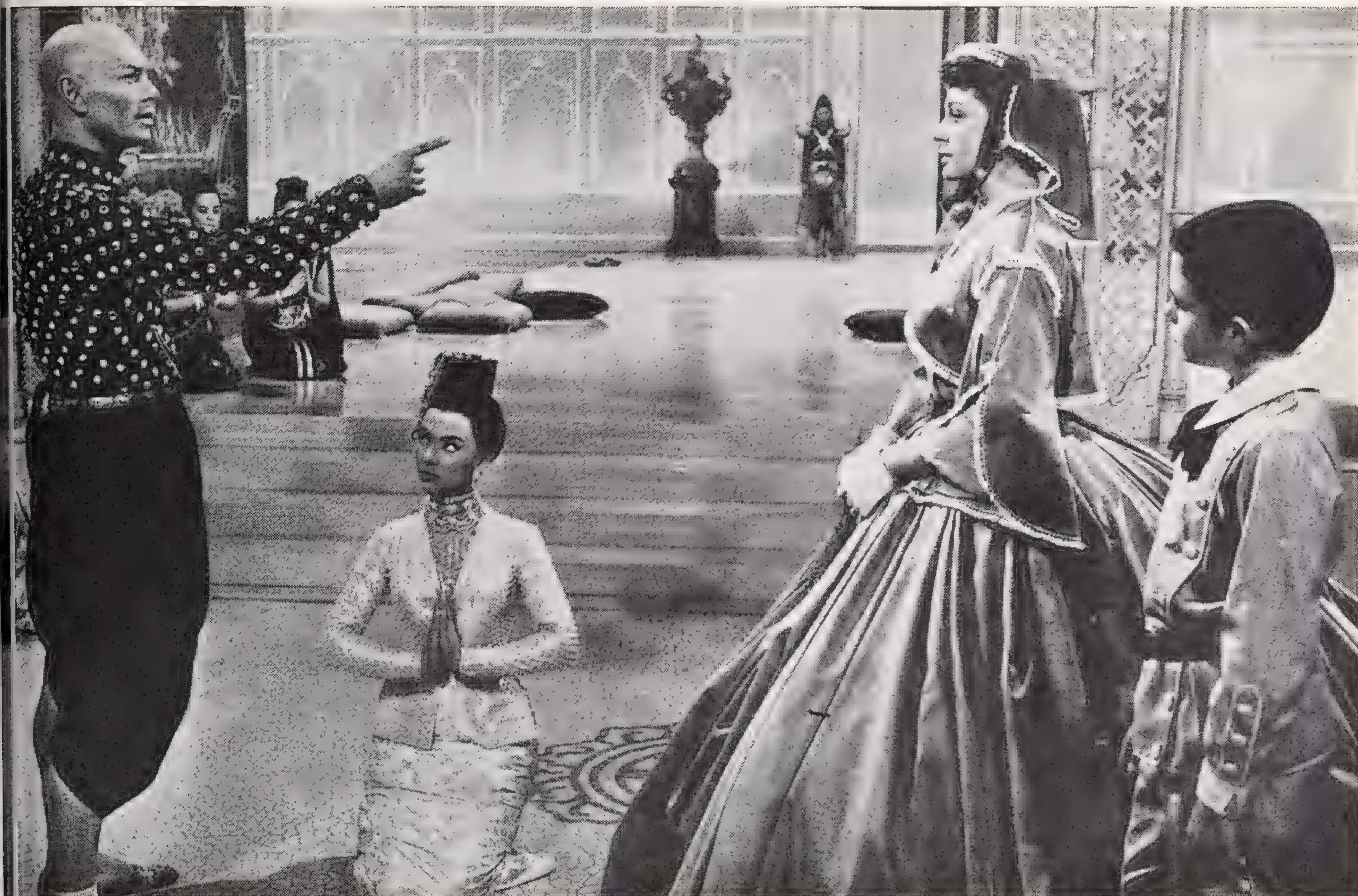
The fact is that this new Deep Cleanser, by the makers of Jergens Lotion, has up to 4 times as many cleansing ingredients as traditional cleansing creams . . . to help it search *deeper* for clogging dirt and make-up . . . to help you tissue them away more quickly, more gently, more thoroughly.

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



ACTING: YUL BRYNNER, DEBORAH KERR

landed in Siam, with son Rex Thompson, Deborah realizes what she's getting into when she sees Yul with slave Rita

The King and I

20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Here's the most strongly plotted and exquisitely scored of all Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals, recorded on film with its spirit intact and its visual splendor expanded. Yul Brynner, unique as a personality, authoritative as an actor and singer, has made the part of the king his own. But Deborah Kerr, new to her role, matches him, as the proud English schoolteacher arrived in 1862 Siam to instruct the king's numerous children—and, it turns out, some of his wives, too. The obvious romantic element is taken care of by Rita Moreno as an unwilling addition to the harem, and Carlos Rivas, as her lover, the pair who must "kiss in a shadow." Much more meaningful is the love, indicated subtly but forcefully, rising to a tingling climax with "Still We Dance?"

FAMILY

The Fastest Gun Alive

M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ A compelling air of mystery surrounds the man intensely portrayed by Glenn Ford in this fascinating drama of the frontier. You think he's that familiar figure the retired gunfighter, who can't stay retired. But you're wrong. And his true history unfolds as the people of a small Western town change their opinion of him. Glenn has been there for some years, living quietly with wife Jeanne Crain, when the account of a killing rouses him to show his townsmen that he isn't just a mild storekeeper. He's "the fastest gun alive." Outlaw Broderick Crawford is homicidally jealous of any man who claims that distinction. In the mounting suspense, all minor roles are sharply defined, though Russ Tamblyn's is confined to a sprightly dance sequence, with only brief scenes elsewhere.

FAMILY



The old, deadly urge that overtakes Glenn fills his wife, Jeanne, with terror

Continued

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD



As Keith cares for Jeff, the captain, George assumes command

Away All Boats

U-I; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The physical realities of modern warfare at sea come smashing home to all of us in this impressive saga of a World War II attack transport, captained by Jeff Chandler. In his role as the shrewd, hard-bitten, lonely skipper, Jeff must whip an oddly assorted crew into shape to put the little landing craft ashore on fanatically defended Pacific islands. First officer Lex Barker seems a frivolous type. Officer George Nader, with practical merchant-marine experience, yearns homeward toward his wife (Julie Adams). Ship's doctor Keith Andes and officer Richard Boone are others deeply involved in the story's action. But the ship herself is the heroine, and, as the crew does, you find yourself more and more concerned about her fate, determined to see her come through safely.

FAMILY



Bing and John react differently to a Kelly-Sinatra escape

High Society

M-G-M; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ It's sheer, relaxing pleasure to see the sparkling personalities of this romantic comedy serve up pure entertainment in easy professional style. A musical re-make of "Philadelphia Story" (with the locale moved to Newport, R.I.), it happily casts Grace Kelly in Katharine Hepburn's old shoes as the perfection-demanding goddess who's brought down to earth with a satisfying thump. But Grace's co-stars take play away from her with their deft comedy and song. Crosby is her former husband, also a blueblood but a more fun and unassuming one. Frank Sinatra is a breezy musician, writer, sent to cover Grace's wedding to John Lund, a less stuffed-shirt type. As Frank's photographer-partner, Cagney is Holm's charming. Louis Armstrong adds fine jazz.



Dining with Rossana, Alan lets Lloyd know how unwelcome he is

Santiago

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ A roistering adventure yarn gives Alan Ladd a worthy adversary, the able Lloyd Nolan, and a luscious lady-love, Rossana Podesta. The time is just before the Spanish-American War, as Cuba fights alone for independence. Alan has his familiar part of the seeming cynic, just out for the money (a stint he took over from Bogart). As rival gun-runners, he and the unscrupulous Nolan reluctantly team up to make sure that each gets the cash, after they've accomplished the dangerous task of delivering their guns to the rebels. As a courageous revolutionary leader, Rossana commands the devotion of her people—but draws more personal attentions from the two Americans. Sturdy support comes from Chill Wills, skipper of the old stern-wheeler carrying the vital cargo.

FAMILY



Jerry with a sheriff's star? Lori and Dean have their

Pardners

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ That grand old movie institution the horse opera gets a ribbing from Martin and Lewis—but so gentle a ribbing that it's sure to survive. Sons of brave pioneers who die together in a battle against outlaws, Dean and Jerry have separate ways. Dean's a real cowboy, a rodeo rider, but a timid rich boy, brought up in New York, dreaming of his heroic heritage. When Dean and his ranch-owner heart (Lori Nelson) leave after a visit to the big town, she busts loose from mom Agnes Moorehead's apron strings and takes off with Dean. Well, those outlaws have descendants still terrorizing the plains in 1910. With Jackie Loughery as Jerry's dance-hall gal, Jeff Morrow and John Baragrey (a regular) as bad guys, the doings are plenty lively.

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you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

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Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

LET'S GO TO TH

La Strada

TRANS-I

✓✓✓ The flamboyant, shabby people the road (*la strada*) touch your heart this fine Italian movie (titles in English). Its two American stars, Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart, are both excellent, the picture belongs to a funny-faced, able little Italian actress, Giulietta Masina. A simple-minded, sweet-natured girl, she is practically sold by her impoverished mother to the brutish Quinn, a traveling strongman. She's a natural-born clown, so she enjoys her work as his partner, at fairs and carnivals. But his rough treatment drives her to leave him. Then she receives some odd but understanding advice from Basehart, a gentle-hearted wire-walker at a carnival.

Seven Men from Now

WARNERS, WARNERBROS.

✓✓✓ Solidly plotted and crisply presented, this is a reliable Randolph Scott Western, with Lee Marvin furnishing extra suspense as a dangerous character who may be either ally or adversary. Randolph is an ex-sheriff in bitter pursuit of some bandits who killed his wife during a hold-up. Going through Indian country, he joins forces with chance trail acquaintances: Marvin and an uncouth sidekick; George Russell and her weakling husband (Warren Reed), a pioneer couple. Corpses hit the dirt with satisfying frequency as Randolph catches up with his quarry. The turn over the bandits' loot sparks the vigorous climax.

Confidential Report

THEATRICAL & TV

✓✓✓ As mixed-up a melodrama as you've ever likely to see, this film still has a delightful flair for the grotesque that is Orson Welles' trademark. Shot in Europe, it casts writer-director-star Welles as a multi-millionaire of mysterious origins. Newcomer Robert Arden, a good-looking young man singularly sloppy in manner and speech, plays an American adventurer who accepts a strange assignment from Welles. The rich old man wants to find out what happened in his own life before he died; a youth, he had an attack of amnesia. Though Arden has a girl—Patricia Medina, as money-minded as he is—he is attracted to Welles' daughter (Paola Maria Reed, Mrs. Welles off-screen). Among the various types Arden encounters during his arduous sleuthing, Katina Paxinou is outstanding, as a woman out of the past.

Huk!

U.A., EASTMAN

✓✓✓ Thanks to Philippine-American cooperation and location shooting, this action film combines steady excitement and interesting, authentic backgrounds. Re-

MOVIES *continued*

ing to the Philippines in 1952, tough-minded George Montgomery wants only to sell his plantation and get out. But ex-sweetheart Mona Freeman, her neurotic husband (John Baer) and her unselfish mother-in-law (James Bell) love the islands and their people. They're willing to continue the fight against the Huks, guerrillas who attack both Americans and peaceable Filipinos. George, of course, is drawn into the battle.

FAMILY

The Brave One

RKO; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Colorful locales—Mexico this time—again a prime attraction, in a pleasing fly-and-animal story. Except for Michel, appealing child actor seen earlier in "The Divided Heart," the cast is Mexican. Son of a poor tenant farmer, Michel tenderly raises a handsome bull calf, refusing to face the fact that this is a fighting bull. In spite of all his efforts, his pet finally is sent into the ring. This is a stunning sequence, with the gruesome aspects played down and the matador's artistry played up. Local fans jamming the huge Mexico City arena add spectacle.

FAMILY

Run for the Sun SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

The decisive presence and acting skill of the three stars have to carry this rather muddled and aimless thriller, and they succeed in giving it moments of tension. The plot gets belatedly under way when novelist Richard Widmark and magazine-writer Jane Greer, flying over the



desperate flight, Dick and Jane Greer must take time for a jungle snooze

American jungles in his private plane, are led down. They're given shelter at the secluded plantation of Trevor Howard, an Englishman who says he's an archaeologist. But he and his two henchmen are obviously sinister types, and it's soon apparent that Dick and Jane are held prisoner. Dick's discovery of his host's true identity means that he and Jane must flee for their lives.

FAMILY
Continued

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LETS GO TO THI

Unidentified Flying Objects

✓✓ Not science-fiction, but in general a documentary, this conscientious film gives the known facts and credible observations about "flying saucers." Most service personnel portray themselves, but reporter Tom Towers plays newsman Albe Chopp, skeptic whose work with Air Force information services finally keeps him from sneering at reported sightings "UFO's." There are no faked close-ups of saucers. Instead, we have two short films of strange moving lights. Service research has determined that neither film included trickery.

FAM

Autumn Leaves

COLUM

✓✓ Pitching hard for dramatic power, this excerpt from a psychiatrist's ca



Cliff Robertson's unbridled rage begins to show Joan her husband's true nature.

book does achieve some punch. However, it's hard to accept handsome Joan Crawford as a manless spinster. Newcomer Cliff Robertson makes a commendable try as the young man she marries on short acquaintance, only to discover that his father (Lorne Greene) and ex-wife (Vivian Miles) have driven him to the verge of insanity. So Joan faces a decision. Her husband's mind is at stake. But if his mental health is restored, he may no longer need her. The solution includes some unnecessarily gruesome details.

Phantom Horse HARRISON, EASTMAN CO

✓✓ In this leisurely-paced, sentimental Japanese movie (with English titles), a race horse that needs psychiatric care and gets it, from a sympathetic young veterinarian. Ayako Wakao is the little girl who regards the horse as his own, though his horse-breeding family must eventually sell it. A forest fire, a stable fire and some confusingly presented races generate thrills. Only a few glimpses of exotic sights and customs in Japan set the picture apart from its American equivalent.

FA

Francis in the Haunted House U-I

Chill Wills' raucous voice still issues from the talking mule's muzzle; but, Donald O'Connor having excused himself from the series, Mickey Rooney takes over as Francis' dopey human pal. At the mule's prompting, he gets in wrong with the cops reporting a murder before the body's even found. In love with heiress Virginia Melles, Mickey investigates shenanigans at her eerie old mansion and plays the cheerful patsy in a lot of winningly old-fashioned slapstick. **FAMILY**

The Black Sleep U.A.

A congress of movie monsters cavorts through this all-out horror item. Basil Rathbone's our old friend the mad scientist, a brain surgeon experimenting on living people. Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi and John Carradine are among his guinea pigs. As a doctor in Basil's clutches, Herbert Rudley has the task of getting himself and pretty Patricia Blake out of there. The make-up department has a high old time with the surgeon's victims. For a few touches of welcome if grisly comic relief, there's Akim Tamiroff, as a tattoo artist who keeps the madman's lab stocked with human supplies. **ADULT**

Ango Crossing U-I, TECHNICOLOR

At one point in this adventure tale, Virginia Mayo complains that she has no idea what's going on or who's up to what. And the audience will sympathize, while finding the to-do agreeably unpretentious. A playgirl involved in a murder case, Vir-



With a bottle as a weapon, Virginia is sent to charge poor George with robbery.

She seeks refuge in a miserable African hide-out for a wildly assorted crew of fugitives from justice. The only respectable character on hand is George, a surveyor who isn't sure why he's been sent to survey this particular area. As soon as he discovers the reason, his life is in danger. **FAMILY**



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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



George Nader and Martha Hyer. Sorry, Sidney—the girls won't agree with you!



Lex, with Lana, deejay George Sanders, isn't the only Barker in the business



Tab and those other guys better check with each other about Natalie's dates



No doubt about the name of "Marty's" best girl in real life—it's Rhonda

I understand Rock Hudson is often called Rock 'n' Roll Hudson by his wife, Phyllis. . . . It seems every blond is trying to look like Marilyn Monroe, except Marilyn Monroe. . . . I'm weary of reading bachelor stories about George Nader. . . . Theme Song for the Greg Bautzer-Dana Wynter marriage: A Man Chases A Girl Until She Catches Him. . . . Frank Sinatra's approach to friendship is animal loyal. . . . Acknowledged: Elizabeth Taylor is beautiful—but Joan Crawford creates more excitement when she enters a room. . . . Natalie Wood stayed home one night last month. It seems Raymond Burr thought she had a date with Tab Hunter who thought she had a date with Nick Adams who thought she had a date with Nick Ray who was out of town. . . . When they come out with an inside confidential scandal yarn about Ann Blyth, I'll say I've heard everything. . . . Tony Curtis told it: A movie star is somebody just like the boy next door, if you live in Beverly Hills.

Rhonda Fleming's a doll who should be doing better than she is. . . . I want to give credit to Burt Lancaster who is an admirer of other people with talent and a distributor of credit. That's why the firm is now called Hecht, Hill and Lancaster. . . . Most people remember *Marty* and his pal, *Angie* ("What do you feel like doing tonight?"), but do you know the name of *Marty's* girlfriend, played by Betsy Blair? . . . Dimitri Tiomkin describing Hollywood: "The actors are as American as apple pie and the actresses are as American as cheesecake."

I admit Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman had me fooled. I thought they were too busy with each other to be busy elsewhere. . . . Starlet Dani Crayne reminds me of Lana Turner, and Leigh Snowden reminds me of Leigh Snowden. . . . I saw Kirk Douglas in "Champion" on TV, and he sure had a skinny chest. Kirk would have to fight in a

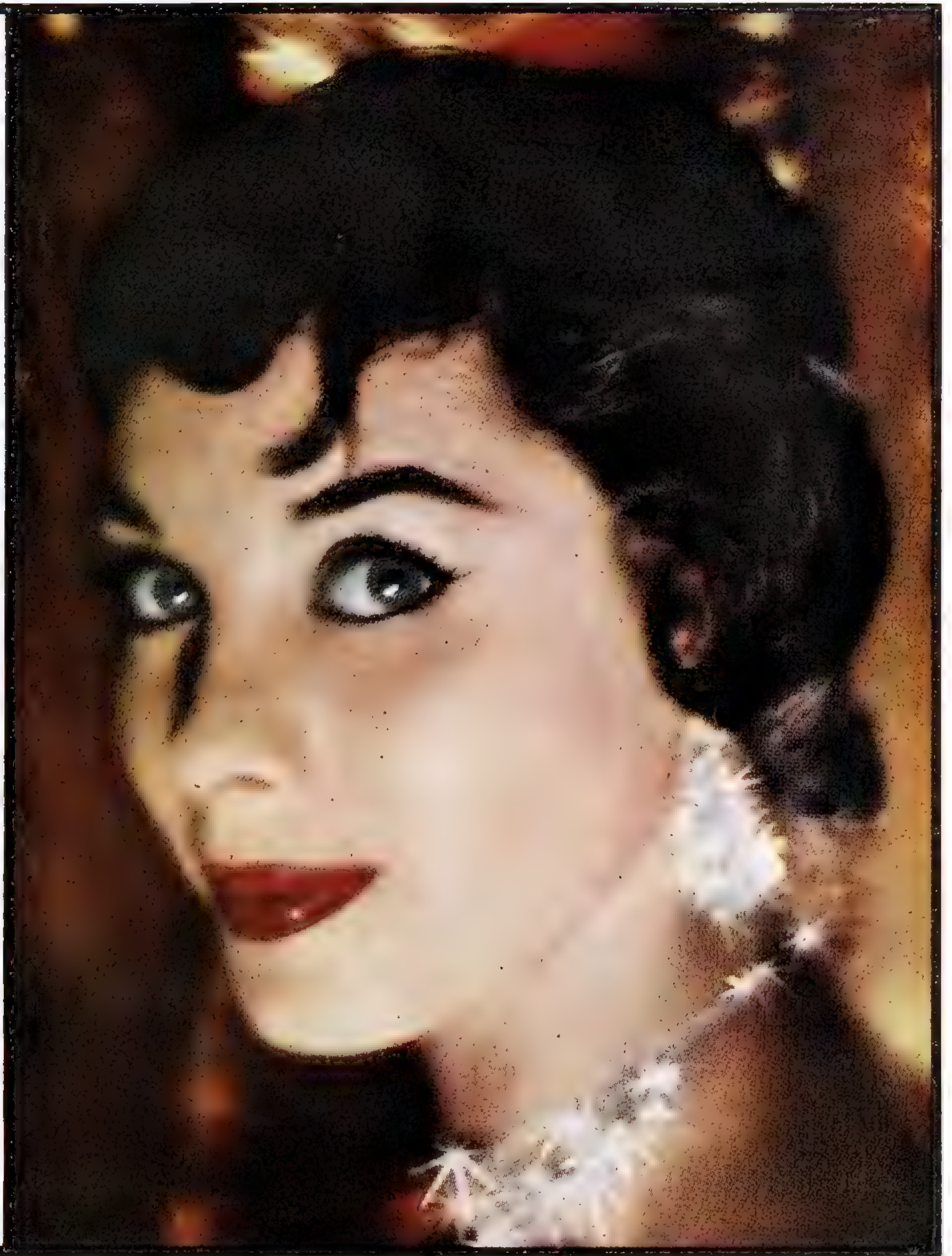
heavier division today. . . . Whenever I meet Ernest Borgnine, I think he's carrying his Oscar under his coat. . . . I can tell the difference between I. M. Barker, Jess Barker and Fess Parker. I can also tell the difference between Tab Hunter, Jeffrey Hunter and Rock Hunter. But I do get a bit confused between Dale Robertson and Cliff Robertson. Dick Powell and Jane Powell give me no trouble at all. . . . Red Skelton tells of the producer who said, "Maybe I don't know what I'm talking about, but if I did know what I'm talking about I'd be right."

Kim Novak has her moods and I can remember all the moods back when Jane Russell was considered the greatest. But now Jane's lost the four-minute mile: the record has been broken by many. . . . The name of *Marty's* girlfriend is *Clara*. I wouldn't ask you a question and give the answer. . . . Barbara Stanwick has never been known to have an argument with a director during production. "I do all of my arguing before the picture starts," says Barbara. . . . Will Holden, asked if he knew a certain bragging producer, replied: "I know him very well. I caught him in a trap once."

I can't believe Stewart Granger would even holler at adorable Jean Simmons. . . . Debra Paget is behaving like an old-time movie star, even if she is one. Debra must have read back issues of this movie magazine. . . . Don't be surprised if Elvis Presley surprises by tossing away his guitar, his optional motions, and becomes a movie star. . . . Acknowledged: Ralph Edwards is a great actor. But Clark Gable is more exciting to watch on the screen. . . . Now that Edmund Brown and Linda Christian have died, other, they don't appear satisfied. My favorite character Mike Curtiz—he liked a certain actress "because she is a perfect combination of impenetrable." That's Hollywood for you.

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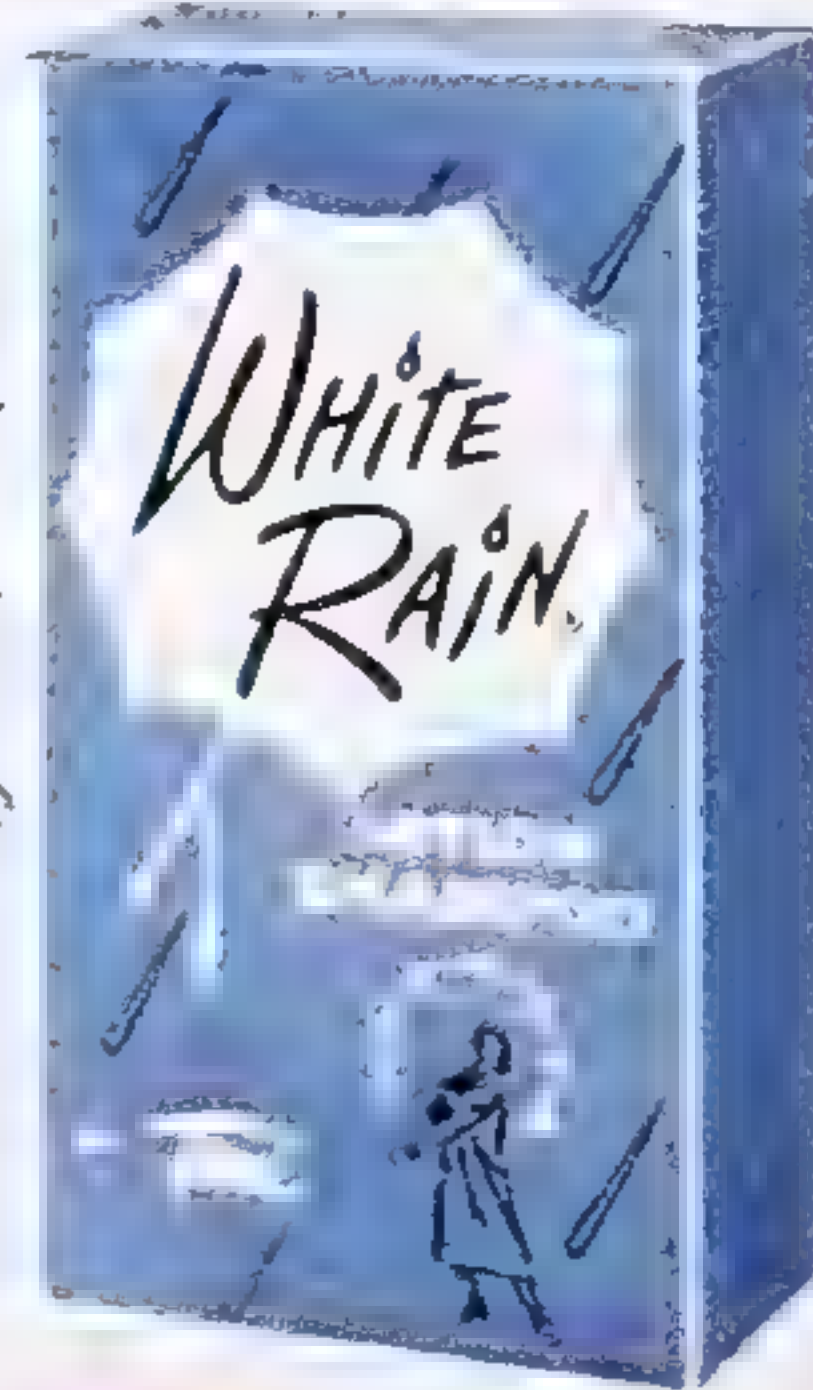


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For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the month indicated. Current full reviews—see contents page.

✓✓ ANIMAL WORLD, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Often fascinating though hazily organized documentary, covering microscopic creatures, dinosaurs (in cartoon), the menagerie of present-day Africa. (F) July

✓✓✓ AS LONG AS YOU'RE NEAR ME—Warners: Distinctive German film, with dialogue in English. Director O. W. Fischer hires Maria Schell to act out her own sad life in a movie, thereby endangering her marriage. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ BHOWANI JUNCTION—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Emotion-charged story of strife in India. Ava Gardner's embroiled in it, hesitating between Bill Travers—like herself, half English, half Indian—and British officer Stewart Granger. Fine photography. (A) July

✓✓✓✓ CATERED AFFAIR, THE—M-G-M: A visit with an endearingly everyday family, excellently portrayed. Housewife Bette Davis insists on a big wedding for daughter Debbie Reynolds, though pop Ernest Borgnine, a cab driver, can't afford it. (F) July

✓✓✓ CRIME IN THE STREETS—A.A.: An honest approach freshens the juvenile-delinquency theme. Unhappy, vicious-tempered John Cassavetes drafts Sal Mineo to aid in a murder plan. James Whitmore's a wise social worker. (A) July

✓✓ CROWDED PARADISE—Tudor: Enid Rudd and Mario Alcalde are young lovers in a touching study of New York's Puerto Ricans. A subplot features Hume Cronyn, Nancy Kelly. (A) July

✓✓✓ DAKOTA INCIDENT—Republic, Tru-color: Tightly constructed Western. Among an isolated group besieged by Indians are bandit Dale Robertson, singer Linda Darnell. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Tender love story, set in wartime England, makes a sympathetic triangle of English Dana Wynter and Richard Todd and American Robert Taylor. Edmond O'Brien's impressive as an ambitious officer. (A) July

✓✓✓ EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS—Columbia: Neat science-fiction thriller. The unmanned satellites that newlyweds Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor work at launching are blasted by space ships—with unknown purpose. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ EDDY DUCHIN STORY, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Affecting and graceful musical biography casts Ty Power as the pianist and bandleader; Kim Novak, his first wife; Victoria Shaw, his second. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE, THE—Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Picturesque, fact-based adventure sends Union spy Fess Parker on a daring raid into Dixie, with Jeffrey Hunter as a gallant enemy. (F) July

✓✓✓ INVITATION TO THE DANCE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Wordless, charming, all-dance film. Gene Kelly leads a gifted troupe in three tales—wistful, comic, and whimsical. (F) August

✓✓✓ KILLING, THE—U.A.: Compact, tough crime vignette. Sterling Hayden's intricate scheme for a race-track robbery is upset by accomplices' personal problems, such as a cheating wife (Marie Windsor). (F) August

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓✓ KISS BEFORE DYING, A—U.A.; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Good suspense fare. As a fortune-hunter, Bob Wagner almost gets away with the murder of Joanne Woodward, until her sister (Virginia Leith) starts investigating. (A) July

✓✓✓ LEATHER SAINT, THE—Paramount: Pleasant story of a minister (John Derek) who secretly takes up prizefighting to earn money for a children's hospital. Paul Douglas is his manager; Jody Lawrance, a flashy dame. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Fast Hitchcock thriller. Tourists in Morocco, James Stewart and Doris Day learn of a murder plan, and their son's kidnapped to silence them. (F) July

✓✓ MAVERICK QUEEN, THE—Republic, Natu-rama, TruColor: In an actionful Western, love for detective Barry Sullivan makes Barbara Stanwyck turn on her cattle-rustling pals. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ MOBY DICK—Warners, Technicolor: Impressive version of Melville's classic. Gregory Peck is the whaling-ship captain on a crazy search for the whale that crippled him. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn are also fine. (F) August

✓✓ OUTSIDE THE LAW—U-I: Lively crime-busting film. Ex-con Ray Danton helps his hated father, T-man Onslow Stevens, break up a counterfeiting gang. (F) July

✓✓✓ PROUD AND PROFANE, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Troubled war-time romance of a hardened Marine Corps officer (William Holden) and a Red Cross girl (Deborah Kerr), in the Pacific. Thelma Ritter, Dewey Martin make a subplot more touching. (A) August

✓✓✓ PROUD ONES, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Sheriff Bob Ryan has rough going in a lusty Western. Virginia Mayo's his girl; Jeff Hunter, his deputy. (F) August

✓✓✓ RAWHIDE YEARS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Rambling, amiable Western. Wanted for murder, Tony Curtis seeks the real killer; Colleen Miller waits impatiently. (F) August

✓✓✓ REBEL IN TOWN—U.A.: Strong drama of the post-Civil War frontier. Ben Cooper is a Southerner in danger; John Payne, a Reb-hater; Ruth Roman, Payne's gentle wife. (F) August

✓✓✓ SAFARI—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Mau Maus, wild beasts and tangled emotions keep the excitement going as white hunter Vic Mature hits the trail with rich Roland Culver and Janet Leigh, Culver's fiancée. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME—M-G-M: In a rowdy, sympathetic, humorous movie biography, Paul Newman's first-rate as scape-grace fighter Rocky Graziano, helped to reform by Pier Angeli. Sal Mineo's a slum pal. (F) August

✓✓✓ STAR IN THE DUST—U-I: Briskly effective Western. Sheriff John Agar's set on hanging killer Richard Boone legally, though escape and lynching plots are afoot. (F) July

✓✓✓ THAT CERTAIN FEELING—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Bob Hope's funny and likable as a timid artist urged by Eva Marie Saint to tell off boss George Sanders. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ TRAPEZE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brilliant, absorbing circus drama. As a has-been "flyer," Burt Lancaster returns to be Tony Curtis' catcher. Gina Lollobrigida uses her wiles to get into their act. (F) August

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PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVE

beginning an unforgettable story, never before told about Jimmy Dean



There was a Boy...

BY WILLIAM BAST

*I knew him
for such a short time—
just six years.
But that was all
the time Jimmy
had left to live*

● On September 30, 1955, the world was informed that the short but incredible career of James Dean had come to a tragic end on a lonely northern California highway. One year prior to that date James Dean was a comparatively obscure actor and was hardly known to the public. Now, almost one year after his death, he stands on the threshold of immortality.

James Dean's life was by all means filled with excitement and turbulence. It

is the fascinating tale of a young man who propelled himself violently through a few short years, in search of fulfillment, love, and understanding. It is a legend filled with the profundity and gentleness that was the boy himself.

Jimmy was my closest and most constant friend during the six years before his death. Most of that time we shared the living expenses involved in the struggle to gain recognition in the theatre, and we were seldom out of touch with

Continued



Author, Bill Bast. He met Jimmy at UCLA and later roomed with him

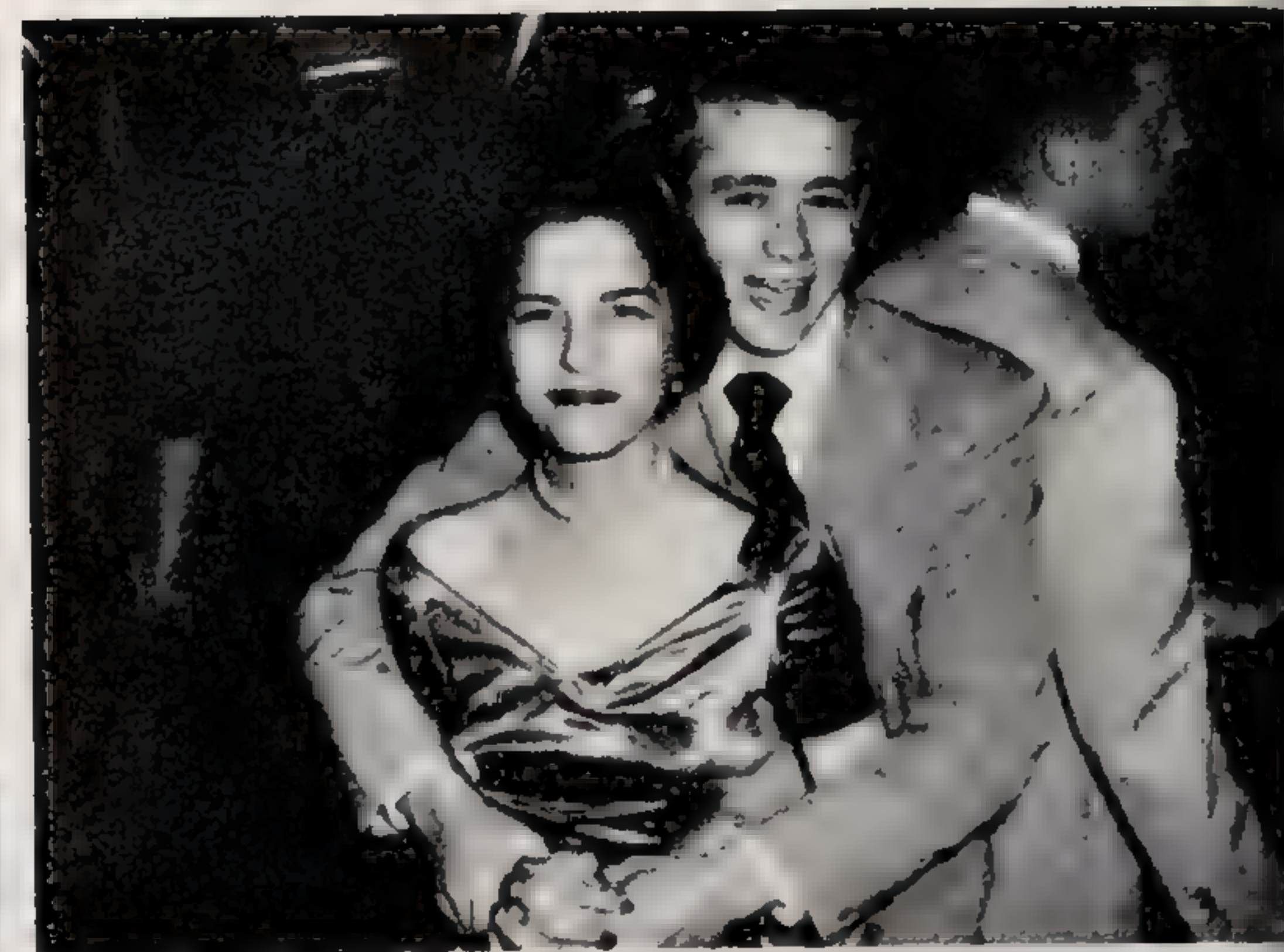
He was my crazy roommate—moody, unpredictable, not yet sure of what he had, not yet ready for the role destiny had chosen for him



Jimmy and Bill's mother when she visited boys' apartment. She found them flat broke from paying high rent, bought food and cooked for them. And was deeply touched when Jimmy gave her his picture signed "To my second mother"



One of Jimmy's dates was Beverly Wills, Joan Davis' daughter. She shared his love of sports (he was star athlete in high school), introduced him to young stars like Debbie Reynolds, left, with Jimmy, Bill and dates



With date Jeanetta Lewis at a Sigma Nu dance. It was while he was at UCLA that Jimmy met actor James Whitmore, the man whose acting know-how sparked the flame that was later to burn so brightly—but all, too briefly

each other. In my peculiar position of having known him so long and having shared so many experiences with him, I find it hard to comprehend the full significance of what happened to the school chum I came to call my friend. Just three years ago he was just my crazy roommate who, like all the kids we knew, was trying to make a mark for himself. He was known only to a limited group of people and his name meant nothing to the man on the street. Now, there isn't a day that goes by that I don't hear his name on the lips of some stranger passing on the street, that I don't hear stories of how many of his fans are still writing letters of devotion to the Hollywood columnists, that I don't see his picture in the window of some store in a small town, that I don't see his name headlining the double feature at a neighborhood movie house, that I don't feel the strong and

memorable impression he made on the people who knew him, worked with him, or admired him. I still find it hard to believe that they are all referring to the same Jimmy Dean I knew so well. Perhaps, I often think, they are referring to the Jimmy Dean they came to know only briefly, only partially, on the screen, on a sound stage, or in a rehearsal hall. And perhaps, I wonder, it isn't the same Jimmy Dean at all.

In 1949, the Theatre Arts Department of the University of California at Los Angeles was a busy place. Stage productions were at a peak. The acting, it seemed, had never been so fine. World War II had ended a few years before and the departmental heads were enthusiastically utilizing the more mature talents of the many recently returned GIs. Unfortunately, the younger students who hadn't participated in the war, and who hadn't as yet matured, were being side-stepped. The gap of years between the regular students and those on the GI Bill created cliques within the drama department.

In this atmosphere, the slouched, unimpressive figure of James Dean drew no attention. The sandy-haired boy, com-

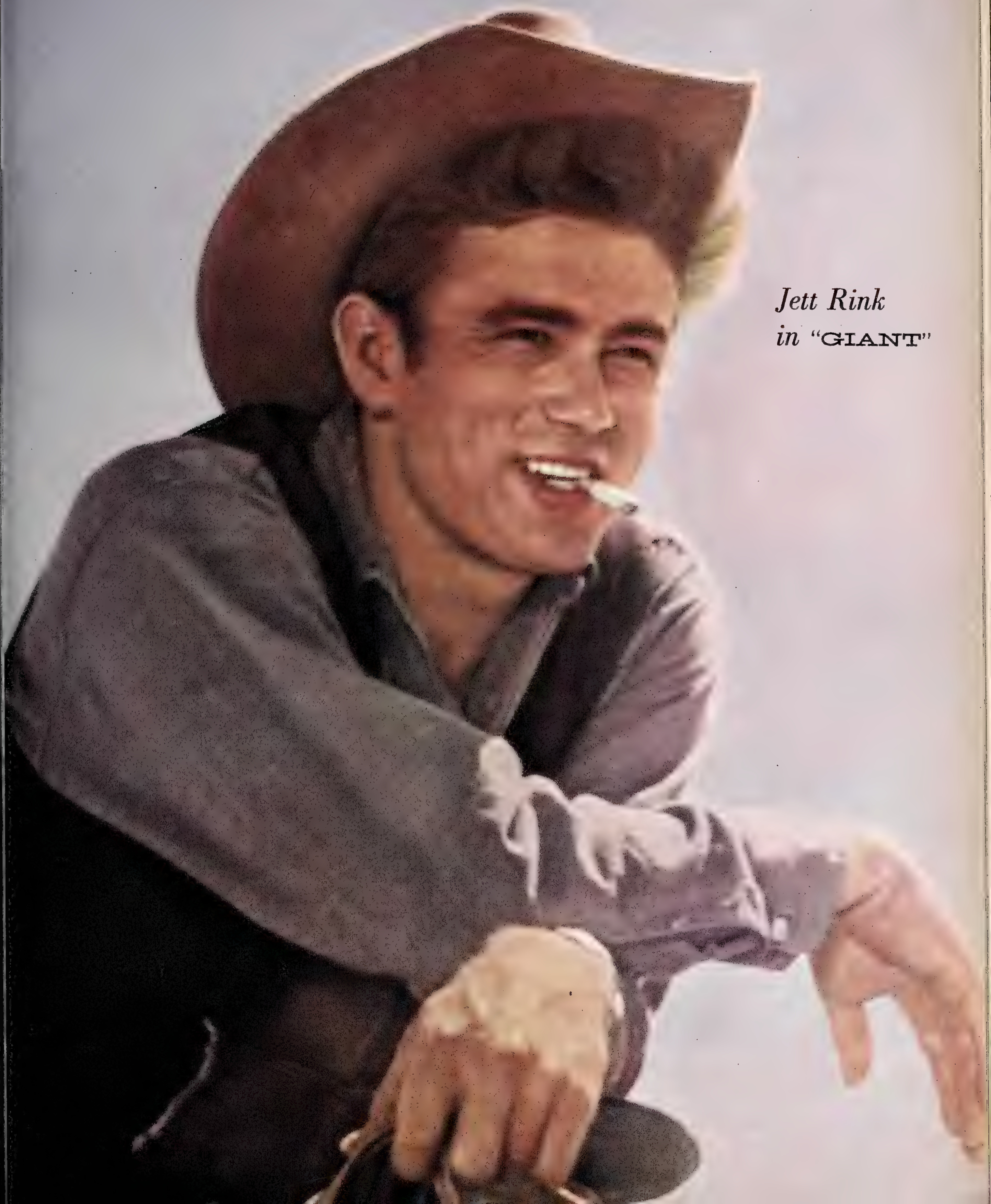
pletely withdrawn behind his horn-rimmed glasses, was a new student who had just transferred from Santa Monica City College. His major was Law and his minor was Theatre Arts. He had been pledged to Sigma Nu fraternity and was "living in" near the campus. He had some knowledge of motion picture projectors and, with the help of the campus employment agency, was able to bear the financial burden of fraternity and college life by acting as projectionist for classes using visual education. His clothes were few and modest, and his manner was mild and unnoticeable. He did not mingle freely and, as a result, did not become a part of any particular clique. It was impossible for him to make friends with these people who were so impressed with their own self-importance, as he later put it. So he withdrew from the society of the Theatre Arts Department and tried very hard to fit in with his fraternity brothers. Jimmy was not happy at UCLA.

The department was doing a production of "Macbeth." Somehow, Jimmy had been cast in the role of young Prince Malcolm. One night, during a late rehearsal, I was (Continued on page 98)

Editor's Note: William Bast, a native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is now a TV script writer who makes his home in New York City. He was majoring in Theatre Arts, with the aim of becoming an actor, when he met James Dean.

james dean's *last and most dramatic role:*

Jett Rink
in "GIANT"

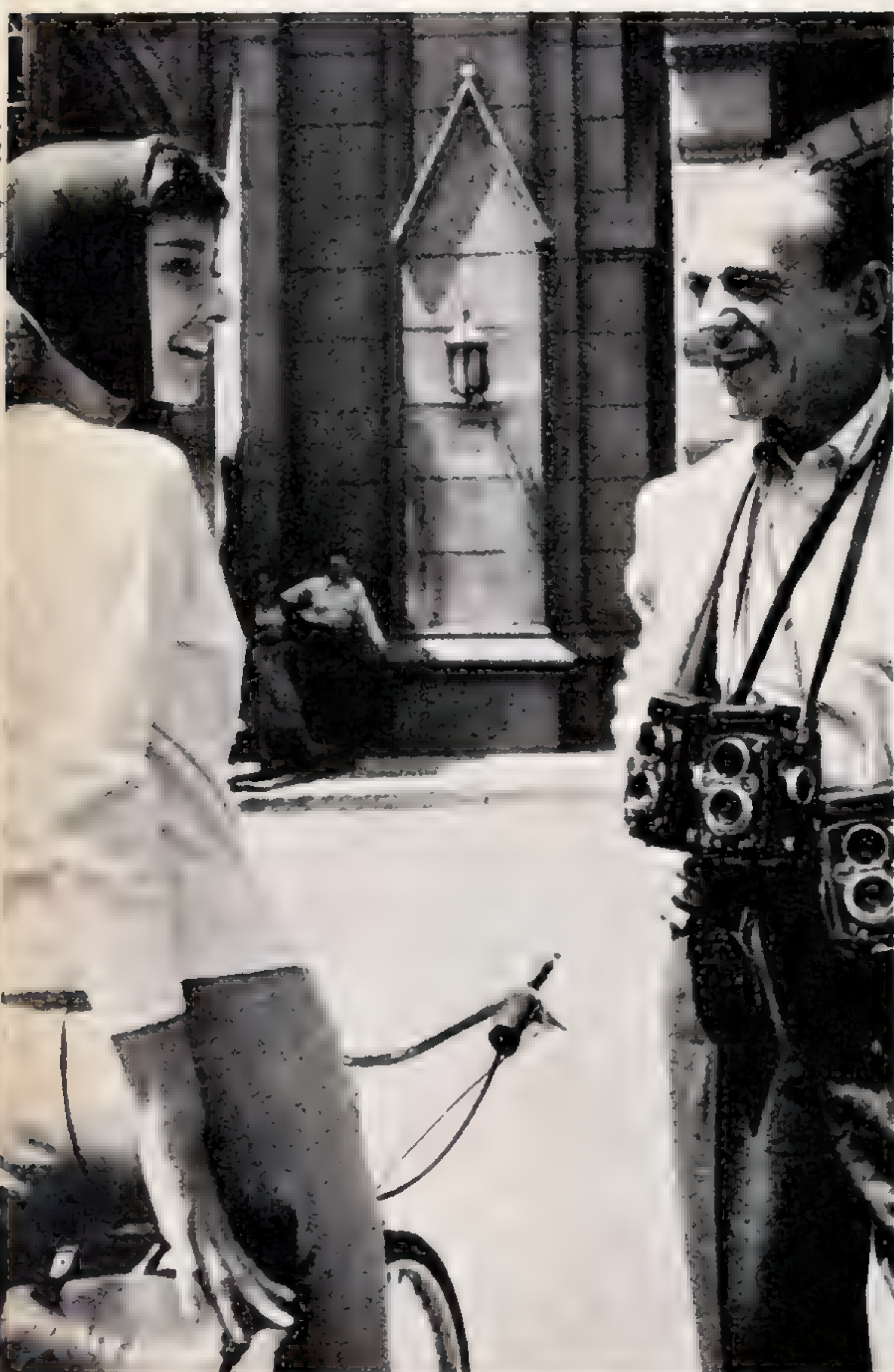


Audrey's Harvest Of The Heart

● The search for happiness, like the search for truth, is a lonely one. No one can tell us when we've found it, and few of our friends agree with us when we raise our voices to shout exultantly, "This is it!"

Audrey Hepburn is no exception. Following her searching heart, consulting that heart and not her head, as all true lovers do, Audrey found her happiness in a most unlikely place—or so said her friends, and her critics, warning her against Mel Ferrer. Not that they had anything against him—they didn't. As a man, as an actor, as a person, they tossed Mel their accolades and their approval. (Continued on page 113)

Two years ago her work, her dancing, her career were enough. Until love touched her life. And then she knew how lonely she had really been



"Happiness in love has turned her inside out," say fellow co-workers. Above, she chats gaily with Fred Astaire, co-star in "Funny Face"



At top, rehearsing for dance scene with Henry Fonda (below) in "War and Peace." Mel appears in film, too. "We loved working together"



"Being together, helping each other, working together as Mel and I have been doing—that's the wonderful part of marriage," says Audrey



BY
JOHN MAYNARD

Someday, when careers permit, Mel and Audrey want a villa by the sea in California. But until then, "Wherever Mel is, is home!"



Above, in costume for "Funny Face." The little girl aura is still on her, but the pixie hairdo has gone. Today, it's longer, softly feminine





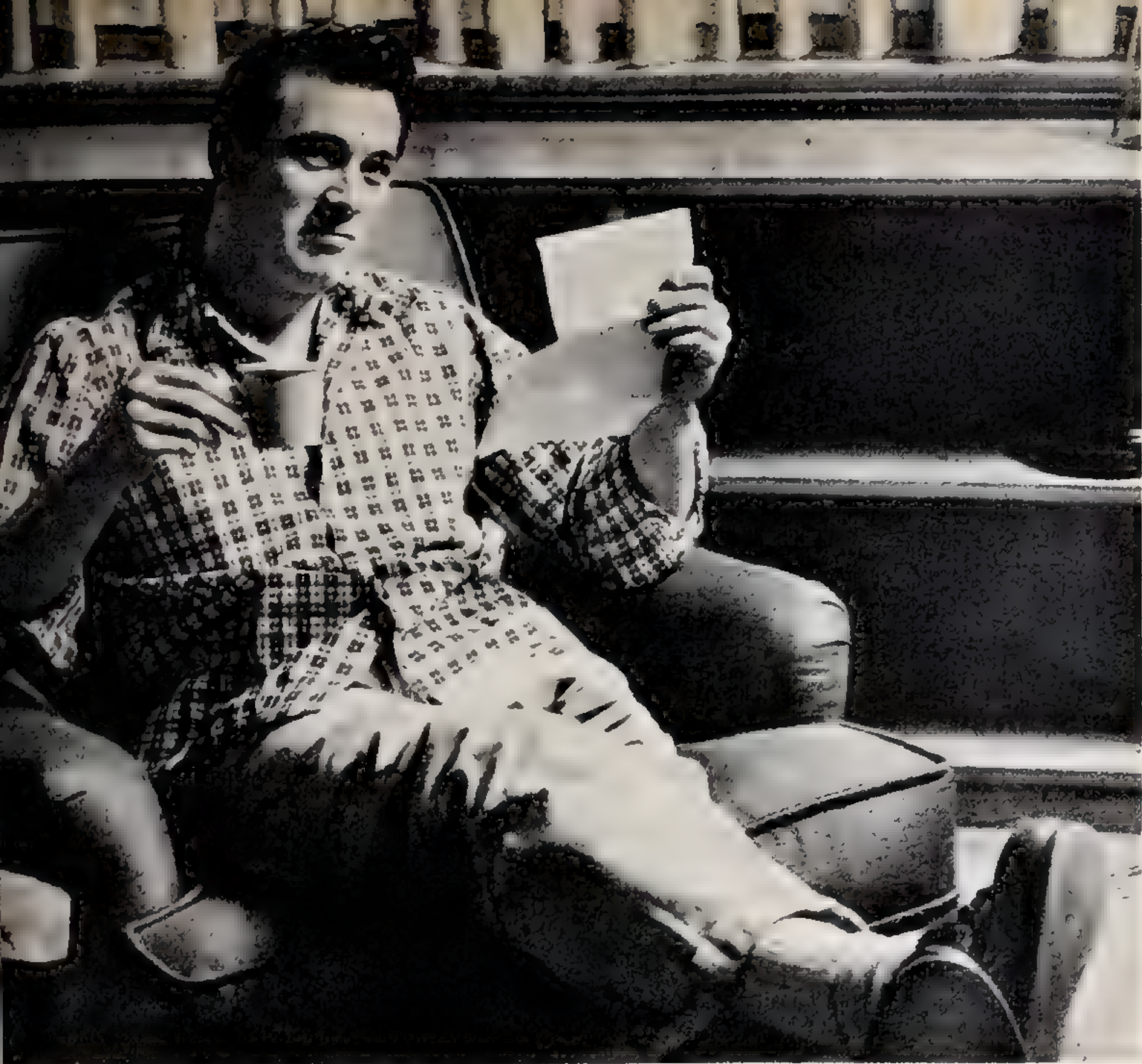
An inn in Ireland is the basis for Rock's future home plans. It had "big, deep chairs where a fellow could stretch out and take it easy." And any home that Rock builds will be on a hill, "with lots of trees and shrubs around." Also flowers and a rock garden to keep nature-loving Rock busy outdoors

Rock is in Warners' "Giant" and U-I's "Written on the Wind"



PLANNING A HEAVENLY





LOVE NEST



Phyllis goes along with Rock's decorating ideas, but he had to make some changes in his bachelor house, where they'll live until they can build their dream home. "It took me a week to put up enough shelves for her," he kids



*Usually it's the missus
who plans the home.*

*But here's a switch—
it's Mister Hudson*

who's gone house-happy!

● "As far back as I can remember," Rock Hudson mused aloud one day, "I have lived in other people's houses—never in a place I could call my own. But now, at last I have my own house, a place where I feel I can put down roots, where I can belong."

But, exciting as that home and that time was to be, there was a second installment due on the story. An installment even Rock didn't dream was in the cards for him on that spring day in 1955, when he was so excited and so enthusiastic about the first house he was ever to own. Sure, he knew that someday he'd marry. It was as much a part of his plan for the future as having a home of his own, of traveling extensively, or someday, he hoped, having children.

At the time, however, Rock's thoughts were still concentrated almost wholly upon his career. And the girl in his life, at the time, was script girl Betty Abbott. They were just good friends, but publicity had blown it up, as Rock angrily said, "into a 'thing.'" Because of this, all talk about his personal life came to an end—as far as publication was concerned. People even said that Rock had pretty much settled down to his bachelor life in the ranch-type house high on a hill.

Then, seemingly out of the blue and out of nowhere, came his friendship with lovely and charming Phyllis Gates, who was once the secretary of Rock's agent, Henry Willson. By that time, however, Phyllis had been promoted to Henry's Willson's associate, reading manuscripts (Continued on page 102)

BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

rita
moreno



HEP-CAT SAGE HEN*

*SMART STUDENT

*Rita Moreno's going to school
and liking it. And though
she still loves her bongo drums,
she's getting real serious about Strauss!*

● For once, Rita Moreno was glad that her car was a '52 Ford, had a dent in one fender and needed washing. She parked it on a side street, got out and walked across the UCLA campus. Then, at the foot of the steps leading into the lecture building, she felt a sudden twinge of panic. What was she doing here? Rita Moreno, of all people, taking a course in Humanities? She wasn't even sure what the word meant! All she knew, from the catalogue, was that the course was to guide her through some of the world's great literature, from Molière to Hemingway, and that this was something about which she'd lately developed tremendous curiosity. She was going to read *Candide*, *War and Peace*, and a lot of (Continued on page 106)

By Ernst Jacobi




Not until the role of Tuptim in "The King and I" did Rita's Hollywood career shift into high gear. Now she's making up for all the things she missed during the years of struggle to reach the top



Fun-loving Rita can't explain what made her a campus cutie. "I don't know what hit me!" she says. But it isn't because she's in love. "I wish it were. In all my life I've only been in love once"

Rita is also in "The Vagabond King"





All The Things Marriage Is Made Of

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● They've written their own story of a marriage, Sue and Alan Ladd. Written it on photographs, taken fourteen years apart. faces in those photographs have changed. the passing of the years. But the words, and meaning of the words, remain unchanged.

"For My Wife—from whom I will never apart, come what may—" Alan had scrawled this on the picture of him as an Army corporal and had angled it so that a lonely Sue could read it, first thing in the morning and the thing at night before going to bed.

*"When two people click . . ." Alan says simply.
But it takes more than love to make a marriage.
It takes the years of growing closer together*

Alan Ladd is in "Santiago"



"Alan's always doing something unexpected!" grins Sue, who wasn't too surprised to find herself suddenly in the hardware business with Alan. But though he values Sue's opinion, they don't always agree. Alan, below with David and Alana, thinks Sue's a "soft touch" as a parent. She thinks he's inclined to be too strict with the kids. "We both have strong wills, but we thrash things out!"



Alan and Sue went into movie production "to build a secure future for our children." Below, with Edmond O'Brien, star of "A Cry in the Night" produced by the Ladds' Jaguar unit



fourteen years later, a photograph on the shed piano top in the Ladds' new, picturesque Springs home bears the same, almost un-
ligible scrawl—a scrawl that Sue reads with heart: *"Forever—come what may. . . ."*
nd forever, come what may, is the heart-
ning story of the Alan Ladds. It's all the
gs marriage—their marriage—is made of,
all the pictures, the pages, that live between
words . . . and the years. So many pictures,
vell remembered.
ne picture is of (Continued on page 94)

INSIDE STUFF

CAL Y O R K ' S G O S S I P O F H O L L Y W O O D



Elaine Aiken and Tony Perkins, both from New York, pair off-screen and on—they co-star in first picture "The Lonely Man"

They're Either Too Young Or Too Old: Someone goofed when it was itemed that Twentieth Century-Fox was fuming about Robert Wagner's dates with Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes. The reason, supposedly, was because Nora is older than Bob, and too sophisticated. "Baloney!" muses R.J. "My studio tells me what to do in front of the camera, but away from it—I'm on my own!" . . . It didn't take Marlon Brando long to realize he was back in Hollywood. When he returned from Japan, where he was making "The Teahouse of the August Moon," he checked into the Chateau Marmont and occupied Greta Garbo's old apartment. Marlon unpacked, then went out to lie in the sun. Natalie Wood happened to be by the pool, visiting friends, and she and Marlon exchanged a few words. The next morning, a local columnist listed the pair as "the hottest romance in town!" So far, Nat and Marlon aren't even lukewarm!

News And Views: Luscious Kim Novak took Europe by storm and vice versa. But back in the States, her boyfriend Mac



Burt Lancaster can talk about his brood but he won't be able to get a word in now that Janet and Tony have their baby—a 6-lb. girl



Fans corner Perry Lopez and Anna Maria Alberghetti. She's thrilled over getting Susan Strasberg role in play, "Diary of Anne Frank"



Mac Krim's still in the picture—but so is dashing Count Mario Bandini. A new romance for Kim Novak—or just one of those flings?

Why all the whispering? It seems to be a secret between Pier and Vic. It can't be those stork rumors—Vic looks too unhappy!



He wuz mobbed! When Sal Mineo, here with friend, made personal appearances in New York he got overwhelming welcome from fans



A sparkling Debbie and Eddie returned from Nassau vacation, following finish of their movie "Bundle of Joy." They'll be welcoming their own bundle of joy in November

Krim received an awful ribbing when Kim announced that she loved having her hand kissed by the countless counts—especially Count Bandini—who pursued her! . . . In Fairmount, Indiana, James Dean's family and friends beat Hollywood to the punch. They announced the establishment of a Foundation Memorial, which will provide financial assistance to young professional artists of proven ability. We hope Jimmy's warm heart knows, for he was always doing the same thing when he was still with us. . . . Doris Day was just taking off to plug her latest picture, "Julie," made by her own company, when she had to be rushed to the hospital. It was a king-size relief for the Marty Melchers when only minor surgery was necessary for Dodo. . . . Blond and bosomy Jayne Mansfield, who has her own way of busting into print, had her close-to-exposed heart set on playing the life story of Jean Harlow. But Jayne is due for a big disappointment. Another famous blond named Marilyn Monroe will play the part, after she finishes "The Sleeping Prince" in England, with Sir Laurence Olivier—and has some time off for a honeymoon with playwright Arthur Miller.

Change Of Heart: When they changed the title of "The Maverick" to "Three Violent People," it was rather ironic. For some unexplained reason, Charlton Heston didn't want tall, handsome Tom Tryon in the picture.

Then, too, Anne Baxter rarely spoke to any of the cast when they were not on-camera. Eventually, however, Heston was so impressed with Tryon's death scene, he fought to get Tom close-ups. Then, to top it off, Annie had a change of heart. It all ended up, as the saying goes, "just one big happy family!"

Stranger In Town: Hollywood needed the talents of Don Murray, who plays Marilyn Monroe's impetuous cowboy lover in "Bus Stop." A forceful type who worked with religious groups during the war years, Don now has an ideal set-up with Twentieth: two pictures a year, with

Don Murray gets Marilyn M-M-Monroe in his first movie, "Bus Stop." But it took him five years to get Hope Lange, who also has a part in the film, to say "I do!"



A love-pat from wife Lydia and a pat on the back for Chuck Heston, who was big enough to admit he'd been wrong about a fellow-actor in "Three Violent People"



INSIDE STUFF

Continued

time in between to do plays. He recently married Hope Lange, who is also in "Bus Stop"—"but it took her five years to say yes!" Don loves Hollywood and is touched by everyone's eagerness to help him. Between his lusty film scenes with Marilyn, he could always be found, engrossed in a reed-covered book. Curious, La Monroe asked him the title. "The Bible," Don replied.

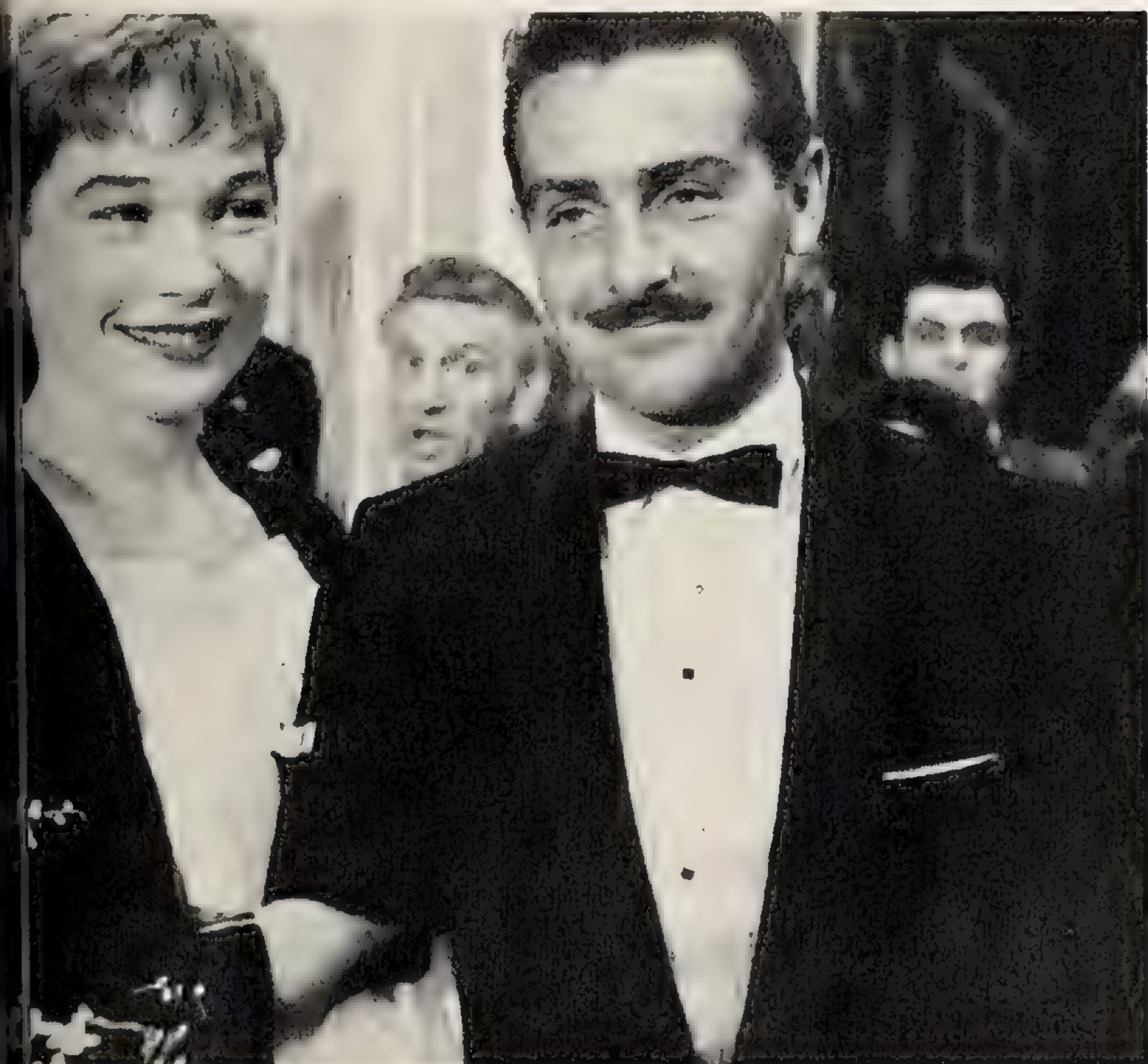
Fateful Decision: Personable Pat Wayne hasn't lost his urge to join the priesthood. However, he's only sixteen, and it's such a serious step his wise parents are glad that he's delaying his final decision. In the meantime, here's

the lowdown on Pat's new contract with C. V. Whitney, who produced "The Searchers." It permits him to choose leading ladies and okay scripts, provides that his acting chores won't interfere with his studies at Loyola College, and allows for time off for football practice. The brain who agented the deal? Pat's proud pop, John Wayne!

Last Laugh: On Rock Hudson, an unhappy face isn't becoming. But he smiled again when U-I loaned him to M-G-M for "Something of Value." Dissatisfied with recent roles on his home lot, Rock and his Phyllis made plans for their African jaunt with (Continued on page 90)

When Shirley MacLaine and hubby Steve Parker went to Japan, she thought she had the "flu." It turned out to be a baby—due September. Note Steve's new mustache!

Merry Doris Day and serious Jeff Chandler make a persuasive pair at auction held at benefit party at Ciro's. Proceeds from star-inspired affair went to Share, Inc.



Proud pop John Wayne fixes daughter Toni's veil at wedding reception at Beverly Hills Hotel. She's daughter by previous marriage. Groom is law student Don La Cava





At 14—here's the kid stories picture as poor, a young hoodlum!

*He was poor—so he had a charge account!
He was always feuding with the cops—
so they gave him a testimonial!
It's things like this that made us go after*

the truth about FRANKIE'S GANG




His gang remembers Frank as "a scrawny kid with a wide grin and a heart as big as himself." Above, center, with Tony Maccagnano and Billy Roemer (Frank's particular pal). "Frank and Billy had a workshop that was the envy of the other kids—they'd build model planes for the gang and win first prizes in contests"

Frank Sinatra is also in "Johnny Concho" and "High Society"



Four of the girls in Frank's old gang—Margaret Carney, Tessie Morris, Marie Roemer and Agnes Carney. Says Agnes: "Marie was Frankie's first girl. You'd have thought she'd handed him the world on a silver platter just by agreeing to be his 'steady'!"

With co-star Sophia Loren in "The Pride and the Passion." "We get a funny feeling when we go to our local movie and see Frank on the screen. We remember how many times he sat there with us"



Fans, like old friends, remain faithful. For years, one fan has been sending Frank a white carnation and letter wishing him luck when he appears on a radio or, now, a TV show

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

● The summer dusk lay soft over the city of Hoboken. Supper was over and from the few tall apartment buildings and the many red-brick row houses, the kids drifted out to enjoy twilight hour.

The boys, proud of their voluntarily washed ears and slicked-down hair, whistled to their friends for a game of stick ball. The girls, having dishes to do and pin curls to comb out, were slower. It was almost dark when they

arrived, wearing their fresh cotton dresses and all the lipstick their mothers would allow.

As darkness deepened, they clustered on their favorite steps. A slender lad had a uke; others played kazoos. All of them had the urge to sing. "Always" followed "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and "Remember" was paired with "Stardust." On and on they sang, bewitched by the night and their own music.

Parents, too, came out to hear them, for in this neighborhood everyone loved music and in this group there were at least four remarkably good voices (later professional) to weave the thread of melody. But for one particular listener, all charm was lost. From an upper window came a roar, "Shut up, you kids!" and down plunged a pailful of cold water. Mr. Dunn, who worked the midnight shift (*Continued on page 109*)

SHOCK TROUPE

She shocked Britain. She shocked America. She even shocked Earl. And



Joan Collins is in "The Opposite Sex" and "Seawife"

the shocking thing is—he loved it!



*...t, bouncy and very honest, Joan makes no bones about her
...er in England. "I guess I had the worst reputation
...acting of any person on the screen," she grins. So she
...re to America where she thought she'd be appreciated!*



*...s' fallen in love—and hard—with Arthur Loew, Jr., at
...ht with newlyweds Ric Marlow and Marjorie Hellen*



*"I want my next marriage to be forever and ever. I hate
being one of those girls with four or five husbands!"*

BY EARL WILSON

● The first time I ever saw Joan Collins, she was on the way to the airport with Arthur Loew, Jr., and the last time I saw her she was on the way to the airport with Arthur Loew, Jr.

That's a lot of airport and a lot of Arthur Loew, Jr. But that's Joan's life lately—saying goodbye to Arthur Loew, Jr. and flying somewhere such as Jamaica, England or Hollywood to make a picture. However, much as I like Mr. Loew and his nice sense of humor, I was glad to have him out of my sight for a spell while I studied this green-eyed, dark-haired,

23-year-old English-accented glamour gal close up.

"I'm down in the lobby," I said, on the hotel phone, on one of the days when we had appointments.

"Do you want me to come down?" Joan asked.

"Why don't I come up?" I replied.

"Oh?" She sounded a little scared.

"I mean, if we're going to take some pictures of you."

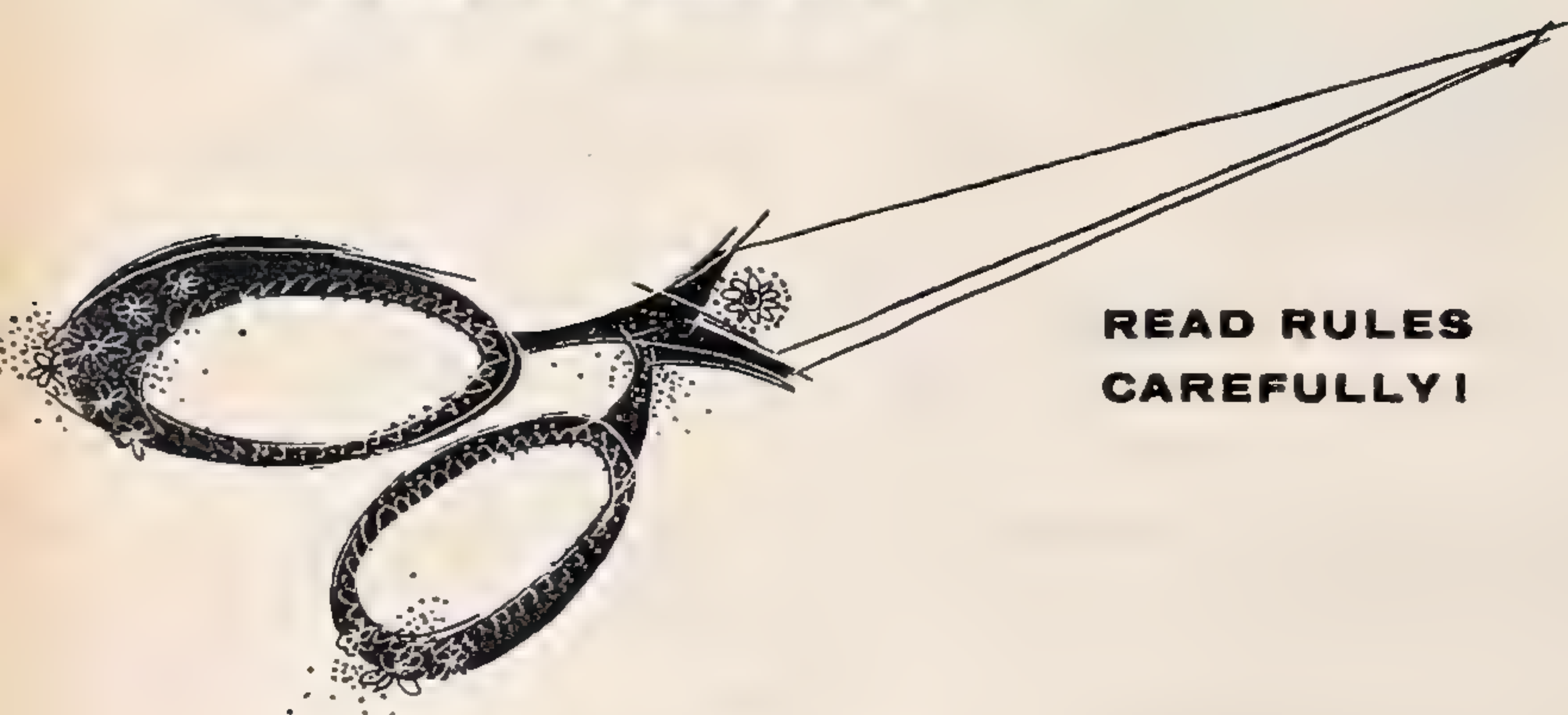
"All right!"

When I got there, the door of her room was open. I rapped gently, anyway, (Continued on page 88)

Win A Grand Prize of \$2,000

PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

PHOTOPLAY'S Cut-out Picture Puzzle Contest



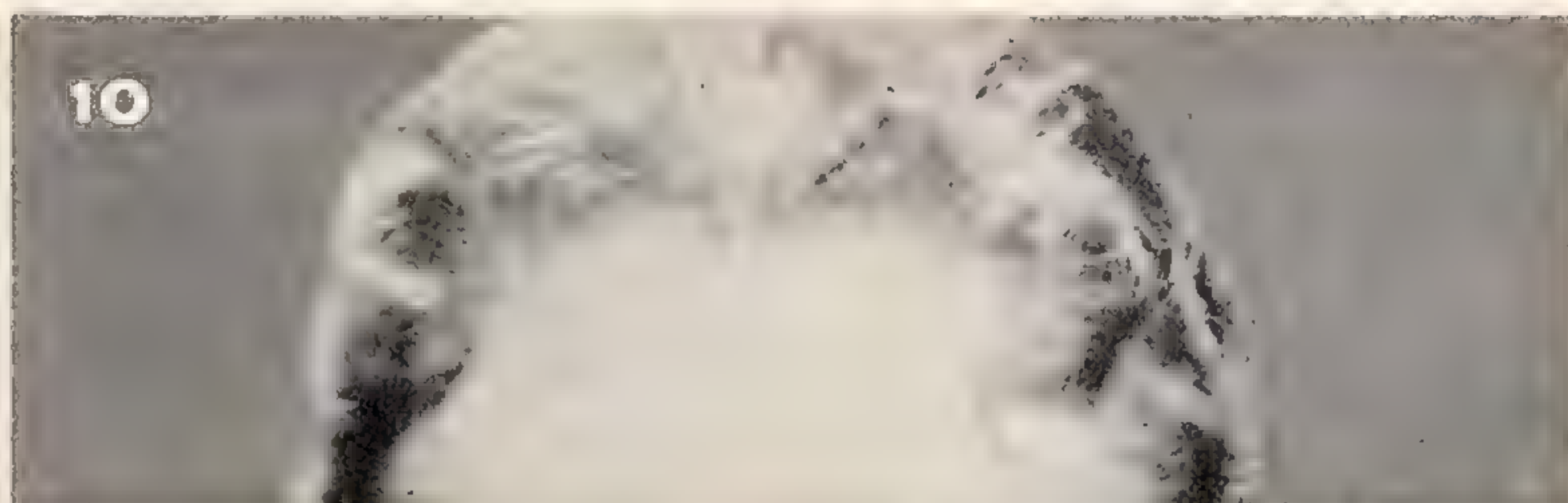
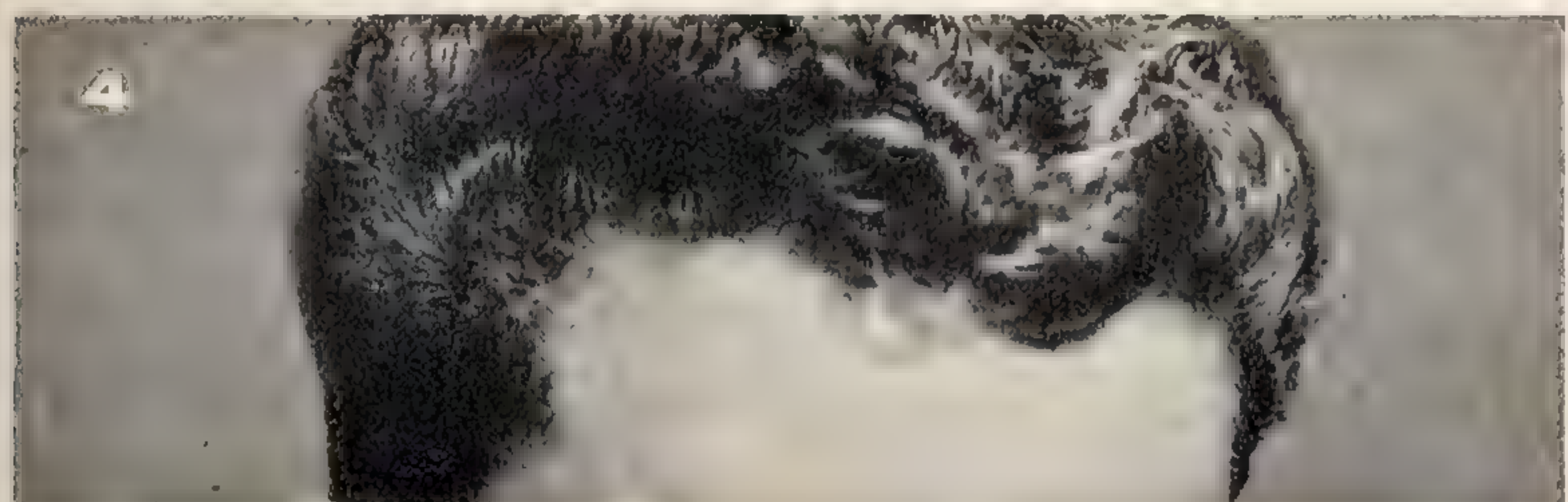
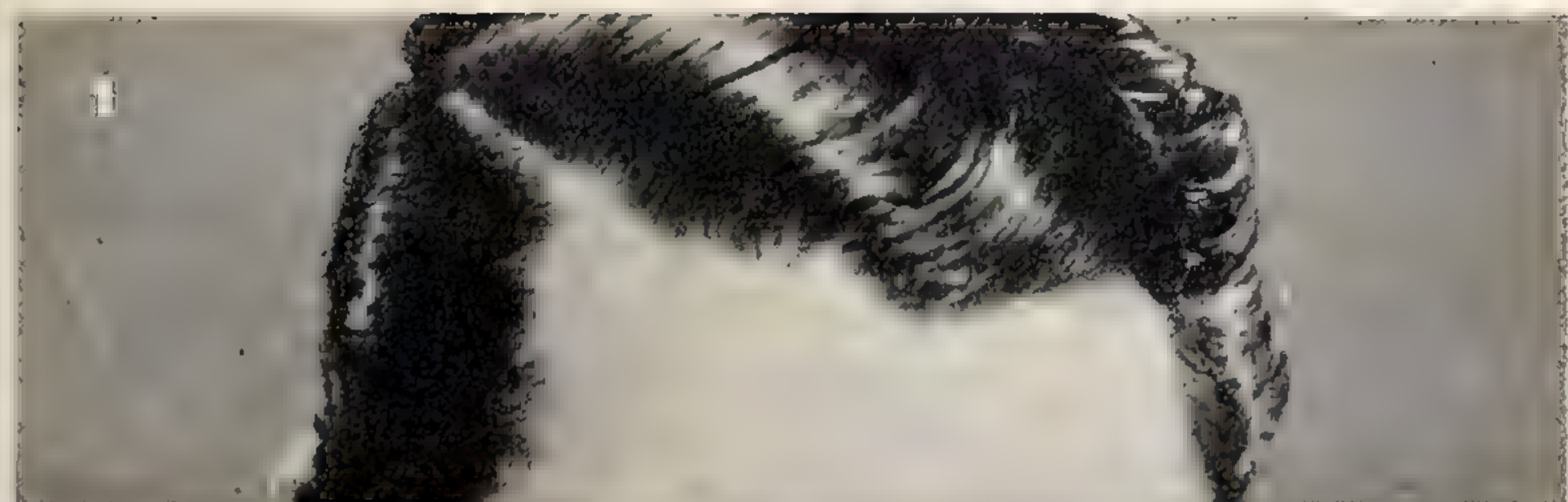
**READ RULES
CAREFULLY!**

**A FASCINATING FUN-GAME
FOR EVERYONE**

Contest Rules

1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—PHOTOPLAY will publish cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each picture will consist of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits.
2. Clues to the identity of the players are given at the bottom of each picture page. These are numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each page of pictures has its own set of clues. Do not lose these clues—they are important in identifying the players.
3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.
4. DO NOT SEND IN ANY PUZZLES UNTIL YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE ENTIRE SET OF THIRTY-TWO PICTURES. Partial entries will not be accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. All entries received from the time the *fourth set* of pictures appears, in December PHOTOPLAY, to midnight, December 15, will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will be assumed by PHOTOPLAY. Send your entry as soon as possible after the last set of cut-out puzzle pictures is published in the December issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about November 6.
5. Entries should be mailed to: CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but *be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry.* In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.
7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and their relatives, of Macfadden Publications, its subsidiaries or advertising agencies. Winners' names will be published in April, 1957, PHOTOPLAY.

- ★ This is one contest you can't afford to miss
- ★ This will be the easiest money you've ever made
- ★ Start Now! Contest will last four months



Clues:

1. The hair learned a dreamhouse can sometimes be a nightmare
2. The eyes are never still, recently tripped to the altar
3. The mouth was marooned with an older woman
4. The hair belonged to a nimble-footed gob
5. The eyes are married to a gal who's a duck!
6. The mouth is humming a lullaby

7. The hair flamed to sudden life opposite a fiery actress
8. The eyes played mean parts but she's an angel
9. The mouth is a singer with two fairy godfathers
10. The hair belongs to a common name in the phone book
11. The eyes' dark charm won her a Latin lover
12. The mouth dieted for love of the man she married

Turn page for more cut-out puzzles

Here are some of the fabulous runner-up prizes!

FOWLE 6" STERLING SILVER BOWL

Inlaid with transparent green enamel, the iridescent effect of the enamel on silver is enchanting. A prize you will always treasure



LUCIEN PICCARD WRISTWATCH

Superbly styled and fabulously beautiful, the bracelet, of lustrous cultured pearls, and watch are set in white precious metal palladium. With this on your wrist you'll be the belle of the ball!

More prizes will be shown next month

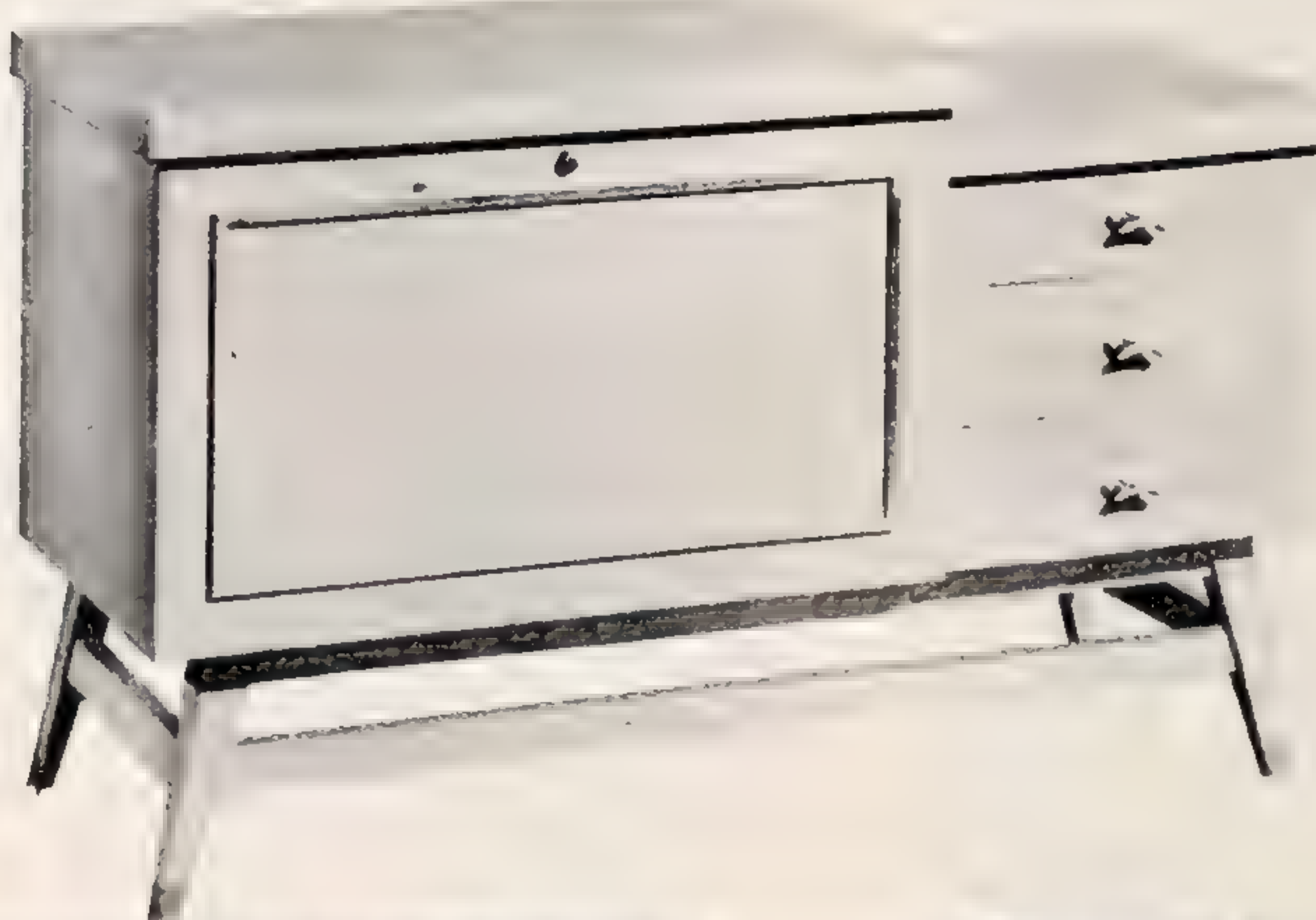
POND'S TRAVEL CASE AND SUE BRETT TRAVEL DRESS

Case contains year's supply of Pond's famed beauty products. Dress is wool and nylon, sizes 10-18. In this dress and with this case you'll have the cared-for beauty look of the girl who travels in style



LANE CEDAR CHEST

A lovely addition to the home, a dreamy storage space for linens, bridal trousseaus. In Blond Oak Modern with brass trim



MOHAWK "COLLINGWOOD" CARPET AND FOAMSET CARPET CUSHION

Size 12' x 18', the winner will have choice of one of six exciting colors. The smart Nordic Texture design and rich, all-wool pile will give your room the look of beauty and make you feel as if you're walking on air!



CHEST OF GORHAM STERLING SILVER SERVICE FOR 8

A prize to cherish for generations to come—a luxury setting for your table. Winner may choose one of 18 currently advertised patterns

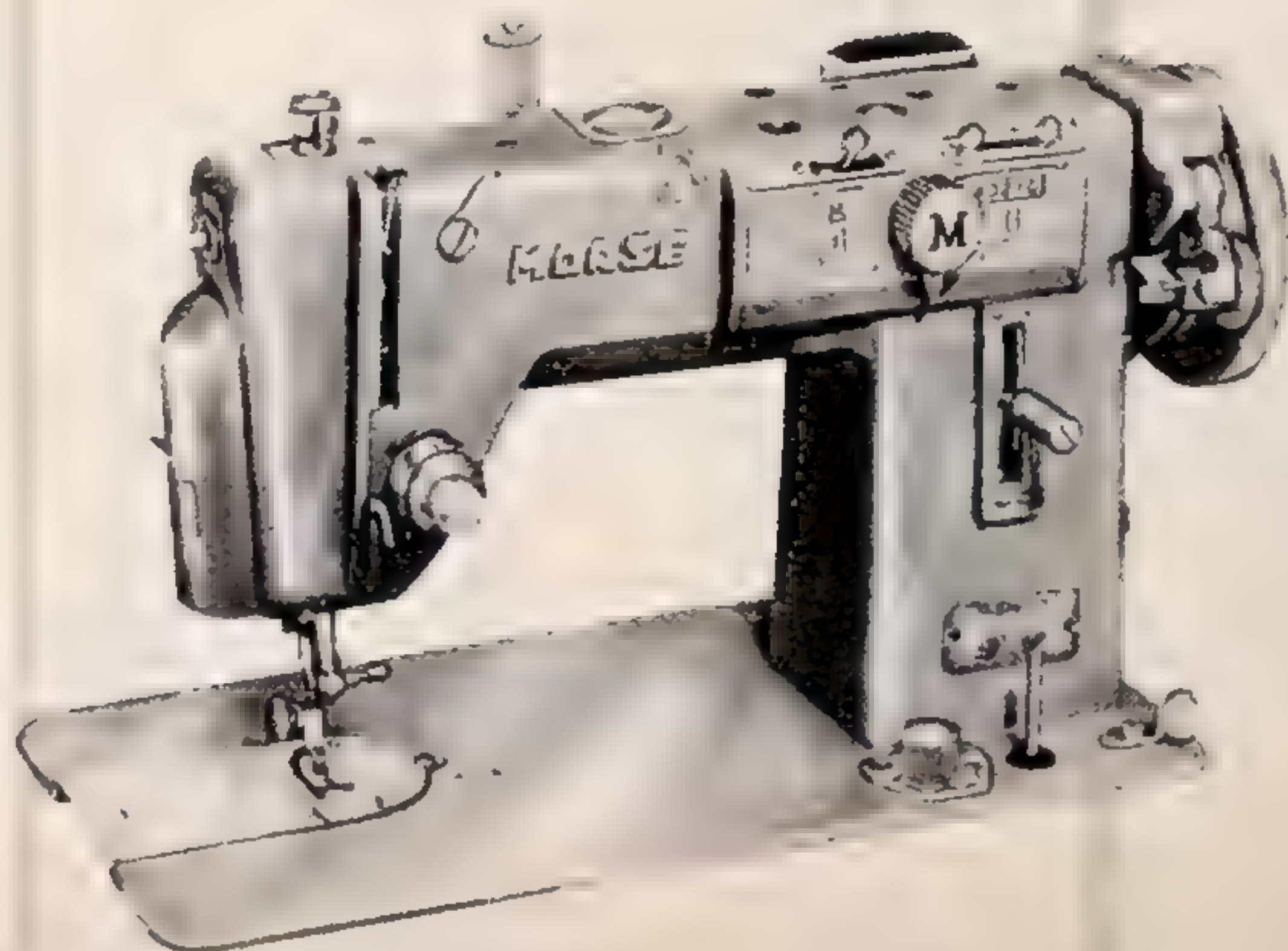


REGINA ELECTRIKBROOM

Revolutionary new home cleaner, it puts cheer into chores, does multiple jobs. Easy to handle, it's light, makes cleaning a breeze

MORSE PORTABLE SUPER-FOTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE

An exciting prize for the girl who sews, its 14 rainbow discs enable even a beginner to create stitches with a professional look



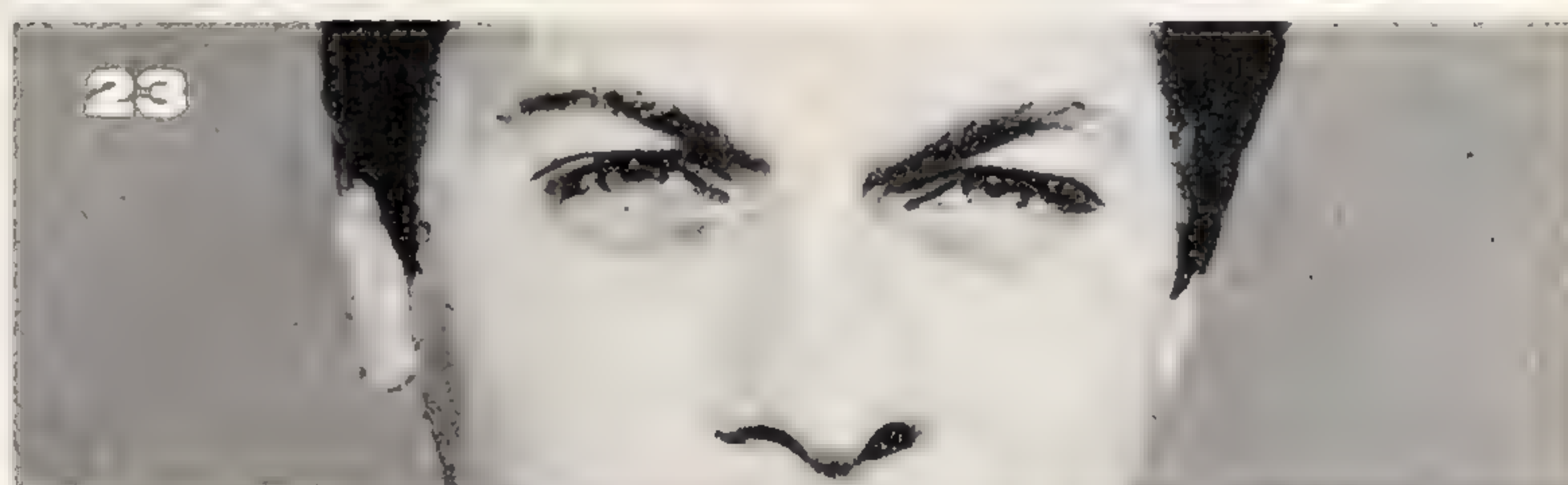
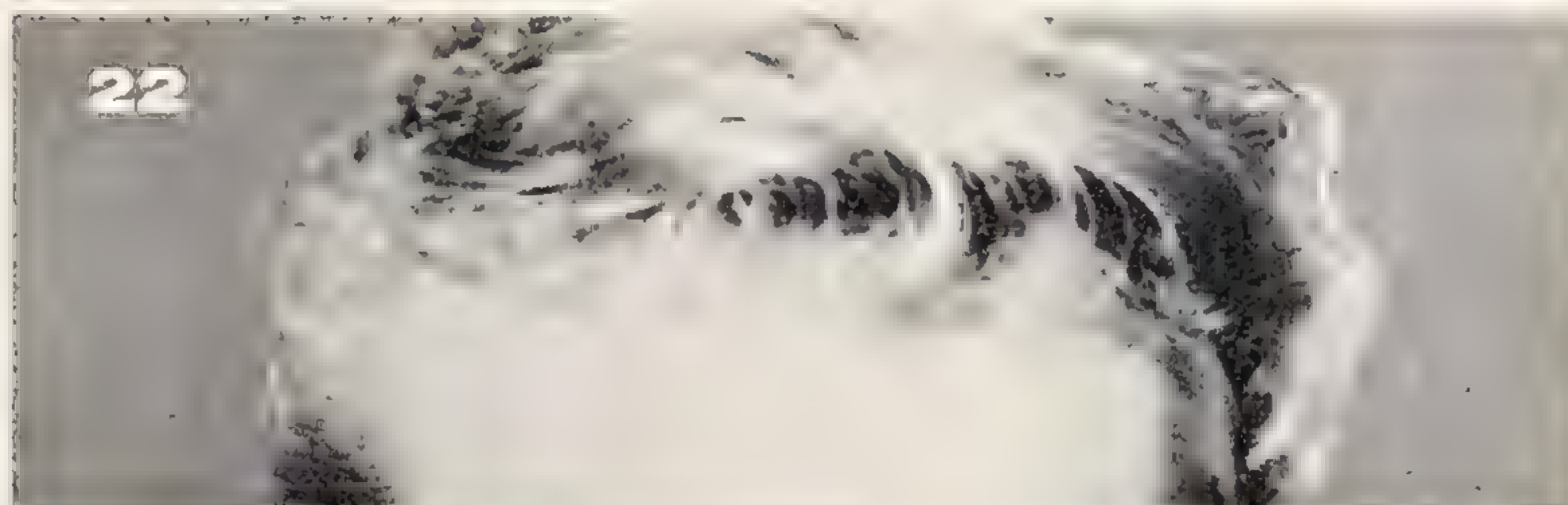
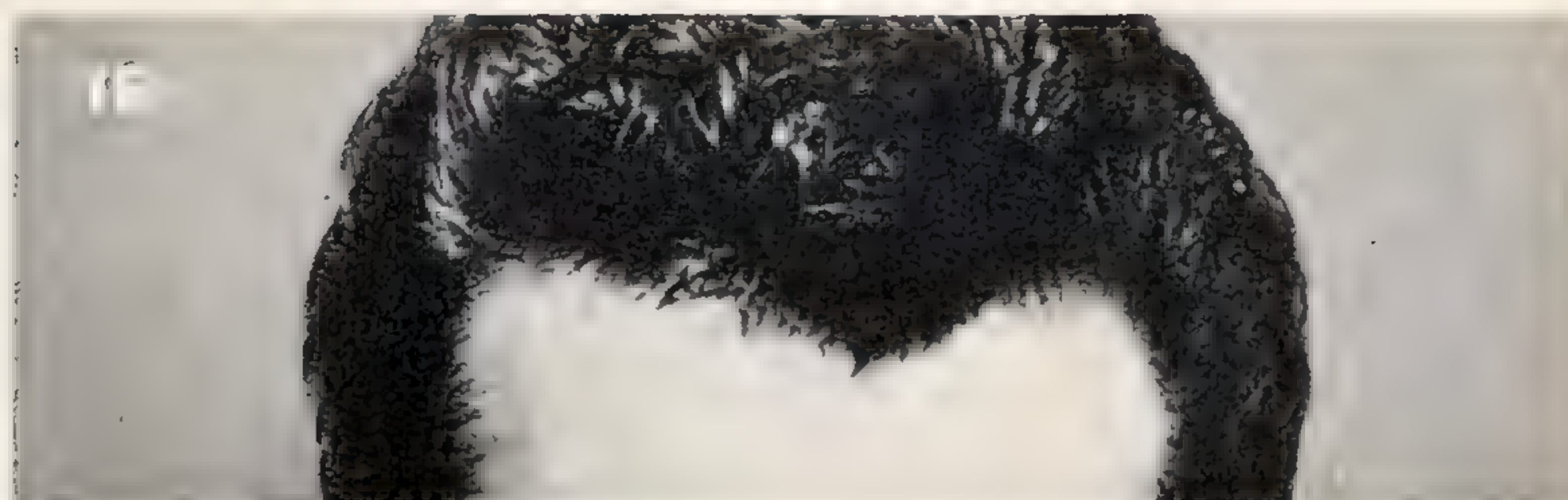
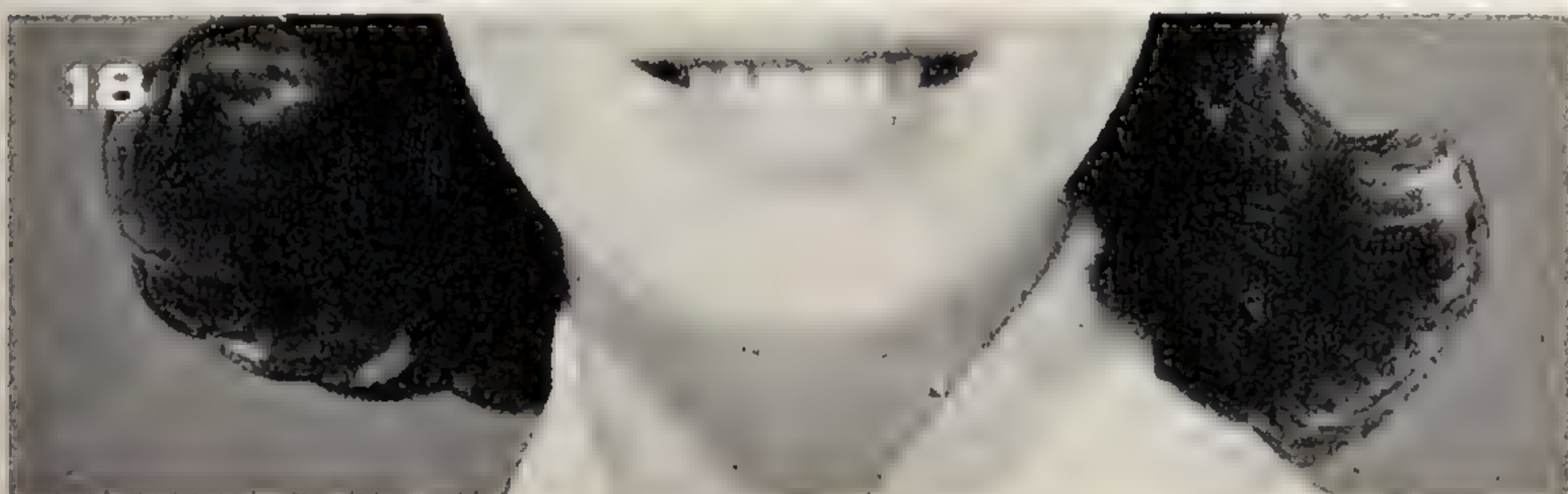
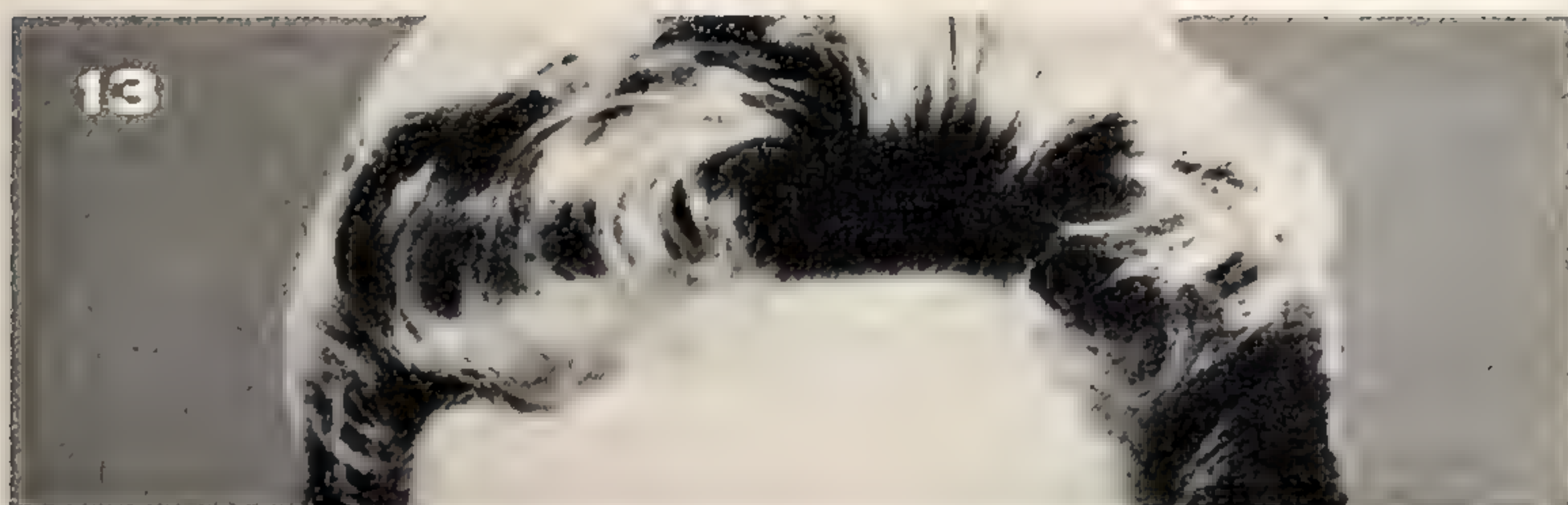
In the December issue of PHOTOPLAY, which will contain the fourth and final set of cut-out puzzle pictures, we will publish a coupon. On it you will fill in your name and address and indicate which prize you would like to receive if you are a runner-up. This gives you *two* chances to win a prize—the Grand Prize, or a runner-up prize of your choice. Some of the wonderful runner-up prizes are shown on this page. Additional prizes will be shown in subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY. For complete list of prizes, see page 118 in this issue. Keep list for future reference.

Remember, *do not* send in your entry until you have the complete set of puzzle pictures from all four issues assembled. Otherwise, you will be disqualified from the contest. And remember, too, that originality of presentation counts.

If you like a challenge, this is it. And it will pay off with the biggest prizes ever offered by any movie magazine. All set? Get ready—GO!

Photoplay's Cut-out Picture Puzzle Contest

Continued



Clues:

- 13. The hair's a gifted mimic, her dancing's real George
- 14. The eyes are still on a merry-go-round
- 15. The mouth made its debut on a radio show
- 16. The hair conquered a broken back to become a star
- 17. The eyes are a shapely lass who puts a kick in show business
- 18. The mouth has 2 sisters but she's minutes younger than one

- 19. The hair, cropped short, took a leap into space
- 20. The eyes love sports but no particular gal yet
- 21. The mouth's wife has him under her spell
- 22. The hair's boyish and blond, thinks screen name silly
- 23. The eyes married a gal on a jungle trek
- 24. The mouth was one of a lucky number of grooms

See next month's issue for more puzzles

Aloha Means Goodbye...

But not forever. The leis floating in the water were a promise—that I'd be back



We came back on the SS Lurline. Here I'm playing shuffleboard with tour director Jimmie Hunt



Mother and I at the Hawaiian party. I wore my new Tiger sarong, won first prize. Below, Lei Aloha Cunningham shows me how to hula. She's a dancer. We became great friends



BY NATALIE WOOD

● Maybe it was because everybody had spring fever, or maybe it was because I had been a good girl and made five pictures in a row without a single day off. Anyhow, my studio, Warner Brothers, decided last spring that I should have a vacation.

I was ecstatic. Two whole weeks off! You can do a lot in two weeks. And I had never been anywhere—anywhere out of the country, that is. So Mother and I read foreign-travel folders voraciously. Finally, we decided on Hawaii.

No sooner had we decided, it seemed, than we were on our way. I finished my work in "The Burning Hills" on a Friday night, and by early Saturday morning Mother and I were on a transpacific airliner on our way to (Continued on page 91)

A full-page photograph of Natalie Wood. She is smiling, looking towards the camera, with her hands on her hips. She has short, dark hair with bangs. She is wearing a dark blue, short-sleeved, textured sweater over a red turtleneck. A wide red belt is cinched at her waist. She is also wearing dark trousers and red shoes. A dark, rounded object, possibly a hat or a bag, is resting on her lap. The background is a solid light yellow color.

natalie
wood

Natalie Wood is currently in "A Cry in the Night"

and "The Burning Hills"

"THE MOUNTAIN"

A PHOTOPLAY SNEAK PREVIEW

On location above Chamonix, France, Robert Wagner and Spencer Tracy were given careful coaching by expert climbers, so that their breathtaking film assault on the mountain would look convincing in close-ups



● The peak of Mont Blanc, in "The Mountain," is a killer. It has claimed the lives of climbers and air travelers; it threatens the lives of the brothers portrayed by Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner. Through the Paramount movie, filmed in VistaVision and Technicolor in the French Alps, you feel that you yourself are facing the terrors of its looming cliffs and crags. But the suspense of the story goes deeper than physical action. Teamed earlier in the highly successful "Broken Lance," Tracy and Wagner are here locked in an emotional conflict as loaded with potential disaster as their ascent of the mountain. And you find yourself as deeply involved in this battle between human goodness and human meanness as in the clash of man against nature.

The feat they undertake in "The Mountain" is no mere athletic stunt. It is a vital mission. But each of the two men is driven by a different motive, and the collision between their aims results in powerful drama



On the map, Tracy marks far-off India. From there came the airliner that has now crashed in the Alps



Bob and Spencer make the hazardous climb upon the urging of the younger man—who is greedy for loot

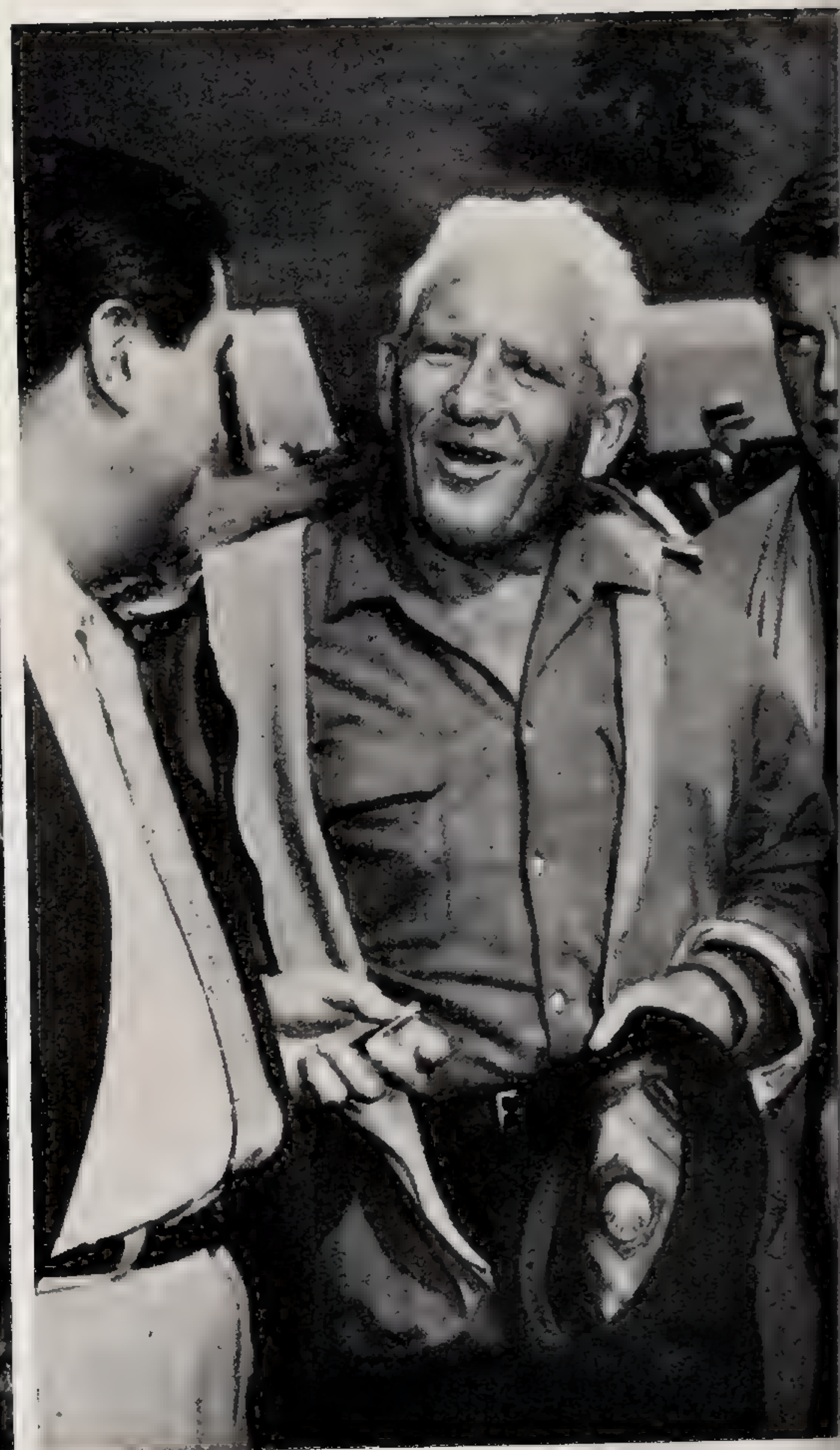


Unexpectedly, they find a survivor, a badly hurt Hindu lady (Anna Kashfi). Spencer dedicates himself to the task of saving her life. If he succeeds, Wagner's robbery will eventually be exposed





**BY
DAN
SENSENEY**



On set of "The Mountain" with author Henri Troyat and wife and co-star Bob Wagner. Young actors like Bob idolize Spence, will talk for hours of his un-failing patience and helpfulness

*Long ago, a nervous young man faced his audience—
and nearly wrecked the show!
His name was Spencer Tracy. And he was sure
he'd never become an actor*

THE VINTAGE YEARS



*As Portuguese fisherman
in "Captains Courageous"*



*As the priest in "Boys
Town" with Mickey Rooney*



*In "Bad Day at Black
Rock" with Anne Francis*



*With Felipe Pazos in
"The Old Man and the Sea"*

● A good many years ago, a young man who wanted desperately to be an actor got himself a job with a stock company in an Eastern city. It wasn't much of a job, but when the young man wasn't much of an actor at the time. He was given little parts—walk-ons, one- and two-line bits. Whether he did them well or poorly would be hard to tell now, because nobody then was paying much attention to a fellow named Spencer Tracy.

Except maybe the star of the company, actress Selena Royle. She thought the young man had talent, and the time came when he pleaded with the director to give him a chance in a much larger part, one which ordinarily would have been filled by a more firmly established actor. Because Miss Royle was a star, the director agreed, but not without misgivings. Those misgivings were thoroughly justified. The young actor, nervous and trying too hard, forgot his lines on opening night, missed cues, and bollixed up the play to a truly remarkable extent.

The director promptly fired him, and Spencer Tracy departed for New York that same night, feeling like a whipped puppy and convinced that he would never be an actor. Fortunately, time was to prove he was as wrong as could be. (Continued on page 116)



Above, in 1940, with daughter Susie, son John. Born hard of hearing, John was inspiration for his mother's founding of John Tracy School. Below, with wife Louise, in 1952. Right, Spence and Susie today



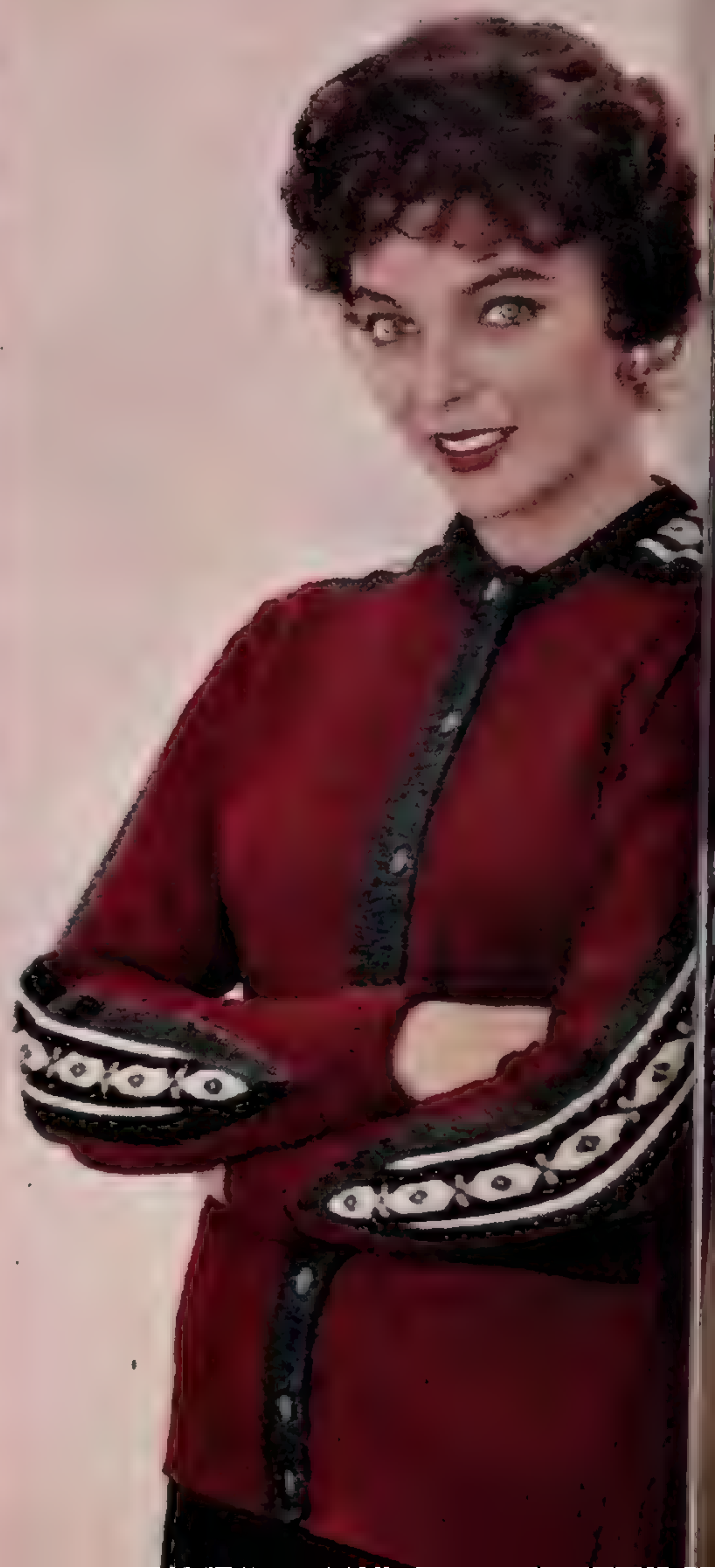
Knockouts in Knits



Jantzen's "Ace of Diamonds" sweater

Barbara Rush. *In her demure turtleneck, this knockout in knit proves a gal's sex appeal doesn't depend on the fit!*

Cardigan by Catalina



Sweater by Rovi

Anne Francis. *For wearing on fun days, cold days and sun days, the classical cardigan's her favorite. And with such a doll in it, to brighten each fun minute, it's no wonder that most guys still favor it*

Joan Collins. *With casual grace, she sets a smart pace, in sweater both fiery and bold. And we guarantee when spied by some he, she won't be left out in the cold*

● We won't say the tight-fitting sweater-girl look has gone forever. But if you're really hep to what's new, you'll let yourself go for the newest in sweater lines—casual, straight and boldly eye-catching. And don't say the guys won't go for them. Men are funny critters. They may whistle at the line-huggers but they'll melt over your modern knit knockouts. These hep glamour gals have fallen hard for the new heavy ribbed knits, the colorful Italian-inspired sweaters with matching skirts, gloves and hoods.



Sweater with hood by Sebastian

Joanne Gilbert. *When guys go she-ing and gals go skiing and the wind is bitter and cold, what better way to go out and play than in this sweater hooded and bold!*

Nicola Michaels. *In muted stripes of gray and white, she tempts that elusive him. Oh, pray tell us mister, how can you resister—this lady so glamorous and trim*



Sweater by Sebastian

Elsa Martinelli. *Nautical but nice in her middy-style sweater, she'd start a storm at sea or a mutiny to get her!*

Sweater by Catalina



SUDDENLY



with
**CREME
PUFF**
your search is ended!

No "patched-up" look—no caking—no orangey streaks! Here's the only compact make-up that gives you a fresh, young look all day!

Now you can be flawlessly beautiful all day... with Creme Puff* by Max Factor. This exclusive blend of powder plus creamiest base is specially created to give your complexion a lasting freshness... a youthful glow that will never fade, shade or streak! Just a touch-up keeps you looking radiantly beautiful... all day!

Refillable Ivory Compact (shown) **1.25**
Refillable Golden-tone Compact... **2.25**
Refill, in metal case with puff... **85¢**
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by Max Factor



use it instead of powder

It's better — clings for hours!
Creme Puff is sheerest powder plus creamiest base — in one velvety disc. Veils your complexion in soft, exquisite color.



use it as a light make-up

It's better — always looks fresh!
Creme Puff covers flaws and imperfections instantly! Gives your complexion a deep glow. You look "beautiful from within"!



use it as a quick touch-up

It's better — never turns orange!
Creme Puff never cakes, or looks "patched-up." Just a touch-up over any make-up brightens you instantly!

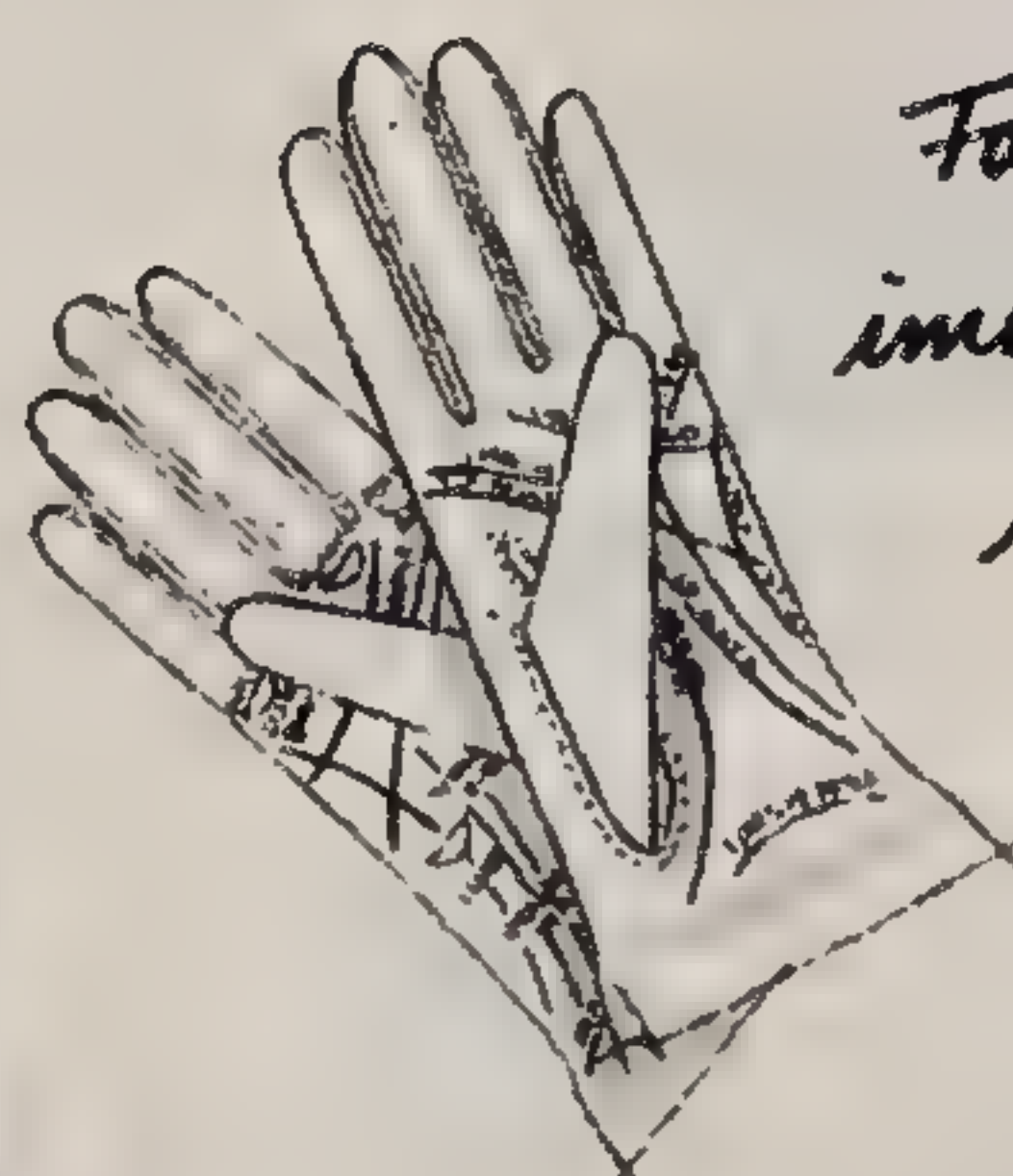
*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER

LIVING WITH

YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Fall Fashion Notes

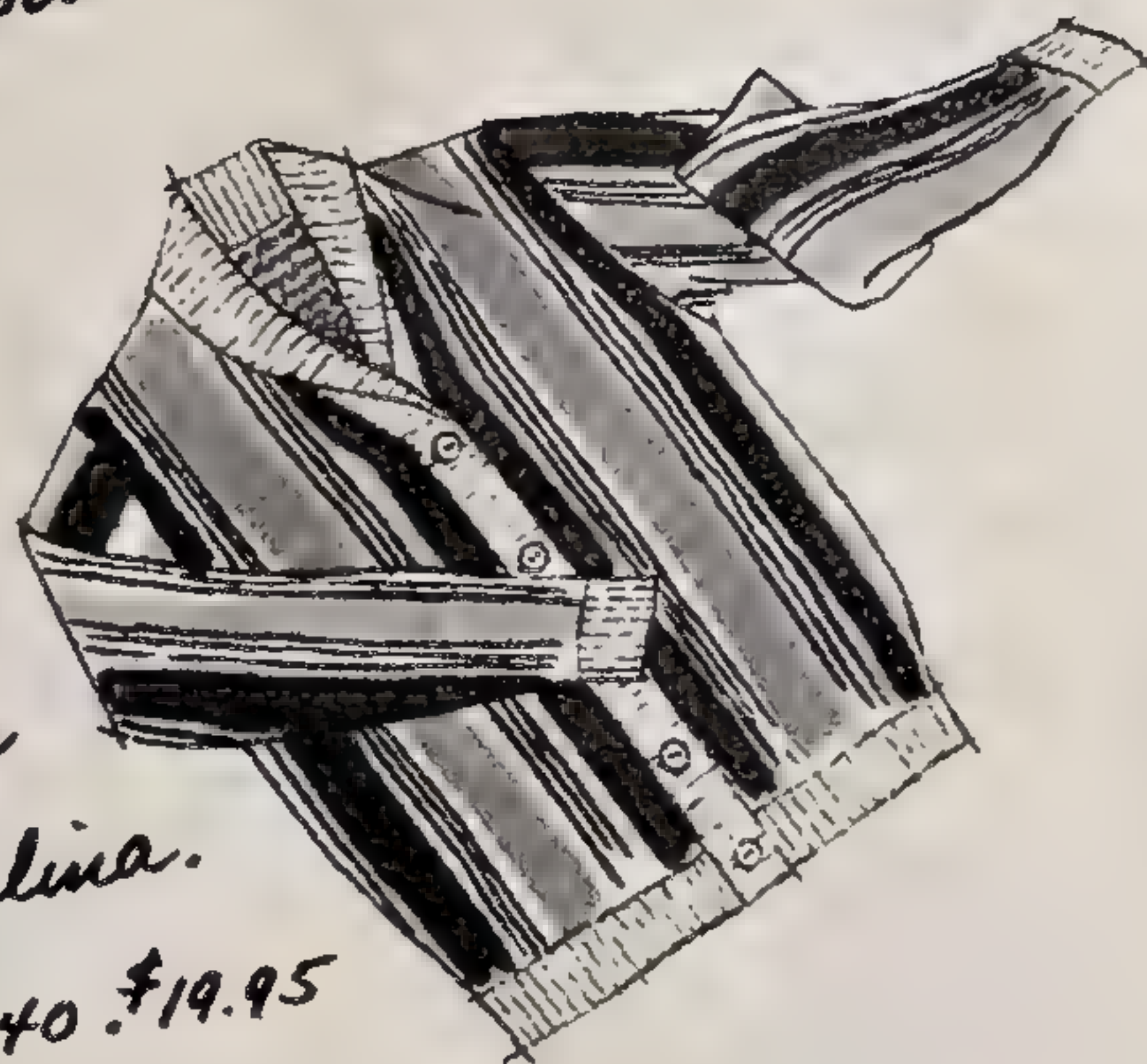


Fated for fashion, your fortune printed imaginatively on the palms of snowy white cotton shortie gloves.

By Hansen \$3.50

A must-have: stunningly striped blazer jacket. This in wool knit with ribbed shawl collar. By Catalina.

Sizes 34-40 \$19.95



Big news, big bag. Newly elegant carry-all in leather-laced and hand-tooled cowhide with a world of room. By Clifton. \$16.75*

For year-round style underfoot, a beautifully sleek calf pump, stitched in white and bow-trimmed. This by Trim Tred. About \$7.95

*plus tax



Stepping out of our fall notebook, two bright new fashions. Left, lovely Phyllis Kirk wearing the popular short cropped jacket ensemble. Underneath, a square-necked sheath. The jacket is bellboy-buttoned, lined in muted plaid. By Sue Brett. Camel wool flannel. Sizes 5-15. About \$23

Pretty Jackie Loughery, at right, in handsome new separates starring a blouson top drawstring-gathered above a stalk slim skirt. Top has black knit collar, coin-buttoned tab closing. Fabric is a window-pane wool plaid in new grayed-green with black. By Sporteens. 8-18. \$17.95

YOUNG IDEAS:

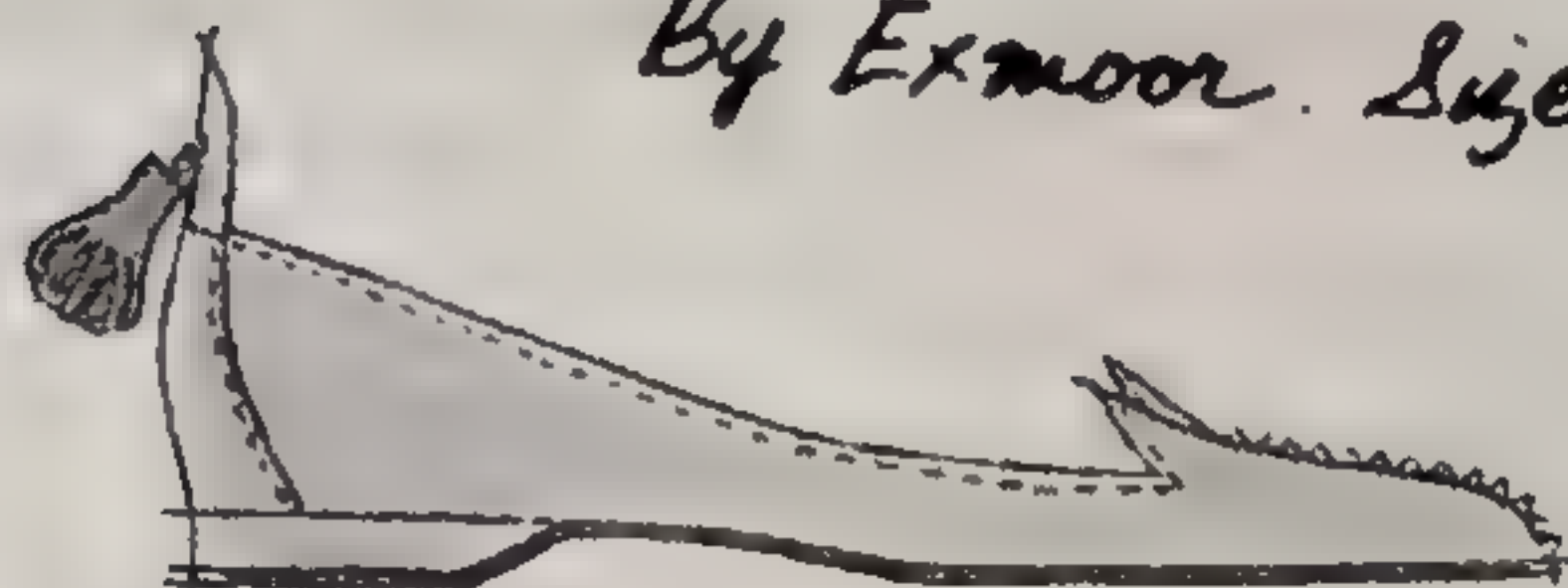
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Fall Fashion Notes

continued



Little white all-occasion cardigan,
knit in ribbed Tycora, amazing new
long-wear yarn. Bejeweled buttons.
By Exmoor. Sizes 34-40 Under \$10.

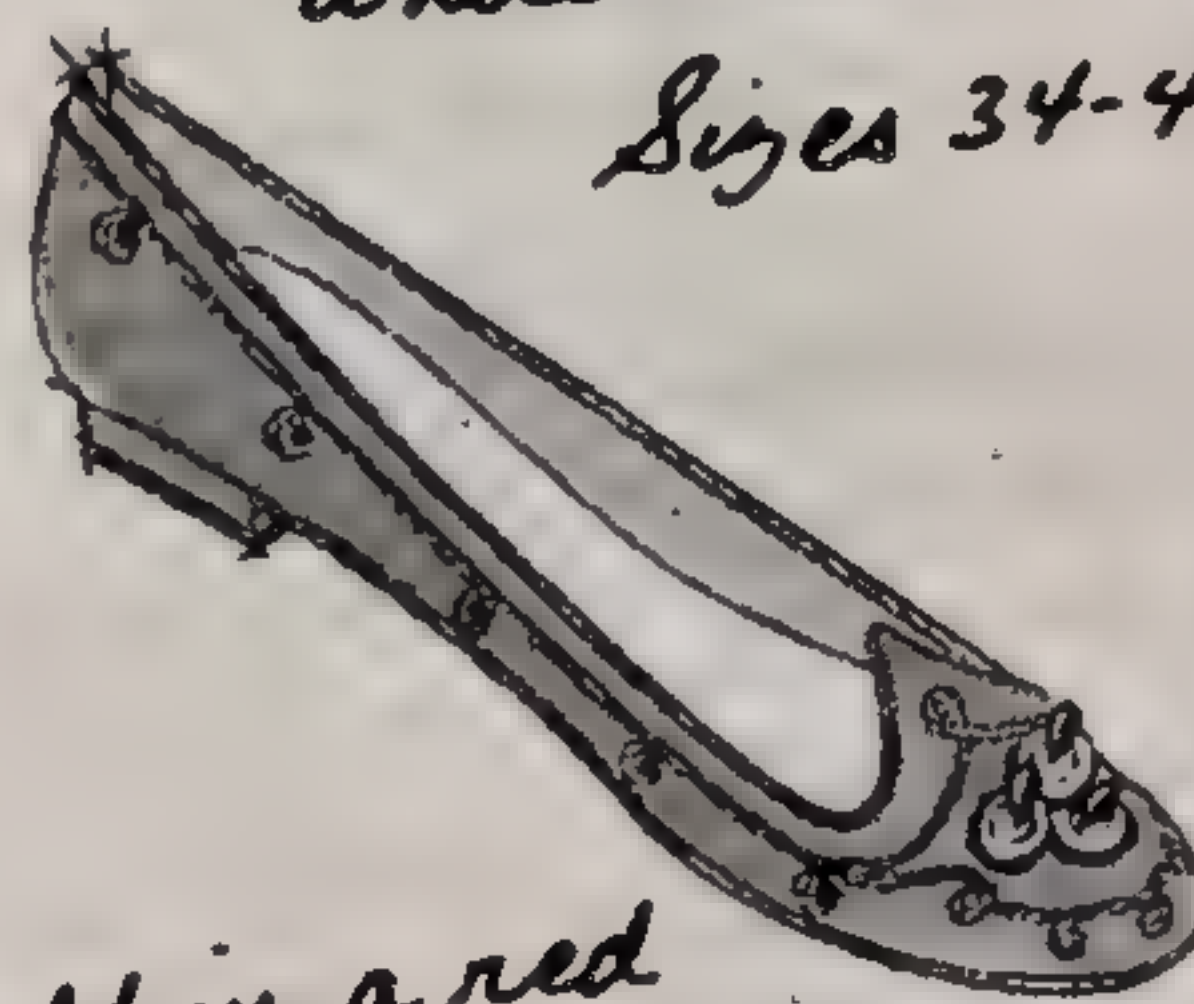


Season's pet playshoe,
trim and to the point. In sueded
leather, with a doubly-peaked instep,
ponytail tassel back.

By Huskies. \$5.99



New party sweater, here smooth
black Orlon knit, the
plunge neck edged in Angora-sparked
white braid. By Rovi.
Sizes 34-40. \$5.95



Discover gold in a red
leather playshoe traced
with gilt braid, a jungle with three
golden coins on its toe.
By Oomphs. \$9.95

Pretty Phyllis Kirk sports separates in wonderful, wearable corduroy. The topover is a vivid print with turtleneck yoke, cuffs, sweat band of black wool knit. \$10.95. Slim ankle pants button to mid-calf. \$8.95. By Koret of California. 8-18. Crompton-Richmond corduroy.

Lovely Joan Collins in newsy stripes of olive, black, white shaping heavily ribbed cotton knit jacket. It's lined in sand poplin, closed with gilt turnbuckles. About \$20. The long tapered pants in olive



Dorothy Malone carries a classic Clifton...

it goes everywhere
with everything!

Constant companion to Dorothy Malone's (and your own) busy wardrobe... the classic Clifton. Not just a bag but a fabulous accessory that echoes the theme of each season's fashion... grows more handsome with each year's wear.

Shoulder or underarm models in five exciting colors. Also reversible styles. Full grain saddle leather. Leather lining and compartments; zippers, leather, brass closures. **\$2.98 to \$21.75**

DOROTHY MALONE

co-starring in

"TENSION AT TABLE ROCK"

An RKO Radio Picture in Color

Clifton

HAND TOOLED BAGS

For dealer nearest you, write
WESTERN SUPPLY COMPANY

FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A. ALASKA AND HAWAII

Hermine Cantor

(fashion editor of PHOTOPLAY)



and Ann Miller

pres

Ann Miller
co-starring in MGM's
"The Opposite Sex"
in CinemaScope
and Color



Monaco • Smart pump with royal medallion to grace its toe—fit for a princess' wardrobe.



Marilyn • Sleek pump with smooth lines and smartly guarded toe, and note the clever bow.



Miami • Sling pump for traveling in style—with smart, airy exposure fore 'n aft.



Hialeah • Thoroughbred suit shoe with racy lines for fall in all-day comfort.



Santa Anita • Smart spectator with a winning style, available in wonderful Krushette leather.



Palace • Courtly pump fit for a queen, crowned with sparkling necklace of gay rhinestones.

award-winning fashions in footwear by *Trim Tred*

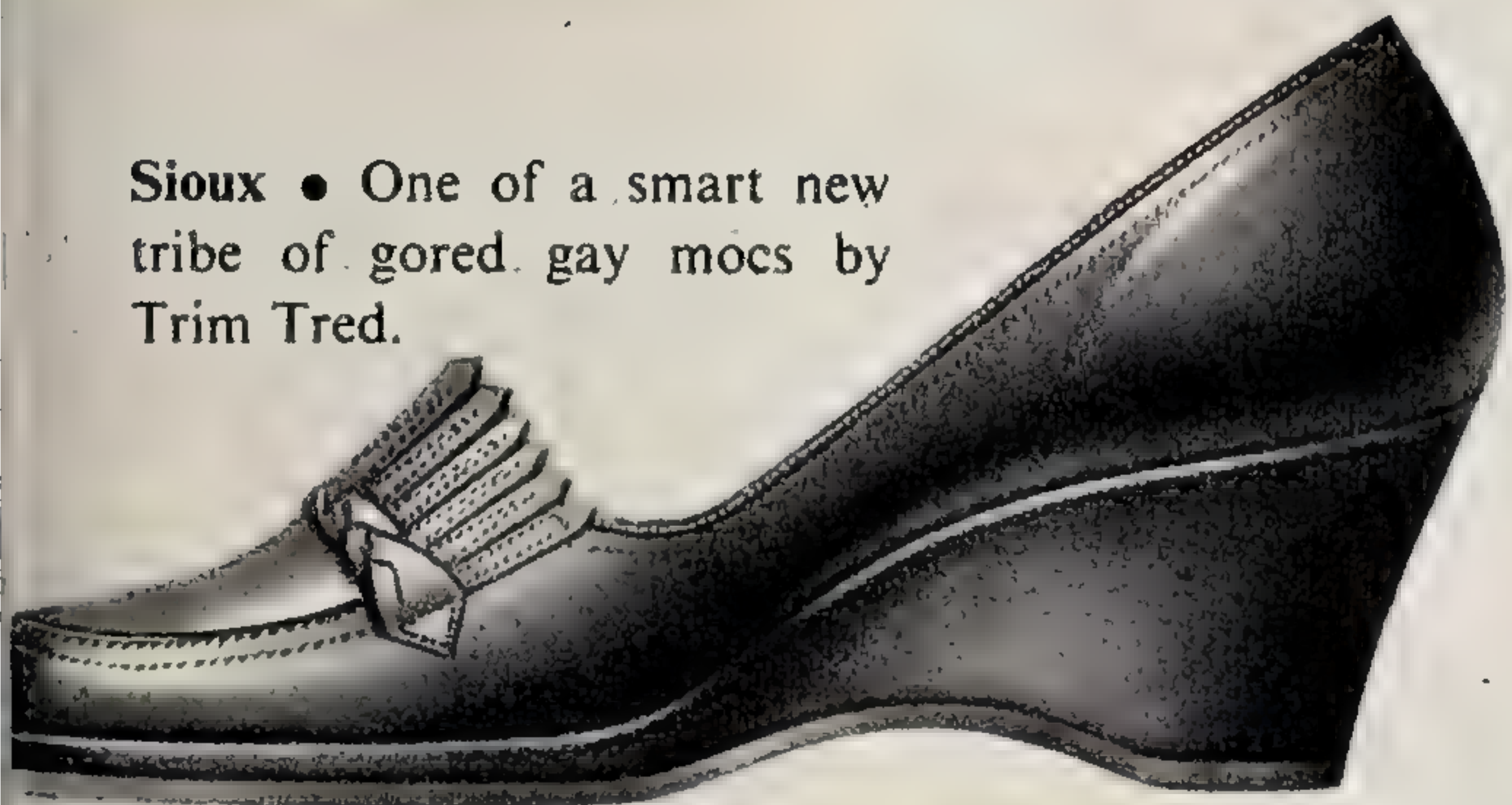
Exciting things are happening in fashion for fall, and some of the brightest new ideas come to you in shoes, basic start for any smart outfit. You'll see a fresh approach to styling in both daytime and dress-up shoes. And ah!... those wonderful new leathers and materials that are just as soft and comfy as they're glamorous. Here's a collection of smart new shoes by Trim Tred that win our "wardrobe award" for stepping out this fall... in style!

Hemingway Cantor Ann Miller

Kismet • Smart sling pump destined to a life of casual comfort.



Sioux • One of a smart new tribe of gored, gay mocs by Trim Tred.



Coordinated bags, too!

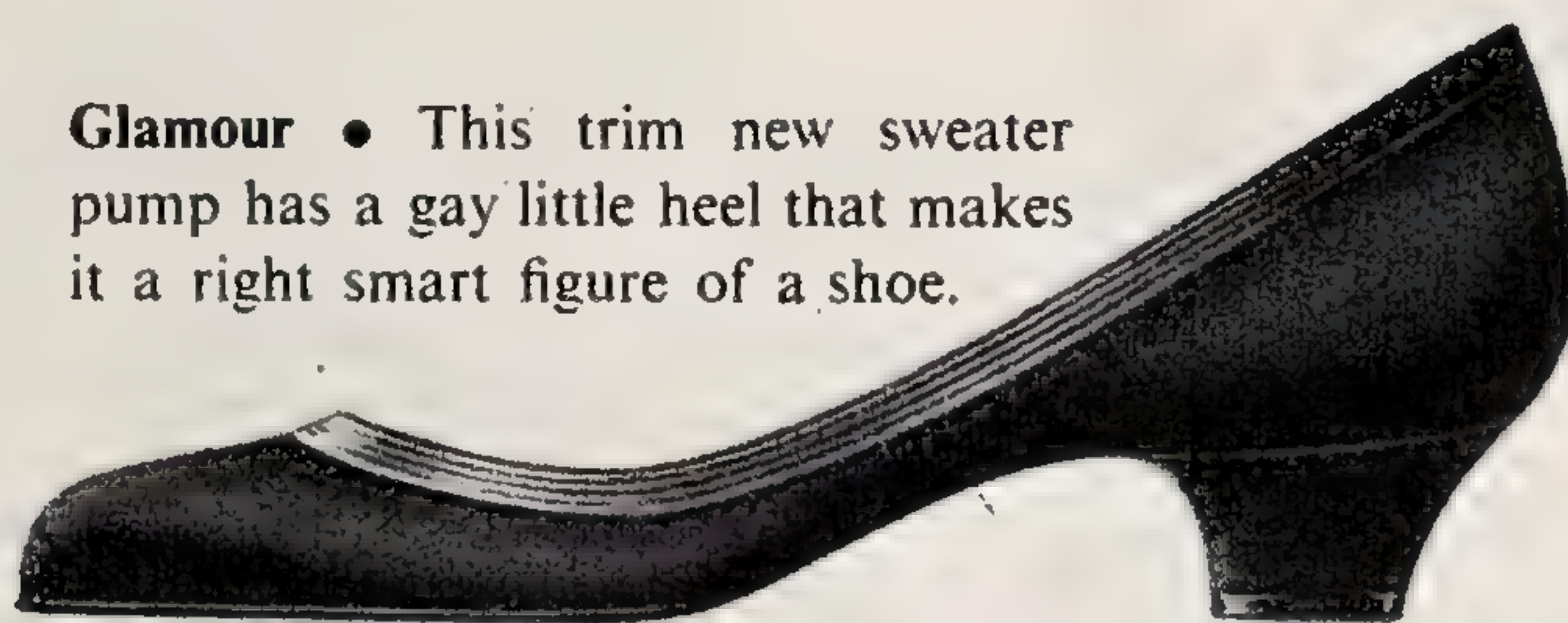


Vegas • Daringly nude pump with a passion for embracing the foot, and showing off its gold-flecked jewels.

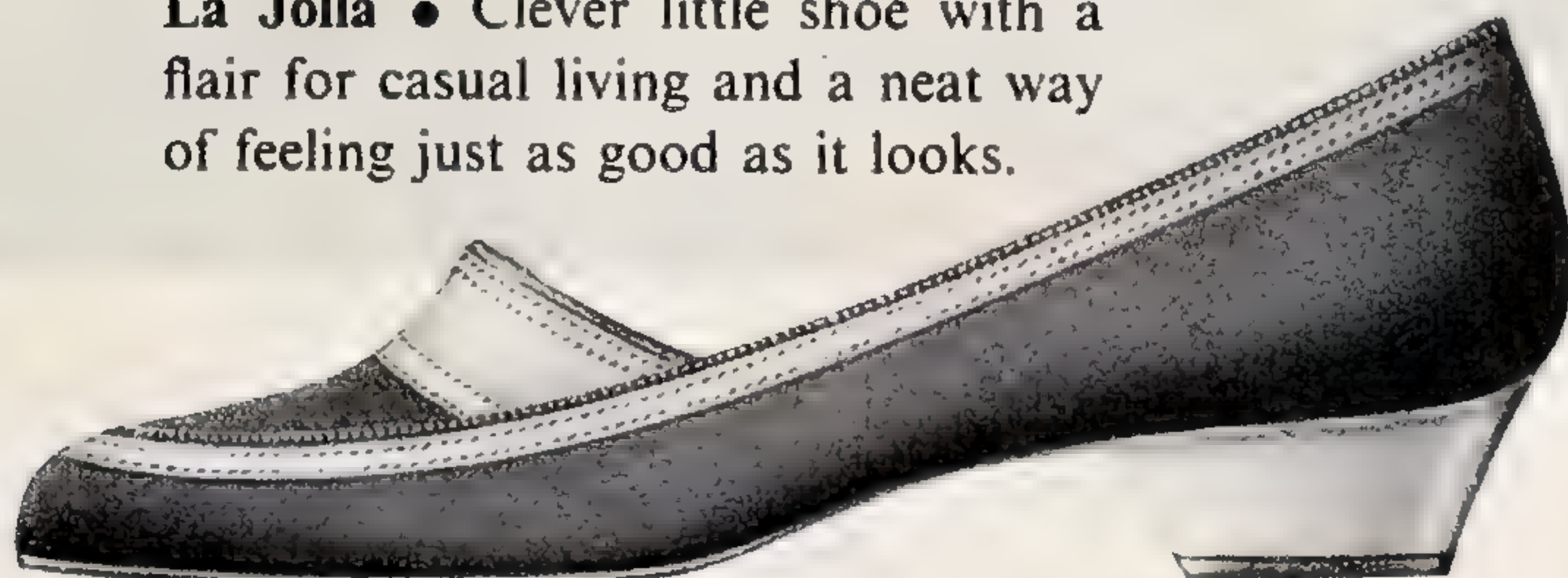


Ann • Exquisitely simple is the best way to describe this smart new pump with styling imported from Italy—a must in every wardrobe.

Glamour • This trim new sweater pump has a gay little heel that makes it a right smart figure of a shoe.



La Jolla • Clever little shoe with a flair for casual living and a neat way of feeling just as good as it looks.



Available at fine shoe stores everywhere \$6.95 to \$12.95

(some styles higher)

Trim Tred
SHOES
• specially styled for the "Gal-on-the-Go!"



BELGIMERE SWEATERS are full-fashioned, sensuously soft, and shaped to your shape in the knitting. They smile through endless sudings, keep their original proportions. In lovely "Hushed Hues" that enhance the fairest complexion! "Merry Making," \$10.95. Blend-Mate skirt, \$12.95.

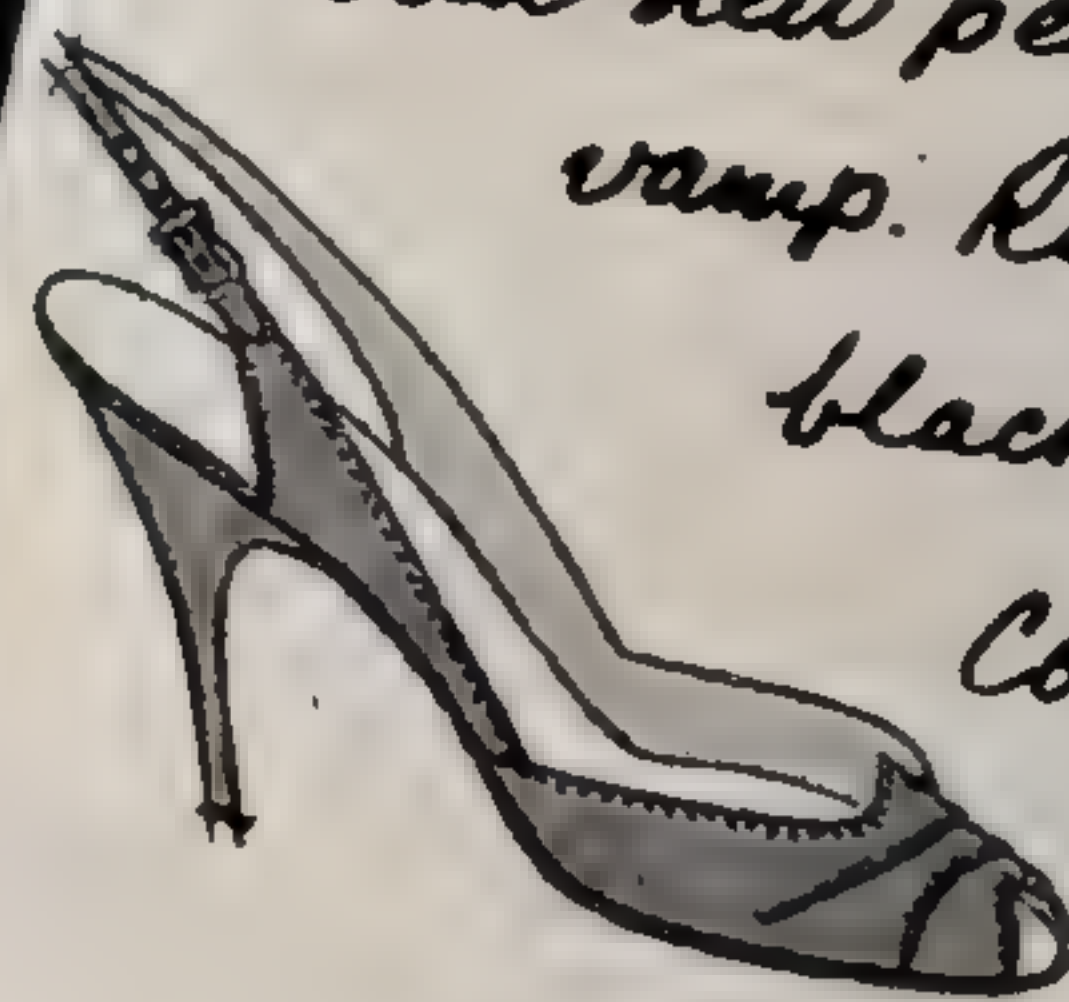
Catalina

YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHION

Fall Fash

Accessory keynote, a beautiful dress shoe, bared front and back with new peaked, pleated vamp. Red, walnut, black calf.

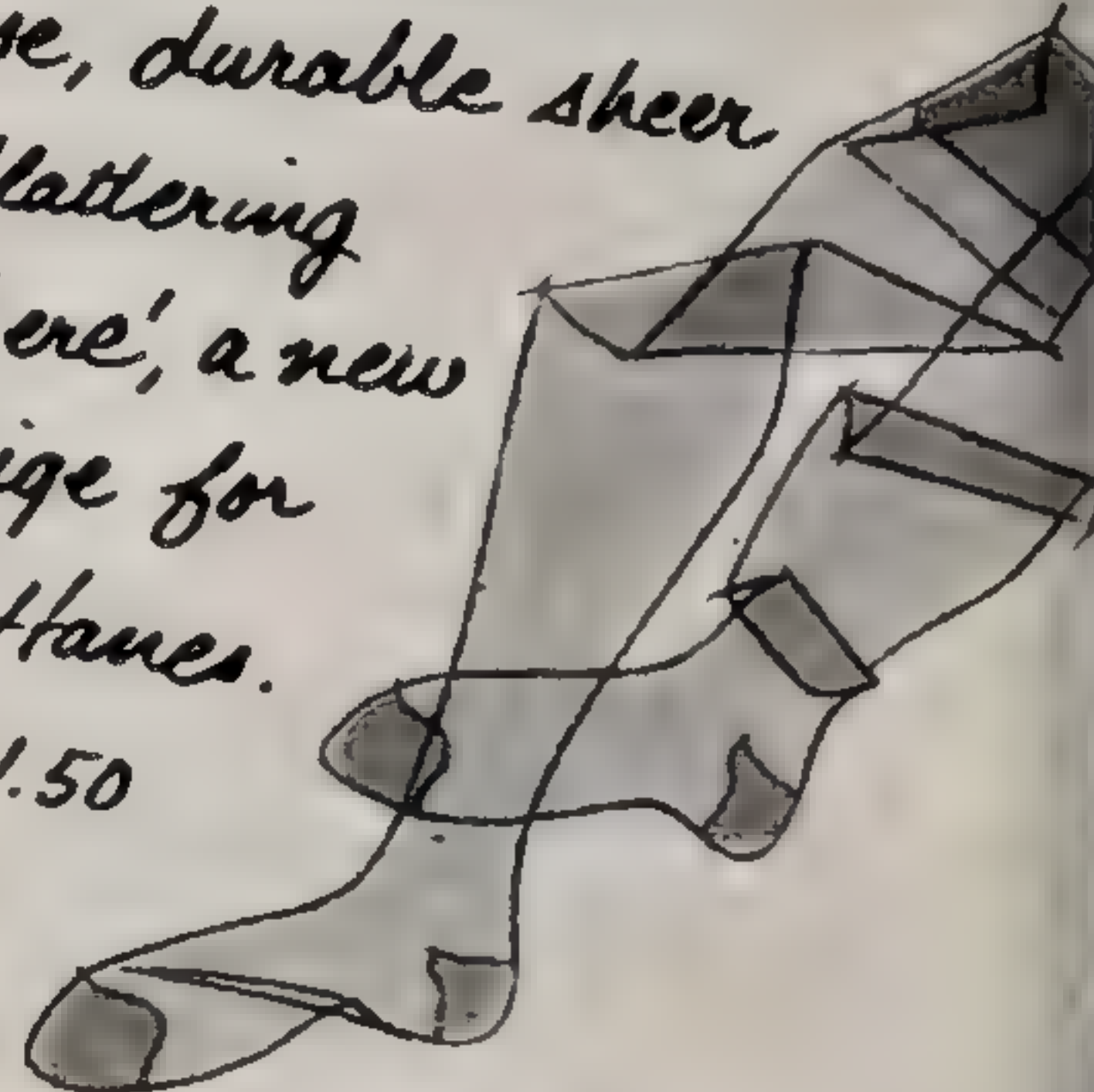


Connie by Wohl.

\$7.95

Seamless stockings in an all-purpose, durable sheer mesh. Leg-flattering 'Barely-There', a new blond beige for fall. By Hanes.

\$1.50



For quick jaunts two-toned mean beauty case with fitted tray, new Vinyl-covered flyweight magnetic Blue with sand.



Ultralite Samsonite.

*plus tax

Beautiful Joan Collins stars the new look coordinated separates. Elegant draped effect here is repeated on the Wyner jersey raglan blouse, the Hockanum wear flannel skirt. Frank Smith for Macy Bros. Sizes 8-16. Camel or gray. Under

To buy these fashions, see stores listed on page

American Modern
...revolutionary way to figure glamour

Skippies

by

formfit

Picture you at any campus or career moment . . . beautiful and poised because you look your very best. All thanks to Skippies slimming start . . . comfort in fashion—American Modern. For Skippies brings out the best in your figure . . . without bones, bulk or squeeze. Just gentle elastic coaxes you comfortably into *naturally* beautiful line. No wonder more girls wear Skippies than any other girdle or pantie. See why. Be fitted at your nicest store.

formfit
 CREATIONS

Beautiful example of the Skippies touch . . . Pantie No. 815. Light Nylon elastic net with tummy-trimming front panel . . . waist-whittling 2½" band. White. S.M.L. (Also available as Girdle No. 915.) \$5.00. Shown with "Life Romance" Bra No. 566 in shape-holding White cotton. Sizes 32A to 38C. \$2.00

Dress by Mr. Mort



The Nicer Necessities

AT YOUR

BEN FRANKLIN AND SCOTT STORE

And what's especially nice about all these products? With each one, you can be sure *your* comfort . . . and taste have been considered. *Because* they were all created by the makers of Modess, especially for *you*.

NEW DESIGN MODESS...

with the fabric covering that's soft as a whisper yet marvelously strong and absorbent. Available in Regular, Junior and Super sizes.

Box of 12 39c 2 for 77c



MODESS BELTS . . .

so comfortable and unexpectedly *luxurious*! The perfect-fitting style, 39¢

MEDS TAMPONS . . .

Designed for freedom! So safe, so sure . . . for Meds have the applicator that can't come apart. Available in Regular, Junior, Super.

Box of 10 39c 2 for 77c



COETS . . .

The perfect cosmetic accessory! These handy cotton squares do *everything*—from powdering to removing make-up, creams and nail polish!

Box of 40 23c 2 for 45c



Get the "Nicer Necessities" at your local

BEN FRANKLIN STORES

SCOTT STORES



BUTLER BROTHERS • HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Fall Fashion

Notes *continued*



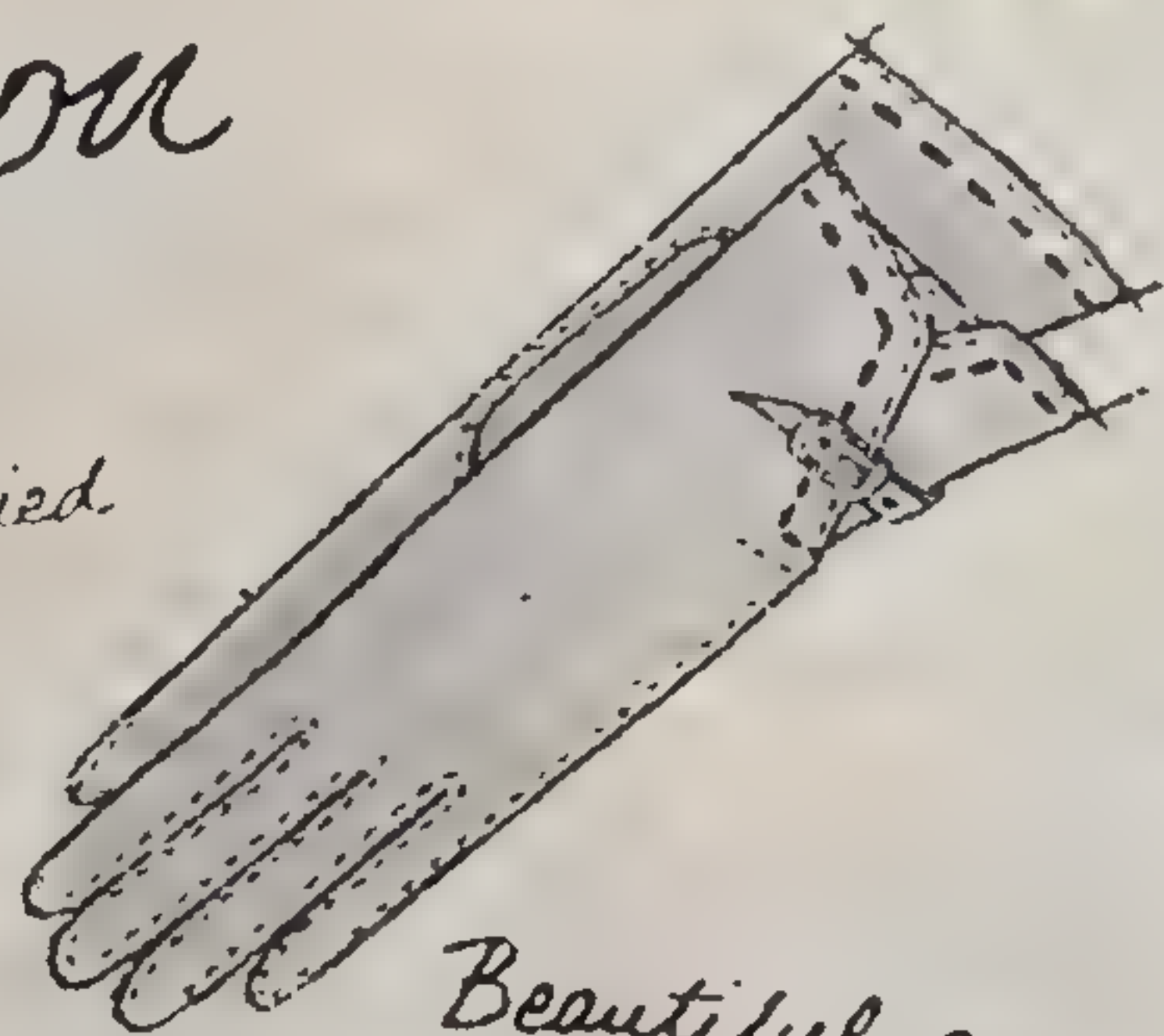
Try the new
fun fad for hoods,
here styled after a
crusader helmet
in bulky ribbed
wool knit rippling over
the shoulder.

Most colors.
Baar & Beards. \$2



Smooth calf dress shoe
that dances it up with a
pretty pancake heel,
a trim golden buckle.
Also suede.

Grace Walker Debs. \$1.95



Beautiful casual
glove in creamy
oatmeal-colored deerskin,
with gilt-buckled
cuff for fit and fashion.
By Stetson. About \$7



Right, the season's pet sweater look, carried out in Jackie Loughery's divinely knit dress. Contrast piped, it has elasticized waist, self belt with detachable tab for your favorite medallion. All colors. By Jantzen. In Kharafleece, a downy Vicara and wool blend. 10-18. \$27.95

Far right, Phyllis Kirk favors knit-trimmed tweed in a smooth princess dress with soft unpressed pleated skirt. Dropped yoke forms raglan sleeves, the boat neck filled in with a white rib-knit turtle-neck dickie matching the cuffs. By Joan Miller. Juniors' 7-15. \$19.95

To buy fashions and accessories, see stores page 101

SEE JACKIE LOUGHERY STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S "PARDNERS" • PHYLLIS KIRK'S IN U.A.'S "JOHNNY CONCHO" AND RKO'S "BACK FROM ETERNITY"

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD



Perfect basic bra, made for comfort with elastic at the rib cage. Light cotton cups are V-stitched for uplift, framed with embroidered marquisette.

By Formaid. White. A 32-36,

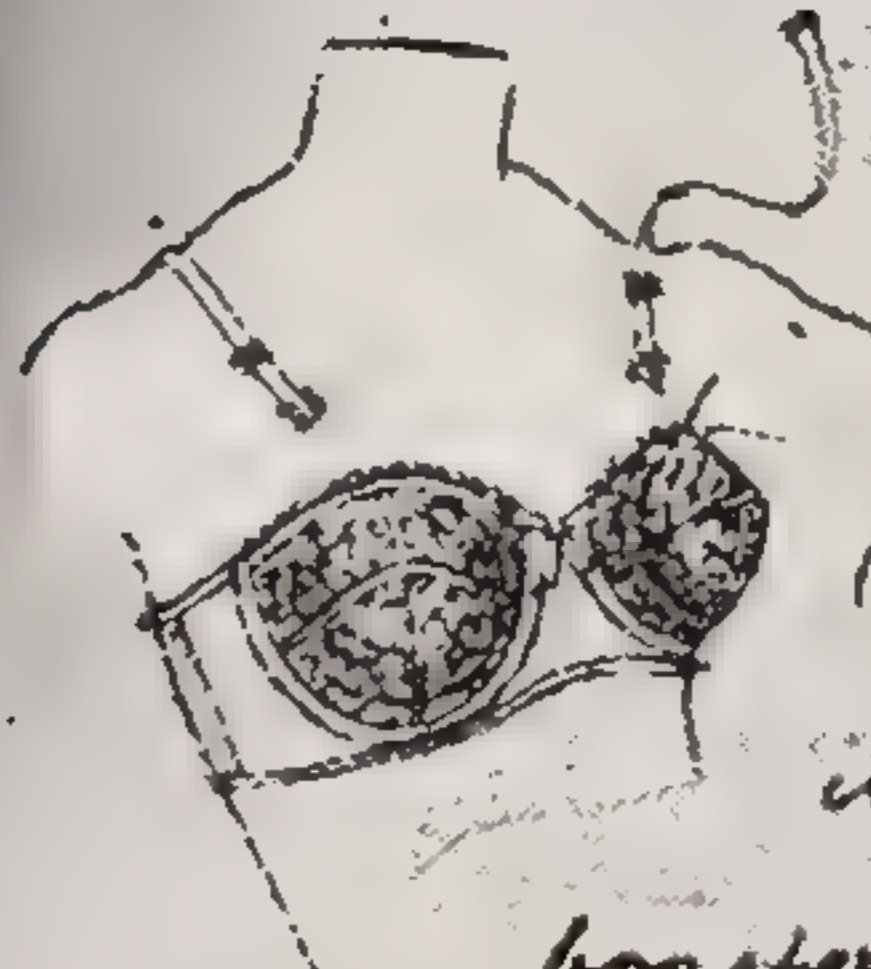
B 32-38, C 32-40. About \$3

Plus for your figure, a lightly padded bra in nylon taffeta.

Lattice-stitched undercups form the contours, the whole cup lined in tricot and lace-edged.

By Jantzen. Black, white.

AA, A 32-36, B 32-38. \$3.95



Comfortable Dacron lino straps that stays firm, its nylon lace cups underlined with light foam boosters, padded wire. Mobile straps adjust from wide-neck to halter. Hollywood V-ette. White, black.

A 32-36; B, C 32-38. \$5.95

A real shapemaker in nylon power net with satin elastic panels, elastic knit cuffs top and bottom for smooth, snug fit. Made pretty with embroidered flower spray.

By Jantzen. White. Sizes 24-30. \$7.95



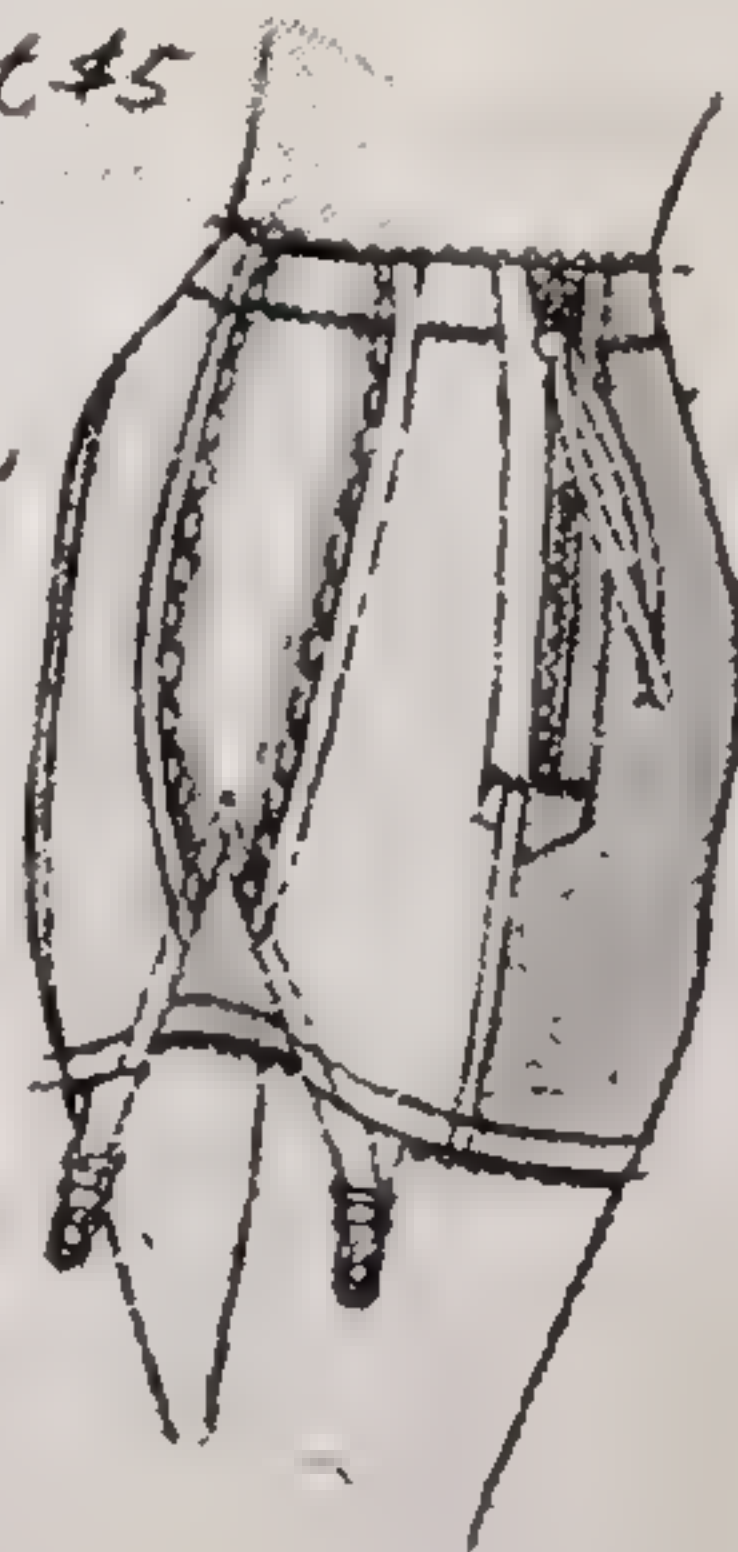
News in a lowered, dipped waistline for more comfort, freedom. A young girdle in nylon power net with extra inner panel for tummy control. Added, a pretty rosette.

By Flexnit. White. S, M, L. About \$5



Designed for the shorter, fuller-hipped junior figure, a feather weight zippered girdle of elasticized nylon marquisette with pastel scalloped taffeta front panel. By Formbit.

White. Sizes 25-30. \$8.95



Fall
Fashion
Notes *continued*

To show off your new fall figure, wear a dress like Jackie Loughery's, top, shaping up as this year's big silhouette. In black sheer wool, the beltless sheath has a braid-edged scooped

neck. The little cropped jacket is in striped bouclé wool. By McArthur, Ltd. 10-18. Jacket striped in black with rust, purple, or green. About \$29.95. Black suede sandals, Vegas by Trim Tred

For Where to Buy, see stores listed on page 101



YOUNG IDEAS: RECORDS

PRETTY JACKIE LOUGHERY, NOW STARRING WITH MARTIN AND LEWIS IN PARAMOUNT'S "PARDNERS"

what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

While many of us are out riding in family car, we might well heed new zany traffic song. This wild number, titled "Transfusion" and recorded for Dot records, is sung by a billed as Nervous Norvus. His real name is Jimmy Drake, and he lives in Oakland, California. Jimmy writes and sings his own material, which he has consistently sent on tape to a Hollywood disc jockey named Red Blanchard. When Red received "Transfusion" on the flip side, "Dig," he forwarded it to Randy Wood, president of Dot records, who immediately issued the record. We predict that it will be one of the biggest hits in a long time. Harry Belafonte, generally recognized as a singer of traditional songs, has recorded a new album, "Calypso," which features songs based on melodies from the English-speaking islands of the Caribbean. Harry became interested in these songs early in his career, when he was playing jazz spots throughout the country. This was a medium, he felt, in which he could utilize voice, dramatic timing, and understanding of the American folk idiom. He opened with a new repertoire at New York's Village Vanguard, was an immediate success, and has since appeared as a singer on radio and TV, in movies and in the theatre. Although only twenty-eight years old, Belafonte's varied experience and sense of integrity have already provided him with a security necessary for an album such as "Calypso." The numbers included range from brassy gaiety to wistfulness, and Belafonte keenly projects the irrepressible rhythm of these West Indian people. Not since "Tennessee Waltz" have we heard anything as good as Patti Page's latest release, "Allegheny Moon," for Mercury. Patti got her start as a hillbilly singer on Station KTUL, in Oklahoma, where she was heard by Jack El, then the manager of the Jimmy band. With Rael as her personal manager, Patti sang with a band, then played clubs in Milwaukee and Chicago before landing a spot on Don McNeill's *Jackfast Club* show. Soon afterward she started recording a long chain of hit sellers which, in turn, have ended her to branch out as a theatre

and night-club headliner and as the star of her own TV series.

Bill Haley and his Comets have done it again with "Buddy, Buddy." Ever since 1952, the Comets have had increasing success with their rock 'n' roll specialties. First they became headliners at theatres, then in night clubs (the older generation isn't as square as we sometimes think), and finally a movie. Now with their new Decca disc, we feel they'll soar even higher.

RCA Victor has released a third album of "traveling music," called "High Fi and Wide," which features The Three Suns. The Three Suns, two brothers and their cousin, have a facility for producing exciting sounds, and in this new album, they have a field day getting a whole new set of sounds out of some old-time tunes.

For Your Collection:

1. By all means don't forget to get Bill Haley's "Buddy, Buddy." (Decca)
2. On Mercury, Rusty Draper belts out another smash. This one's called "Rock and Roll Ruby." Flip side is a love ballad called "House of Cards."
3. RCA Victor seems to have all the hits these days. Perry Como's newest release is titled "Glendora."
4. A new rock 'n' roll by Chuck Berry on the Chess label, "Roll Over Beethoven." It's hot.
5. On Mercury, The Platters singing "My Prayer" from their new album. Mercury wasn't planning to release any singles from the album, but thousands of requests from dealers prompted the company to issue this great side.
6. A smash on both the rock 'n' roll and pops lists means a best-seller any day. On the Atlantic label, Clyde McPhatter singing "Treasure of Love."
7. Elvis Presley does it again! This will be his biggest yet. "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You." (RCA Victor)
8. Columbia's Vic Damone gives a great rendition of "On the Street Where You Live."
9. A Capitol recording star for most of his career, Nat "King" Cole lends a magic to all the numbers he sings. His latest is "My Dream Sonata."
10. Watch for the new Joni James album, "Little Girl Blue." Joni lends a wistful, sweet voice to all her songs.

TERRY MOORE, starring in 20th Century-Fox' "Between Heaven and Hell," In CinemaScope - Color by DeLuxe

Huskies®
"Stars in Style"



only 5⁹⁹

Happy Endings

begin with this bouncy, bright fun shoe! Frisky foam wedge two-tie in very-new Corkie leather—gaytime colors!

Complete Selection

4⁹⁹ - 6⁹⁹

At your favorite store, or write:
HUSSCO SHOE COMPANY, Honesdale, Pa.
In Canada: Canada West Shoe Co., Winnipeg



Elvis Presley!

Read the Fabulous Story about this Sensational performer who has Rocked the Nation

Plus

ROCK 'n' ROLL
Evil? Menace? or Good
for the Young at Heart?
all in the SEPT. issue of
TV RADIO MIRROR
at your newsstand Now



“I Almost



Piper still enjoys dating actors, but she's no longer glassy-eyed with boys in other fields

"Too concerned with myself as my career, I let Mom do the things I should have done"

Through sorrow, Piper learned something every girl should know. That to excel in anything, one must grow—in all directions



P The late Leonard Goldstein's wisdom and friendship "made me aware of how unaware I was of everything but me!"

● "It is strange," said Piper Laurie gravely, "that death, which closes the eyes of those you love, opens your own eyes. As—in a way that I'll explain later—it has mine. But first I'll try to tell you what has happened to me, and how it happened, and why.

"When I was young," twenty-four-year-old Piper smiled, "the only thing in the world I wanted or cared about was to be an actress—a great one. Nothing was too much to sacrifice for this—sleep, peace of mind, hobbies, home life, dates, love itself.

"Once I'd set my sights on being an actress, everything I'd previously cared about went by the board. For instance, I'd done quite a bit of painting, and enjoyed doing it, but when I decided all my efforts were to be channeled in one direction, I dropped painting.

"Throughout my childhood and early teens, I read a great deal. I read widely and, for my age, quite deep and serious books. But (Continued on page 85)

Missed Growing Up"



has renewed her interest
ing, looking to "the day
hope to be a housewife"



BY
GLADYS
HALL

Piper Laurie is
in "Kelly and Me"

hollywood

lip tips

"Almost any mouth can be made to appear beautiful," says William Tuttle, Chief of M-G-M's Make-up Department. "But it takes more than a fast pass with a tube of lipstick"

Ava Gardner stars in M-G-M's "The Little Hut"



Ava Gardner's seductively curving lips owe their beauty not only to perfect shape, but to harmony with the rest of her face

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

Maybe you weren't lucky enough to be born, like Gardner, with a perfect mouth. But you can create the impression with make-up—and no one need be the wiser. The trick, explains William Tuttle, chief make-up advisor to M-G-M's bevy of beauties, is to draw lips that harmonize with the rest of your features.

"Every face," he says, "has its own pattern of lines and curves. Imagine, if you can, Lana Turner's full, round lips on Katharine Hepburn's slim, angular face! Or vice versa!" For a face that is slender and high-cheekboned like Hepburn's or Joan Crawford's, with almond-shaped eyes and a long, straight nose, skip all suggestion of roundness, Bill advises. Points of cupid's bow should be sharp or drawn straight across and squared-off. If, like Lana, or Ava Miller, you have round eyes, a small, round nose and full cheeks, your mouth should be round, too, and softly curving.

A point that's often overlooked, except by professional artists, he says, is the position of the lips in relation to the nose and chin. Ideally, the opening of the mouth should be one-third of the way down from nose to chin. If mouth opening is too low, upper lip should be built up; too high, fullness should be added to lower lip line.

If nature was stingy, Bill suggests making points of cupid's bow higher and closer together to create the impression of fuller lips. To make a too-narrow mouth appear broader, draw corner to corner, build out and extend portions near corners of both upper and lower lips. The overly generous mouth can be made to appear thinner by spreading points of cupid's bow and drawing center of lower lip straight across—no curves. If mouth is too broad from corner to corner, draw center, only, of upper lip and drop center of lower lip. Drooping corners, a flaw common to almost every pair of lips, creates an unhappy expression, adds years to the face and gets worse with the years. Best way to counter-act the droop is to smile! It's a good idea, too, to build up the corners of the upper lip slightly, to give a faint suggestion of an upturn.

To keep your artwork looking natural, cover mouth with foundation and face powder before applying lipstick. If the natural line is pronounced and corrective lines go against it, the ridge will be less apparent if you use a darker shade of lipstick for the outline, blending gradually into a lighter shade toward mouth opening. Of course, you'll use a lipstick brush for a sharp, clear outline. And in making all changes, draw only the tiniest fraction of an inch above or below the natural lips. You'll find that just a hairline difference provides all the change you need.

almost missed

owing up" *continued*

I envisioned myself as starborne—
se—I began to devote all my reading
ays, scripts, fan magazines, the movie
ons in the newspapers.

s a little girl, I used to love cooking
my family. But after I started work-
n pictures, I ate at odd hours, usual-
myself—with a script propped up in
of me—and I lost my interest in
ng, as well as eating.

didn't have many clothes, and it
n't have mattered less. The money I
have spent on clothes went for
atic and dancing lessons.

hen I dated, and I dated quite a lot,
s mostly because I felt I had to keep
with other young starlets who were
the same. Or because I wanted to
ken to certain night clubs to see
rmers in whom I was interested. I
nber the first time I ever went to a
club. Buster was my date's name
e invited me (he thought it was *his*
to go to Slapsie Maxie's. Dean
n and Jerry Lewis were headlining
oor show there, and when I saw them
so impressed, I fell madly in love
both of them! Poor Buster didn't
a very enjoyable evening, I'm
ned to say, because I don't think I
two words to him!

n example of the strictly one-track
ny mind was working is that I went
with 'The Girl Who Eats Flowers'
what had become of my sense of
r?) which was dreamed up by the
city department at U-I soon after I
l my contract with them. I was told
to eat flowers for lunch for three
running, while cameras clicked and
ers swarmed. And so, determined
o let the studio down, when salads
denia petals were served me, I ate
Since I was assured that the flower-
gimmick would land me smack in
enter of the Hollywood spotlight—
s, above all places on the earth I
s longed to be—I would have eaten
of poison ivy, if obliged!

In addition to cooperating by eating
s (I haven't tasted a *petal* since)
osing for all sorts of Miss So-and-
eecake pictures, I studied the very
ff my scripts, worked my head off
e sets, and saw all the best pictures
and over again, studying the star
manes as if they were textbooks!
I wasn't working on a picture, my
te 'pastime' was getting together
some of the other kids at U-I who
free at the same time, and playing
from some pictures I'd admired.

hen I first started to go out on per-
appearance tours—throughout this
y, to Mexico, and later to Korea
apan—my attitude was that of *The*
ss. I mean by this that I didn't really
ything but myself, didn't think of
ng except how I looked, how I felt,
I would wear, what kind of an im-
on I was making, what the reaction
would be. When I was obliged to
with people who had nothing to do
how business, it was a burden. I'm
ed to say it, but frankly, it bored
and, although I didn't realize it, I
a danger.

neone said recently, 'Looking in a
all the time, talking and thinking
themselves all the time, blind to all
ut self—this is the actors' vanity.'
it is. And it is the kind of vanity to
none of us—in the acting profes-
t any rate—is immune.

PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS



4781

4781—Juniors! Sew this dream dress in jiffy-time! It has lowered princess waistline, your favorite whirling skirt. Jr. Miss sizes 11-17. Size 13 dress takes $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch fabric.

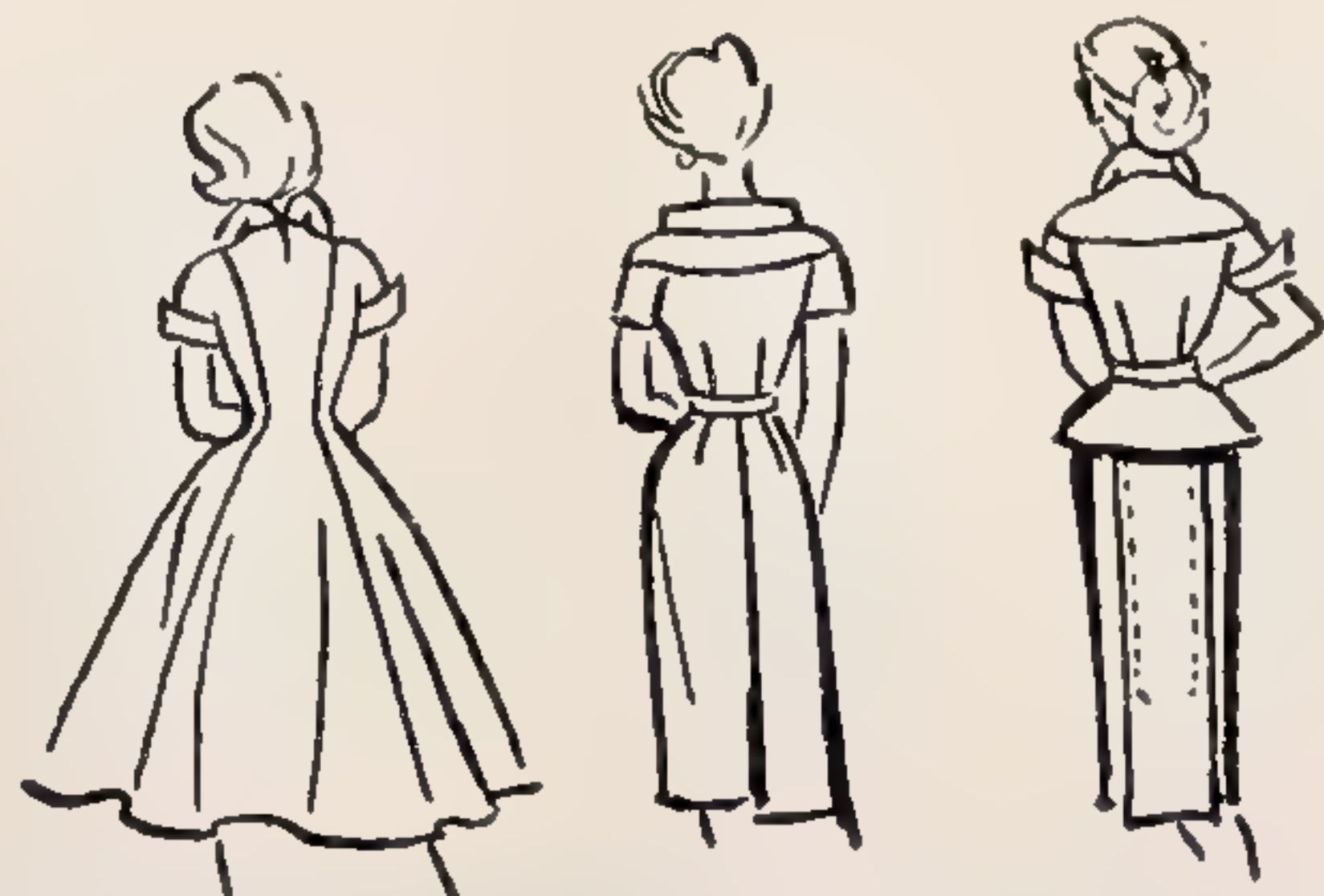
9169—The slim, trim look is beautifully achieved by this stunning sheath! Unusual face-framing neckline features standaway collar, buttons, a deep yoke. Sizes 10-18. Size 16 printed pattern takes $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards, 39-inch.

9178—Sew-very-easy, flattering two-piecer with princess tunic bodice, clever trim of buttons and bow! Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards, 35-inch fabric; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrast.

9169



9178

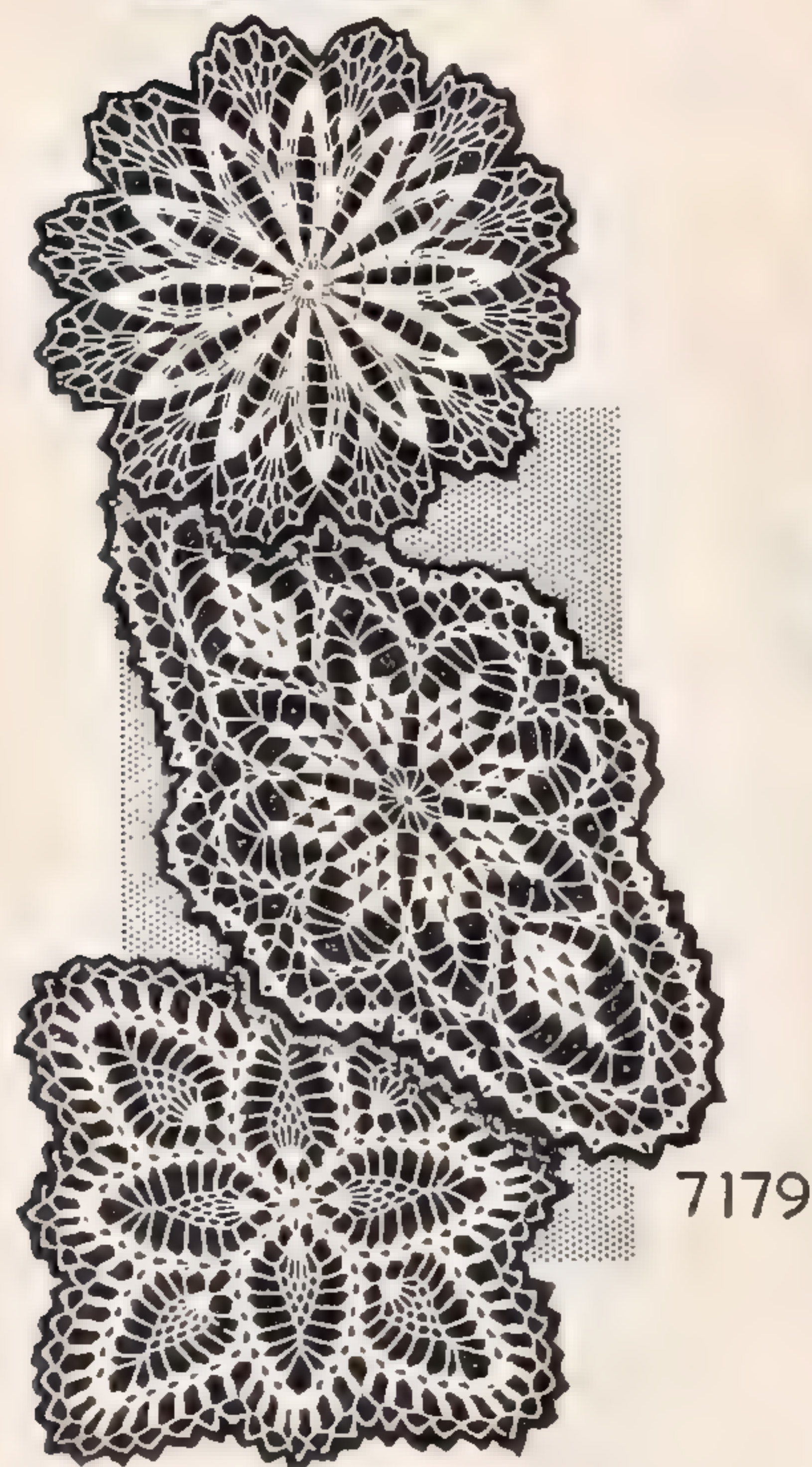


Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for first-class mailing.



617—Graceful cape in easy shell-stitch combined with pineapple design. Directions for sizes small, medium, large included. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton.

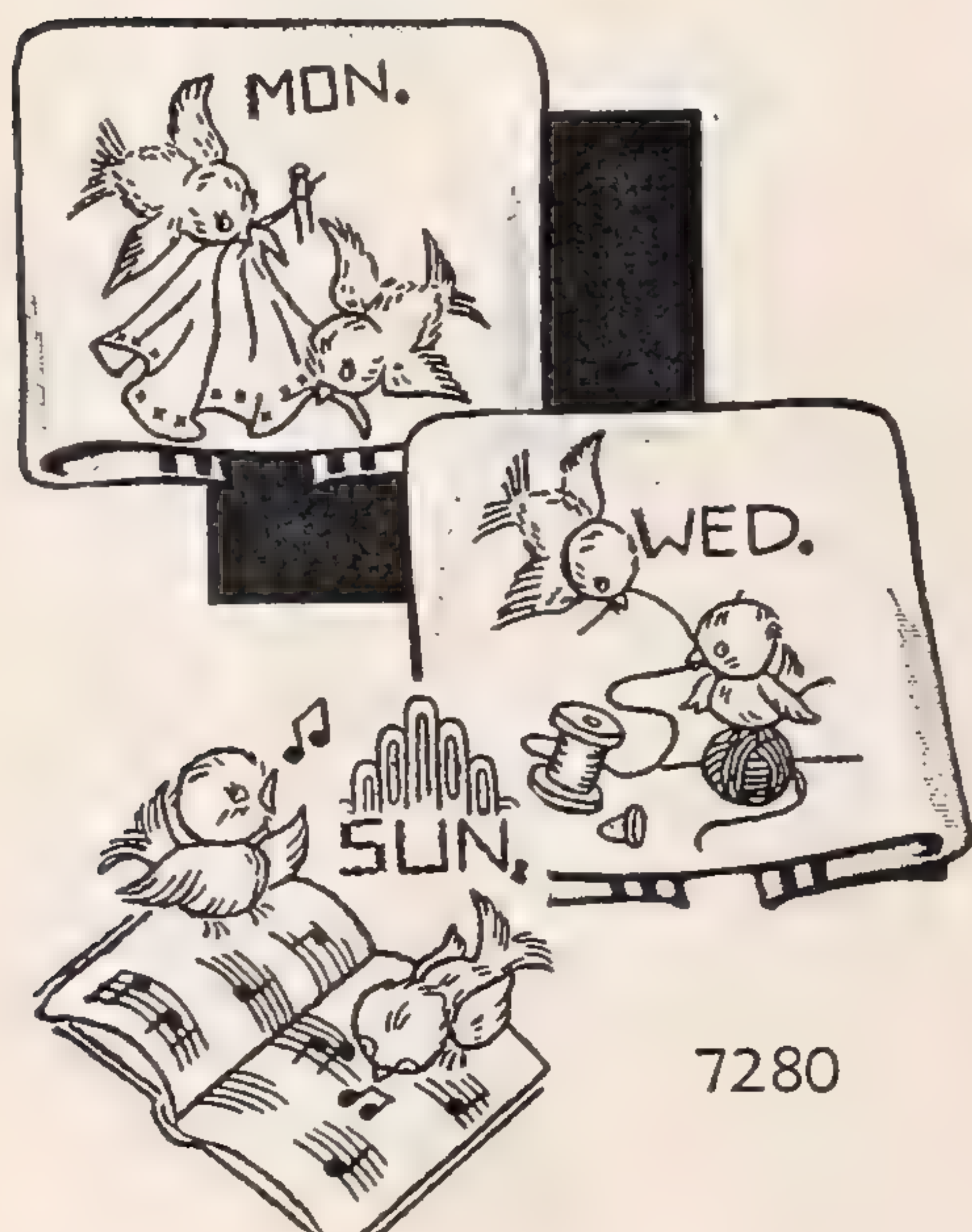
557—A beautiful 9-inch doll and her clothes—all in one pattern! Included are two dresses, blouse, jumper, pajamas, ski suit, playset. Pattern has 9-inch doll transfer and clothes patterns, too.



7179



7019
SIZES
2-10



7280

7179—Less than a day to crochet each of these pretty little doilies. Three different crochet designs (8-inch square, 8-inch round, 7½ x 14-inch oval) in No. 50 mercerized cotton; larger in string.

7019—She'll be the prettiest scholar of all in this middy dress with the embroidered anchor and stars. So crisp and fresh—make another version in plaid 'n' plain. Child's sizes 2-10. Tissue pattern; transfer of eighteen embroidery motifs. State size.

7280—Brighten kitchen towels with these colorful "bird" motifs. Set of seven different motifs—gay and easy to embroider. Transfers, instructions included.

"I almost miss

"It is dangerous, because the one-mind, the focus on self, limits you tionally. It shrinks your horizon down the tiny atom that is *you*. It stunts growth. It is especially dangerous actors who must be close to, must understand other people—all kinds of people—if they are to get under the and into the hearts of the people portray on stage and screen.

"I was afflicted with this blind-to-else-but-self vanity," Piper confessed hazel eyes widening, "until my eyes opened.

"I wish I could sound dramatic by ing that they were opened suddenly, moment of revelation, by one great perience, such as falling in love on or meeting death face to face. But I because it didn't happen that way.

"I don't even know for sure wh stopped looking in the mirror," smiled, "all the time! But I suspect i after I got to know Leonard Goldstein producer, who died two summers. Then I became aware of how unaw was of—well, of everything but *me* fore I really knew Leonard, I was c one of his pictures at U-I, then an. Then he left the studio, but we cont to spend all the free or social time w together. No matter what I say Leonard, it sounds a little trite. And ing I could say would be enough. H always there to take care of me, that I was happy. He helped me dur the different times I had various. This was the first, the deepest, and friendship I ever had. For five years ard was responsible for opening my and my heart.

"Actually, it was a cumulative t a combination of the many thi learned from Leonard, experience meeting people all over the world made me realize there are other than *acting* in the world. In Korea Japan, I saw homes that had been b and were being patiently rebuilt. poverty, real poverty: people livin animals, without decent food, v baths, sweltering in summer, freez winter. And I remember feeling as when I thought that I would soon b in my pretty flowered bedroom, wi air coming through the window, mi fruit on the bed-table.

"Looking back, I would say it wa my first trip to Korea at Christma in 1951, that my values began to my horizons began to widen.

"For not long after I got back fr trip, I went on tour again throu Northwest, and something happen would not have happened before. thing, you may think, but indicat

"We'd been on tour for two solid going every minute of the day and not eating properly, or sleeping. The last week found us in Boise where, for the first time, we took sit down to lunch. No sooner had however, when there was a knock door and about twenty kids came i ing around, wanting autographs. taneously, the house detective a shoosed the kids away, and told stay away. Five minutes later, th another knock on the door and o girl—I'll call her Annie—was there, tears in her eyes, no shoes feet, a grubby little package held her chest. She'd got away, she sa the 'de-tek-a-tive.' She'd never movie star, she said, and she'd hi all the way from Post Falls, wh lived (a distance, we later lea

ome fifteen miles) in order to see me. he'd brought me a present—a ceramic ow with a cactus growing in it!

"On any previous occasion such as this, would have been flattered, even touched, but still preoccupied with my own fatigue and with concern for how I would look on stage the next day. I would have offered the girl a soda, said 'Thank you' and then 'Goodbye.' But this wasn't any 'previous occasion.' I put my arms around Annie, taxed her to stop crying, and gave her a hunch. Later, we drove her to Post Falls, dropped her at her house, then went on to the next town for dinner. But all during dinner I kept thinking about Annie, about how excited she'd been at the prospect of telling her folks she'd met a movie star, and something, for some reason, kept nagging at me. So, after dinner, we drove back to Annie's house and went in. I'm glad we did, because her folks hadn't believed her when she told them she'd met 'a movie star.' They thought she'd made up the whole story. Making up a story was, in their minds, the same as telling a lie. Telling a lie was a sin for which the sinner must be punished, so Annie was being punished. Then, when she came and I met her mother and father, they gave them back their faith in their little girl.

"It gave me something, too. There were half a dozen children in the family and none of them wore shoes. The house was very small—a shack, really, with none of the conveniences, very primitive. But there was self-respect there, and reverence for what is right, and love and happiness.

"After that, the people in the towns and cities I visited looked different to me. But they hadn't changed—I had. I was seeing them for the first time—not as a faceless crowd, an audience whose principal function it was to applaud me—but as men, women and children whose lives, and jobs and needs I was eager to learn about.

"Once a real interest in other people freed me away from my preoccupation with myself, I began to change, to mellow, to realize that acting cannot feed on itself alone, but must be fed.

"I began to paint again, and to read. And the subject matter of the books I bought, and still buy now, ranges far and wide! I've books about skiing, skin diving, political matters, art, economics.

"I also renewed my interest in cooking, in preparation for the day when I will be married and soon, I hope—a housewife!

"Then, too, I began to realize that when you think only of yourself and of your work, you leave so many things for other people to do—such as picking up after you, cleaning your room, fetching and carrying for you. This is a 'queen complex,' a bland assumption that all others are your ladies-and-gentlemen-in-waiting! This kind of complex was afflicting me—and those close to me. But not any more.

"Once my focus shifted from myself, I was no longer embarrassed if I turned up at a party not as formally dressed as other guests. Or, if I was dressed to the nines, and my date called for me in a beat-up Ford, it didn't bother me. It was fun!

"One thing I've certainly found out since the 'eye-opening' is the way I've changed, how I've changed, about dating. When I was in high school, practically the first question girls asked about a date was, 'Is he cute?' He might have been handsome, considerate, a brain and fun, or he might have been a silent monster. But if he was cute, and the other girls thought so, too, that was enough! (Continued)

YOUNG IDEAS:

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across

1. Dean and Jerry are —?
8. Nader's studio
9. ".... Society"
13. "The Brave ..."
14. "The King and I" is based on real
16. Wayne's blood-brother
17. Silent star Richard, or son Robert, now at Metro
18. "Good Night," (song)
19. Stars smooch in love scenes; they used to
20. Trumpet-voiced singer
22. *Moby Dick* is a whale
24. Pat Wayne's starting out in movies as just a young ...
25. 1954 film with Rita Gam, Cornel Wilde, 37 Across
26. What ever happened to this M-G-M brunette? (initials)
27. "The Blue-Tailed ..." (song)
30. "... Time for Sergeants"
31. "Murders in the ... Morgue"
32. There are no easy from a well-drawn contract
33. Mrs. José Ferrer (initials)
34. Young actor in "He Laughed Last" (initials)
36. The second Mrs. Gable
37. Prince in "War and Peace"
39. "The Wagon"
40. Forrest, Cochran, McNally
42. In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Bill Travers will p'ay Browning
44. Superstitious stars think a black cat's a bad
45. Canary Carson
46. Stars' costumes are often later by starlets

47. Mamie Stover's guy (initials)

48. Now playing a pianist
52. "The ... Around Us"
54. "..... in Town"
57. TV doc, film Navy man
59. MM again said, "I -."
60. His last is "Giant"
62. Mrs. Holden's real name
64. Last seen in "Three Stripes in the Sun"
66. 1956 Oscar-man (initials)
67. The movie Graziano's pal
69. Amateur sleuth in "23 Paces to Baker Street"
71. An Irish ... a'most exposed "The Man Who Never Was"
72. Narrator in "Moby Dick" (initials)
73. 35 Down calls his wife this
74. "D-Day the Sixth of June" took place here

Down

1. First, a Trojan beauty; now, a Cuban patriot
2. Fonda's film wife
3. Sexy Britisher now in "My Fair Lady"
4. She took *Johnny* away from *Frankie*
5. Star of "That Certain Feeling"
6. In "The Rack," Newman collaborated with
7. In "Huk!" guerrillas at Montgomery
8. Present name for locale of "War and Peace"
9. ... fans liked "The Benny Goodman Story"
10. "The Living"
11. What Bing does, according to a nickname of his
12. John Wayne film, 1954

15. Bing and Bob play often at these
16. TV's *Bilko* (initials)
21. In "The King and I," Deborah sees to it that the kids are
23. Hepburn's hubby (initials)
28. Belonging to Dean Martin's movie sweetheart
29. Siamese monarch on film
35. "The Fastest Gun Alive"
36. Male stars of swashbucklers wield a mean
37. "Take a," says the producer to his secretary
38. "It Happens Spring"
41. "..... the Unknown," Bill Holden's next
43. Good actors don't like to be cast
45. "... Deeds Goes to Town"
49. Fans often think veteran actresses are than they really are
50. Movies of the silent ...
51. Brunettes often get an auburn for films
52. "..... We Dance?"
53. Tune-films are for you if you have an ... for music
55. Bandleader whose life story is now a movie
56. App'ause—for a villain
58. What "The Frogmen" did
61. "... Tide" (song)
63. Liberace may call his book "They Laughed When I ... Down"
64. "... Long .. You're Near Me"
65. Phonograph record—or columnist's initials
68. "Santiago" star (initials)
70. Australian girl in "Battle Cry" (initials)

"Now, whether a date is cute and measures up, physically, to my girlfriends' dates, is one of the last things that enters my mind. Naturally, I notice a person's appearance, but now it is more of an afterthought than anything else.

"Certainly, now, I wouldn't be as inconsiderate as I was with poor Buster (and others!), and I don't get schoolgirl crushes any longer. I still like to see, and am curious about, certain shows and certain performers, but now the primary interest is with whom I am going to spend the evening. I would no longer enjoy a show unless someone I liked very much was enjoying it with me.

"Nor is a fellow's profession of first importance any longer. I still go out with actors and performers such as George Nader and Gene Nelson. I still enjoy being with actors, still like to 'talk shop,' but I am no longer glassy-eyed if the 'shop' being talked about is not mine!

"I also date boys who are not actors, and I can honestly say that I would enjoy dating fellows, whether they were plumbers, postmen, Marlon Brandos, acrobats, or whatever, for now it is the fellow himself—not the way he looks, or what he does for a living—that matters to me.

"As for the kind of man I hope to marry—when, and if, I am asked—to list any

specifications sounds like picking out a car, and I don't think of my future husband in terms of automatic gear-shifts, brakes and horsepower! In other words, I do not have an Ideal Man in mind. I've outgrown the Prince Charming on the White Charger dreamworld. Actually, it's impossible, in my opinion, to list specific qualities you want in a person *until you find the person*, and if he has enough of the qualities you admire and like and some, being human, that you don't like, *then* you make your lists, compare them, and say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

When asked if there was anyone special in her life at present—Gene Nelson, for instance—Piper preferred to change the subject. Returning to the matter of her "growing up," she again thought of her dearest friend, Leonard Goldstein. "Since the great blow and shock of Leonard's death," said Piper, "my eyes have opened—all the way. For, when something as important as this, over which you have no control, happens to you, you do grow up.

"Curiously, I'm stronger now, I think, than I have ever been. When, after Leonard's death, I had to go back to work on 'Ain't Misbehavin',' I was afraid I'd never get through it. But I did, and I came out of it knowing that I have a great deal more strength than I thought I had.

"I've never been afraid of hard but two years ago I would not have been able to stand the pressure, the rush, the long hours I have now. It would have thrown me. But now it wouldn't. Probably because I am so wrapped up in what I am doing. In other words, the work is important—not Piper Laurie!

"I have always tried to do the best in anything I attempt—painting, writing poetry, riding a bike, cooking, as well as acting—and I always shall. And I always shall, I hope, be an actress—but not with a capital 'A'! For now I know there are other great things to do in the world besides acting, other great things to be besides an actress. A housewife, a mother, Beauty and fulfillment, greatness, too, in small and humble ways of life, doing the little things you have to do every day, working at any job, however modest, as long as you have self-respect—and love."

"Now I know that—unless someone comes up to me and says, 'I was going to shoot my wife last night, then I saw you in 'Kelly and Me' and didn't—I will never again believe," Piper laughed, "that acting is a substitute for life, or for love."

"So now, with my eyes wide open, I have set my sights, and channeled my life anew. I want to be, above all, a peaceful, happy human being!"

Shock Trouper

(Continued from page 57)

and Joan sang out gaily: "Come on in!"

Such confusion, such ringing of the telephones! It was obvious that success had suddenly caught up with and overtaken Joan Collins. She might have expected show business would be good to her, since her grandmother had been a chorus girl, her aunt a London variety star, and her father, Will Collins, is now a prominent London theatrical agent.

Joan had made the grade by daring to leave merry old England and coming to the United States, where she hoped people would appreciate her more. Not that they disliked her there, but she didn't impress them as much of an actress.

"Didn't impress them!" As Joan tells it, "In England, I guess I had the worst reputation for acting of any person on the screen. The critics massacred me. They said I generally displayed my two bad expressions and gave my usual bad performance.

"Any time a script called for a bad girl or a girl who'd been done wrong by, I got the part. It was so boring. Besides, I thought I was miscast."

Well, maybe they *did* dislike her—at least her acting.

So Joan took John Bull by the horns. Refusing to continue being laugh fodder for the critics, she got the J. Arthur Rank studios to peddle her contract to 20th Century-Fox. Then she hied herself to Hollywood. It's a nice self, too. She's a 38-23-36, pert and bouncy—and very honest.

"I hadn't done a picture in England in nine months," she says, "so I decided life was too short.

"Besides, I thought I'd love the relaxed kind of life in America, especially Hollywood. I guess it's because I'm kind of easygoing."

But now, two years later, she is far from relaxed, for success has set in. However, at twenty-three she has managed to get herself involved pretty well in all sorts of problems that she'll probably look back on with amusement.

She has fallen in love—hard—and accepted a white mink stole from Arthur Loew, Jr. (whose father is one of the

heads of M-G-M) as a birthday present. She wore it to see "My Fair Lady" with—yep, Arthur Loew, Jr.

But, in the midst of falling in love with Arthur Loew, Jr., she was also in the process of divorcing the husband she married when she was very young and inexperienced.

His name is Maxwell Reed and he was quite a British movie star when Joan was still in school. He was tall, handsome, British and all that. Joan had a crush on him—from afar—and had his picture on her desk even before they'd ever met.

When she was nineteen and still studying at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, Joan married him.

"Don't do it," they told her—all her friends, relatives, parents, self-appointed advisers.

"The age difference, you know," they mentioned. "Besides, you don't know anything about life yet."

Cocky, stubborn and impulsive, Joan told everybody, "I'm in love with him, and I'll learn about life from him."

And now Joan was lamenting to me that she had made a bitter mistake and that she only wished she had been willing to accept the advice of some of her elders, because a good marriage was important and she felt a decent attitude toward its conventions has to be maintained.

It was quite apparent now, that the guy in her life was Arthur Loew, Jr.—although for a time after coming to America she dated Sydney Chaplin.

Her husband, however, had come along to the United States and had sued her for \$125 a month separate maintenance—equivalent to asking her to pay him alimony.

That made Joan thoroughly indignant. She felt like a wronged wife. Here she was, struggling to make good in pictures, torn emotionally because her marriage was ended, and at the same time defending a suit for separate maintenance. She was caught up in a sequence of events that would have been trying for a person much older and more experienced. Besides, of course, it was costly.

Then there was the additional thought

of her next marriage, to Arthur Loew, Jr.

Joan's divorce wouldn't be final for another year. By then—well, young Arthur Loew is quite a catch for almost any beautiful gal. And he's been pursued by several in his time.

Joan tried to look at it sensibly. "I'm a girl who's made a mistake like I did with one marriage," she admitted to me. "The year's waiting time is a good thing. It gives us time to curb our impulsiveness!"

At various intervals during our conversation, Joan had dashed into another room and changed into a bathing suit, had some pictures . . . talked on the phone to some fans waiting downstairs . . . discussed her latest film.

The name of the picture is "Seaweed" and Joan portrays a young nun who is on a shipwrecked raft with two men and has to try to make love to her.

"I'm on the raft with these men, trying to keep order," Joan explained. "I'm trying to fight off this strong feeling I have for Richard Burton. He is cast as Biscuit in the picture. Don't ask me if I've only read a synopsis so far. The script evidently isn't any script yet."

"What do you wear on this raft?" I inquired.

"I think just a kind of calico slip. I see, as I understand it, we get shipwrecked in the middle of the night and I'm getting ready to go to bed."

"How do you make out with the romance that is boiling up within you?"

"Well, I want to fall in love, but religious feelings are stronger, and I have to keep the final vows at the end."

So we can all breathe easier about

In a sense, this role is a big triumph for Joan: she'd been called back to Hollywood to do it—and she's not playing her usual bad girl. Maybe the English critics will be impressed. It had already softened its attitude about her after she'd done "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing." Then another picture was coming, "The Opposite Sex," in which she takes a bath—the same bath Joan Crawford took in the original movie version called "The Women."

Bathtub fashions haven't changed

all the years since. Miss Collins, like her predecessors, wears bubbles.

"What did you think of Diana Dors getting all that publicity at Cannes?" I asked her.

"I think anybody can get their picture in any paper they want if they do all kinds of sexy stuff."

What about "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"—the Broadway show in which Jayne Mansfield got so much publicity?

"I can't stand dirt on the stage!" she retorted. "They were too obviously making cracks all the time about Jayne Mansfield's bosom. That's not theatre!"

Pointing out that she had been on the stage since she was a child, Joan told me: "I go to the theatre every night when I'm in New York, and my ambition is to have my picture hang in Sardi's." (That's the theatrical hangout where all the great stars' caricatures line the walls.)

What did she want to do?

She told me that she'd like to do "The Story of Esther Costello," which is about a deaf-blind girl of fourteen who is taken around the world and exploited, ostensibly to get money for the deaf. It is a very serious acting role, and it appealed to Joan.

"What would you like to do with your life?"

"I'd love to keep on acting as long as I can," she said. "Eventually, I'd like to get married. I don't want to live anywhere permanently. Maybe a year here, a few months in England, a year in Marrakech."

"Do you literally mean Marrakech?" I asked, thinking of the city in French Morocco which is famous for gambling part of the year and so hot that the casino's closed the rest of the year.

"Literally, no," Joan conceded. "I just don't want to live anywhere."

"What do you think about all the low neckline pictures in America?"

"I think there is too much emphasis placed on one's—you know . . ."

"Busts?"

"Yes!"

"But you said you weren't against those pictures."

"I'm not. But I hate the kind of cheese-ake pictures girls do—such as at Thanksgiving cutting a turkey, or at Christmas dressed up in a Santa Claus Bikini. I don't mind ordinary bathing suit pictures, though I'm getting kind of old for them, actually."

"At twenty-three?" I said.

"I'm glad you don't think so!"

Concerning marriage, Joan said quietly, "I've made one mistake and I would not want to get married again unless I decided it was forever and ever and ever. I'd hate to be one of those girls with four or five husbands!"

I mentioned to her that since her arrival in this country, she hadn't had a lot of suitors. Sydney Chaplin and Arthur Loew, for example, are the only ones she'd dated, as far as I could see.

Why only two?

"It just happened I didn't want to date any others!"

I, for one, hope that by now Joan is very, very popular in England, although I suppose this can't be accomplished instantly. As she pointed out to me, when she went back on one trip, the press people called. One said it was too bad how she'd gone Hollywood; she wore so much make-up you couldn't get through the Cosmetic Curtain. Another said it was a pity that she came to meet the English press without any make-up on!

What's a girl to do, sighed Joan. But she didn't look very worried. This girl the stuff of which shock troops are made!

THE END



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ANTI-BLEMISH
SET



TUSSY Medicare



Arthur and Marilyn Miller. They beat the press to the preacher on Friday, June 29th



Japanese said it with flowers when Brando arrived for "Teahouse of the August Moon"



Jeff Chandler's charmed circle—wife Marge, daughters Jamie, Dana

INSIDE STUFF continued from page 53

high glee. Phyllis left before Rock and stopped off to see her family in Montevideo, Minnesota. Rock followed a few days later and, he confesses, "shook in my boots" over the prospect of meeting his new relatives. He tried to sneak into town quietly, but the entire population turned out to greet him. Did the relatives like him? Foolish question.

Great Expectations: The Eddie Fishers plan to buy or build in Beverly Hills, so we predict that his TV show will emanate from Hollywood. While making "Bundle of Joy" at RKO, commuting to Santa Monica proved to be too rough on Debbie, so she and Eddie lived in a studio dressing-room suite. Eddie loved riding his bicycle around the lot late at night when the studio was still, but expectant Debbie was "grounded" for the duration.

Romance, Hollywood Style: "My whole life is going to change in the near future," Marilyn Monroe told Bob Wagner when she sold him her big black Cadillac. What she meant was that she was planning to marry Arthur Miller—which she did, no less than twice, on June 29 and July 1. For

days, they had been haunted by the press but, true to their word, they tied the knot in private—much to all the newshounds' extreme chagrin. . . . Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson have been dating everyone but each other for a year. So now it's been announced that they've decided "to call the whole thing off!"

Father's Daze: Nurses in the maternity ward didn't know whether to kiss or kill Tony Curtis. Every morning at 6 A.M. the new daddy arrived at the hospital, before going on to work. His face pressed against the glass enclosure, Tony swallowed baseballs as he watched his new-born daughter, Kelly Lee. "Doesn't my daughter look a little like Winston Churchill?" beaming Tony kidded a nurse. "They all look like Churchill at first!" she answered.

Behind The Smile: Marlon Brando wore a weird set of uppers and lowers for his role in "Viva Zapata!", and he repeats the act as the Oriental in "Teahouse of the August Moon." Smiling grimly through the false network, Marlon mused: "And I'm the one who spent a small fortune to make my own teeth photogenic!"

Silent Prayer: Clark Gable, ideally happy for the first time since Carole Lombard died, took an adjoining room when his beautiful wife Kay was hospitalized with a heart condition. Clark is so devoted to Kay's two children by her previous marriage, he'd love to adopt them. "Kay is my-life," Clark says simply.

Wishful Thinking: Barbara Stanwyck's friends—and she's got a million of 'em—hope she and Sterling Hayden become more than a screen team while making "Love Story." Sterling's done a miraculous job raising his four children; Barbara's lonely, her warm heart overflows with love—and they all need each other.

Rover Boys: Martin without Lewis is like Sears without Roebuck! Everyone had a different version of the boys' professional parting, but producer Hal Wallis, who holds their contract, insists it's only for one picture. We know that ambitious Jerry likes to work fifty-two weeks a year, while Dean likes to work less, play golf more and live longer. In union there is strength. Abbott and Costello learned their lesson the time they split up. Both Martin and Lewis are terrifically talented, but "Pardners" belong together.

It's The Woman Who Pays: Anita Ekberg and Joan Collins know it's the woman who pays, but for different reasons. Honey-mooning in Florence with actor Anthony Steel, who couldn't get any lire, Anita had to shell out for most of the hotel bill with good old American dollars that are good anywhere! . . . It cost British-born Joan Collins \$6750 for the privilege of divorcing actor Maxwell Reed. Originally the handsome fellow had requested \$1250 a month alimony! . . . Jeff Richards had been married only five months when he and his school-teacher bride separated. Jeff has a strong jaw, which is why he isn't talking about it to anyone. . . . On the other hand, Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy have been shouting their happiness to the world at long last. Their on-again, off-again romance floundered for five years before finally leading them to the altar!

Cling, But Don't Clutch: Note to Hollywood glamour gals who have failed to latch on to handsome Richard Egan. He doesn't like possessive women—another reason why Pat Hardy has been his number one date. . . . When Gene Nelson walked into an NBC party, Helen Wescot was on his arm. Later, when Ben Cooper kept cutting in, Gene switched over to Lori Nelson. Personal to Piper Laurie: Where were you?

Down Lullaby Lane: The excited Gregor Pecks managed to keep their secret for four months. But when they announced the stork was on its way, champagne corks popped like the Fourth of July. . . . Fortunately for the Robert Stacks, they hadn't yet okayed blueprints for their new house when Sir Stork sent his calling card. Now a nursery has been added to the house plans.

Stranger Than Fiction: In this case there's fire, but no smoke! Liz Taylor was suffering from sinus, and Monty Clift was convalescing from his serious auto accident. So Michael Wilding packed them off to Carmel for a change of scenery. No one raised an eyebrow or said a word. Hollywood, we think, is mellowing!

Aloha Means Goodbye

(Continued from page 62)

romantic, magic islands of Hawaii. There wasn't anything very romantic at our departure. My father took us to plane and waved us off. Then Mother I settled down to read. Nobody on plane paid any attention to me—maybe because I looked so studious. I was bringing *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, by Nietzsche. I had brought along a lot of books, several on psychology by Jung; *Band of Angels*, by Robert Warren; *Thames Williamsons' Woods*; and even *The First Six Lessons in Acting*, by Boleslavsky, which Scott Marlowe had given me as a going-away present. But, early as it was, and as I was, I was just in the mood for Nietzsche.

The time difference between Hawaii and the mainland makes the flight seem wonderfully short. Miraculously soon the sun was pink from the setting sun and the clouds were coming down at Honolulu.

Hawaiian dancers greeted us, and beckoned us with our first leis, made of plumeria blossoms. We felt strange and wonderful, since we had left home such a short time ago. Not so strange, however, as the photographers who took our pictures. (On Warner Brothers Pictures, like *The British Empire*, it seems, the sun never sets.)

We had a little car, a Yellow Hornet, waiting for us, and we drove to The Reef, the hotel we had chosen because the travel folders said it was the most interesting.

Our room opened on to a lovely terrace overlooking a beautiful garden. We had dinner there, watched the dancing, listened to the singing from down below. We loved it, but at the same time we felt out of it—we were homesick already!

We left our coffee cooling in the cups and placed two phone calls. Mother talked to my father and told him how much she missed him, and I called Scott Marlowe, whom I've been seeing quite a lot, and told him the same thing.

During the first few days, that homesickness lingered. We did all the standard things—toured the island and admired the Pali, saw Hanalei Bay, and the Blowhole. We walked a lot, which became a chore because I was wearing too-tight clothes and high-heeled shoes. It was my first—and I expect my last—experience as a sight-seeing tourist. Everywhere we went we were given flowers, beautiful, fragrant leis. We also bought traditional coconut hats and had our pictures taken in them.

Because a student from the University of Hawaii, Dentler Erdman, was helping as a studio photographer, we visited the studio during lunch time and talked with the students. They had all seen the picture "Without a Cause," and they'd all liked it. Of course, they wanted to know about Jimmy Dean.

From there we went to a Japanese tea-house, where we sat on the floor with our shoes off, wore kimonos and toyed with the strange, exotic food.

After all our touring about, I was tired and a little letdown.

"All I really wanted to do," I told my father that night, "was rest, and read, and lie in the sun." And, I added, "I guess I'm not so much a sight-seer as a people-seer."

Mother laughed and said, "From now on you'll rest. If the photographers want more pictures of you, they can come to the beach to get them."

The next morning I got my first chance

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of fashion
was a
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She dyed her hair blue.

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to wear my new bathing suit and my first chance to lie on the beautiful white beach.

I expected to be alone on the beach. I didn't know anybody at the hotel except Cathy Crosby, and she couldn't go out in the sun because she sunburns terribly. So I took my beach towel and a pile of books and prepared to spend the day in splendid solitude. That was at about ten o'clock. An hour later, I was straddling a pontoon of one of the catamarans, riding the waves. At one o'clock, I was having lunch on the beach with a dozen or so beach boys. At three, I was on a surf-board heading out to sea and admiring the coral reefs so clearly visible on the ocean bottom. An hour later, someone was saving me—as a matter of fact, four or five boys were saving me. That ocean bottom was deceptive. I was out in very deep water and had never ridden a surf-board in my life. But even being saved was fun.

This was definitely more like it!

Some of the people I met that afternoon urged Mother and me to abandon our hotel room terrace and have dinner with them at a restaurant they all raved about, The Queen's Surf.

We agreed, but I told them I'd have to go shopping first. Somebody back home had told me it would be cold in Hawaii in the spring and I had brought all the wrong clothes.

Late the next afternoon, I tore myself away from the beach and drove to the Royal Hawaiian, where I had been told the best dress shops were.

I walked into the lobby only to be told, politely but firmly, that I would have to leave. I was wearing shorts. When I explained that I had come to shop they let me duck into Pauline Lake's and then into Betty Higgins' where—this is for the girls—I went stark raving mad and bought everything!

I had never seen such beautiful clothes. I bought tea-timers, and muu-muus, and robes and sarongs, particularly a Tiger sarong. (This in honor of my friend, Nick Adams, who calls me Tiger.) I went too-too sophisticated and bought a black sari and a wonderful Indian stole, hand-woven with fabulous gold and silver threads.

Then I was ready for The Queen's Surf. Mother and I went there that evening. I will never forget that night because of two new friends I met there.

The Queen's Surf is a beautiful place, set in a grove of palm trees. The dinner was exquisite and the entertainment . . .

that's where my new friends came in. When the first floor show began I saw them. One was Mahi Beamer, an Hawaiian boy, descendant of the oldest pure Hawaiian family in Honolulu. Mahi sings in a high, clear voice—almost soprano—all the songs which have become identified with the island. His closing number is always "My Island Love Song." He sings it beautifully, and he should; his grandmother wrote it.

Co-starred with Mahi was a dancer, Lei Aloha Cunningham, who is also Hawaiian. (The Cunningham was contributed by an American husband from whom she has been divorced.) I had seen hula dance before, not only in Hawaii, but at home, but I had never seen anything like Lei Aloha, so graceful, dignified, and regal.

As an old people-knower, I decided that these were people I very much wanted to know. I wrote a note, inviting them to our table, and asked the waiter to take it to them. They came over, looking very dignified, almost aloof.

They must decline my invitation, they told me, since they had two more shows to do. Mother and I stayed through both of them. It was wonderful, but I felt disappointed. I really wanted to know them.

Two days later, I had my chance. I was walking on the beach with one of the college boys I had met, and we ran into Mahi and Lei Aloha.

Mahi put out his hand and smiled very warmly. He's twenty-five, but looks about eighteen, and is very handsome and very charming.

"We're preparing for a luau tonight," he told us. "Won't you join us?"

We did, of course, and went with them to the restaurant. After the preparations for the feast were complete, we gathered around the piano and sang all the wonderful, romantic songs of the islands. It was a perfect preparation for my first luau.

Mother and I went to The Queen's Surf early that night and sat on the floor beside the festive tables. We ate everything. To our amazement, we discovered that we loved the poi and the raw salmon—the Hawaiian food. (Probably because we now had Hawaiian friends.)

Again Mahi and Lei Aloha did the shows that night, and again we stayed to see all of them. After that, I spent every night at The Queen's Surf and each night, after the last show, I went with Mahi and Lei Aloha to all sorts of truly Hawaiian, out-of-the-way places that very

My Mother Broke Up My Marriage . . .

Listening to the radio program "My True Story" will not only be interesting and exciting for you, but sooner or later you're very likely to hear a story that may have some connection with your life—or the life of someone you know. For these are stories about real people, taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. Be sure to listen.

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American Broadcasting Stations

"Devil's work," dad said, "no good can come of it." Read "Neither Girl Nor Boy" in September TRUE STORY magazine—at newsstands now.



ourists are fortunate enough to see. From then on the time, which had dragged at first, simply flew. There just weren't enough hours left to do all the things we wanted to do.

All too soon, the morning dawned when Mother and I had to board the SS *Lurline* and sail for home. It was a thrilling leave-taking, and somewhat sad—which was rather ironic. When we'd first arrived we'd been homesick—now we were glad to be leaving!

Everybody came to see us off—all the kids I had met at the University, all the boys I had swum with and surfed and sailed with and, most importantly, Mahi and Lei Aloha. Mahi sang and Lei danced, and all the people—even many we didn't even know—kissed us goodbye and piled us up to our eyes in leis. It was all unforgettable, but most of all, I will remember Mahi and Lei; they will always be two of my closest and dearest friends.

Finally, Mother and I made our way to the gangplank and aboard the ship. Everybody on shore was waving and crying, and so were we. Standing at the rail, we waved and cried some more. The band played and we waved and cried. The ship's whistles blared, and we waved and cried again. Slowly the big liner eased out into the channel. Still waving and crying, I started throwing my leis into the water, watching as the beach boys came swimming out to get them. When we couldn't see them any more, I went to our stateroom, collapsed on the bed—and cried some more.

After all the excitement of our last few days on the island and the colorful send-off, the crossing seemed rather uneventful, although there was plenty to do—more swimming and sunning, shuffleboard, miniature horse races (Mother was luckier at betting than I was). Part of the time the weather was unfriendly; then we kept pretty much to our stateroom or relaxed in our deck chairs. (Some sailors weren't!)

One night, there was an Hawaiian party. I wore my new Tiger sarong and won first prize. One day I took a try at trap shooting from the bow of the ship. For this no prizes, but a stiff shoulder.

Mostly, for the five days I rested, and read—no Nietzsche now, but romantic things like *Sayonara*. Much of the time I just sat and remembered the beauty of the islands, and the warm hospitality of my new friends.

After we docked in San Francisco, we spent two days with my married sister, Eddy, and her family. We showed them all our pictures and told all our tall tales. When we flew on to Los Angeles, where my father and Scott Marlowe met us at the airport.

Seeing their handsome, welcoming faces reminded us: We had been homesick in Hawaii—at first. Now, although it was wonderful to be back, I was already homesick for Hawaii!

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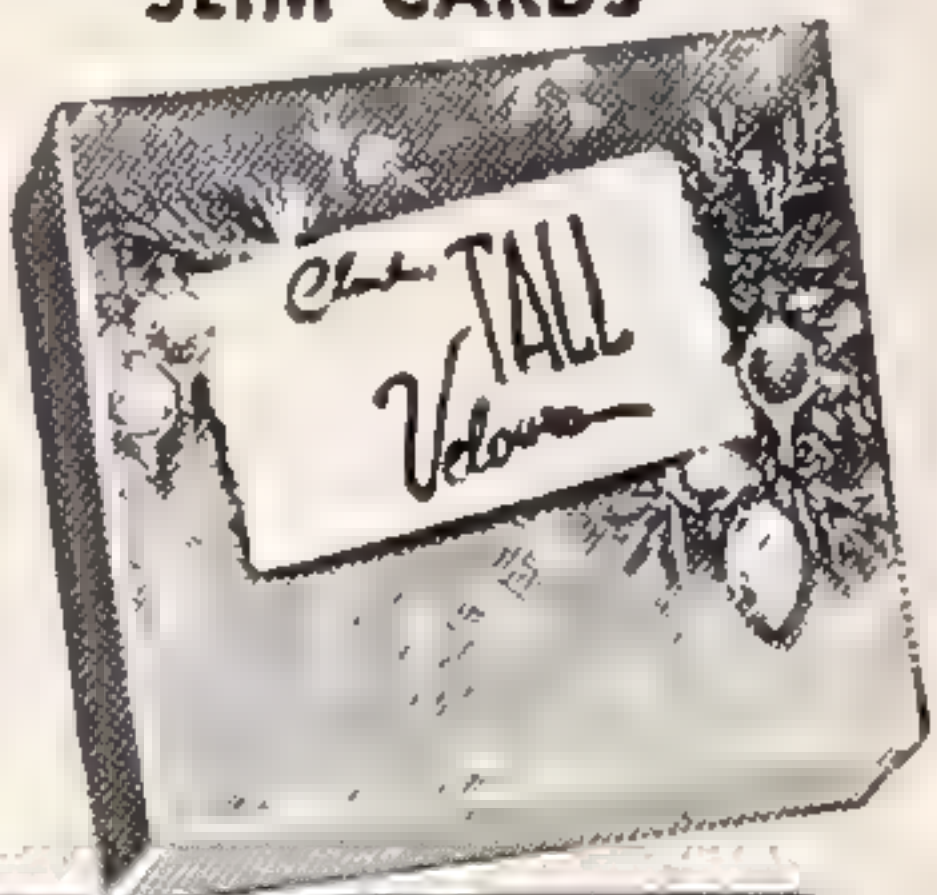
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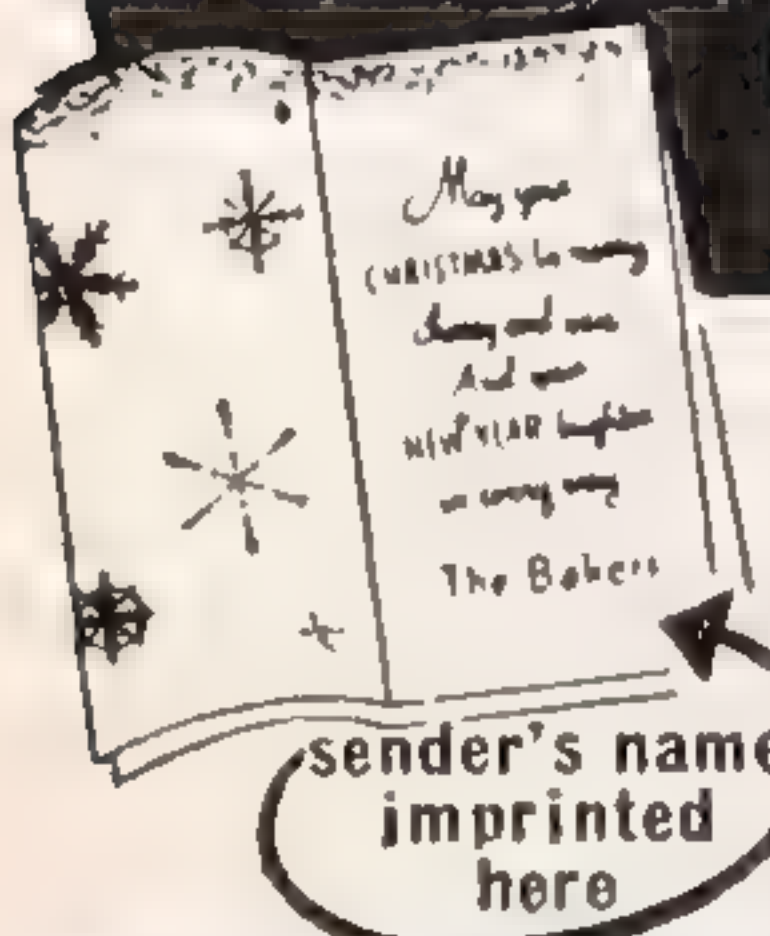
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No Risk On Your Part

All the Things Marriage Is Made Of

(Continued from page 49)

the two of them leaving a studio casting office, so discouraged, and Sue breaking into tears, crying, "They've got to see what you can do!"

Another is of them standing, hand in hand, like excited children, that first time in New York's Times Square, their hearts full, looking up at the marquee of the Paramount Theatre blazing out their triumph: "Starring ALAN LADD."

There's the day a weary-voiced Sue told Alan, "I can't marry you."

Then the camera of memory focuses on a hospital room, and on a white-faced Alan who hadn't slept in three days. Three days and three nights of sitting there beside Sue, being there if she should waken, silently but fiercely willing her his strength. . . .

These, for Sue and Alan Ladd, are the things a marriage is made of—and theirs is the story of two people who have lived almost as one, who have always been so married that, as Alan has said, "Sue knows me better than I know myself. You know, sometimes it frightens me. I start to say something—and Sue says it first."

It was that way from the beginning. Never "me," always "we." The screen's new heart-throb, the romantic "gat guy" with the steely eyes and the black-velvet voice, was almost a third party to them. As Alan explained it, "Susie and I—well, we think of Alan Ladd as somebody apart. When something seems right, we say, 'That would be very good for him.'"

Susie and I. There was no separating them from the start, regardless of those who might try. And there were those who did try—careless spreaders of the careless word that, for any but people like Sue and Alan, could have been the dynamite that might have blown their world to bits.

And go even farther back, if you will—go 'way back, and realize the difficulties a girl with Sue's background might have had, trying to understand a guy with Alan's background. A man more vain could have resented her success—and resented the occasional reminders of what she contributed to his success. Two people less in love could have been influenced by studio brass, who predicted marriage would mean the death of Alan's career. And their years together, living and working almost as one, could have strangled another marriage, less strong.

Pretty brown-eyed Sue Carol was the only daughter of a wealthy Chicago realtor. Her life had been filled with finishing schools and summer vacations in California and Switzerland. Without even caring too much, she'd become a successful star-ingenue in movies. But Sue has said of this: "Alan's career has always meant a lot more to me than mine ever did. I was just out there—and somebody said I was the type." Later, she became a successful agent, with plush offices on the Sunset Strip. Everywhere she turned she found herself touched by success.

For Alan, life had been hard and hungry. He was a graduate of the school of hard knocks, and he had the scars to prove it. Leaving his Arkansas birthplace when he was eight, he had migrated west with his mother and stepfather—an unemployed painter—in a wheezing jalopy that broke down all along the way. Alan scrounged around, learning what he could, when and how he could. But nothing could kill his restless desire to be somebody, to belong somewhere, to find his place in life and prove he belonged there. As a shield against disappoint-

ment and discouragement, he developed a toughness that could hide the hunger inside him—but not the hope.

He picked apricots and he fried hamburgers at drive-ins. He worked as a grip at Warner Brothers, rigging scaffolding high up on the sound stages, to light the magic of which, someday, he silently vowed, he would be a part. He struggled for five years to be an actor. By the time he met Sue, his silky, deep voice had opened the door for him in radio. CBS wanted to talk to him about signing with them. But the break he wanted in pictures would never come for him, he was sure, the day he opened one more door and walked into another life.

Nor had Sue Carol known exactly what to expect that day. She had been intrigued by the performance of an unknown actor on a radio show, and she had phoned, asking him to come see her. But, she thought as she waited, he was probably paunchy, with thinning hair.

Remembering now, the fellow in the blue sport shirt and white sweater and his pretty Sue, so chic in pink, look at each other in their Palm Springs living room and grin.

"Alan was wearing a long white polo coat," Sue recalls. "He was very tan and blond and handsome—and he said he wasn't in pictures! I couldn't see why."

"Why don't you let the public decide?" Sue had asked him then. As far as he was concerned, Alan said, Hollywood had already decided. And he knew he could work in radio.

But the next day, driving along the Sunset Strip to keep his CBS appointment, Alan had stopped at Sue's office and gone in. "I walked into her office to tell Sue I wasn't going to sign with her. I'd had no intention of signing when I said, 'Where's your contract?' I don't know why I signed," Alan says now. But then, he always had an instinctive heart and a quick, experienced eye. The much, at least, life had given him.

But nothing about his life had ever prepared him for faith and understanding like Sue's. From the very beginning, she fought with all her heart and know-how determined to get him his chance. As she explains now, "Alan was always so much more appreciative than the other people our agency had—and for the smallest thing you could get for him, an interview, a bit part, anything."

And the public, which was to be the final judge?

"The public had no choice," Alan smiles now. "Susie just wouldn't give up. No matter what a studio casting director wanted, I was always 'just the type.' They'd ask her if I could sing and dance—and Sue would just blink those big brown eyes and say, 'Yes, he can!'"

"But the funny thing was," says Sue, "Alan really could sing. They just wouldn't give him the chance. Alan's voice has a terrific quality. He would be great in musicals now."

Yes, in Sue's opinion he could—he can do anything. And he frequently did.

"I was a ski instructor in a movie 20th Century-Fox," Alan recalls, "and would spend all day putting on my skis and going up and down. About the same time, Sue got me an interview for a commercial film. It was for an insurance company and they wanted somebody to age from 18 to 80. She told them I was just the type."

"That night when I was through skiing I went over to see them. They sat me down in a chair. They pushed my feet

up and wrinkled it and put on spirit gum. Then they yanked the gum off, leaving the 'wrinkles' there. One guy stood back and asked the other, 'Well, what do you think?' Then they did the whole bit again, putting on the spirit gum and yanking it off until my face felt like raw hamburger. But I got the part. I'd work nights there until 3:00 A.M., get three hours' sleep, and be back on my skis again over at Fox.

"I went to Chicago for another commercial film," Alan continues. "I got \$500 a week and I got to wear a dinner jacket and carve a turkey. It was fine experience—and I learned how to carve."

But there were other, leaner weeks during those first few years, when there wasn't any turkey. Days when it seemed as if all the faith and talent combined—all their teamwork—wasn't going to get Alan his chance.

"When we least expect it, a part will jump up," Sue assured Alan then. "You'll see." It was always darkest before dawn, he told him, running through all the comforting bromides used to bolster battered spirits and egos. But leaving a studio one day, Sue burst into tears, feeling she was failing Alan. "We'd missed quite a few jobs then," she recalls. And that day Alan snapped me out of it."

And finally, sure enough, the dawn they'd waited for came. After some seventy bit parts on the screen, Alan gave a performance in "Joan of Paris" at RKO that led to a test for the part of the cool-triggered, cat-loving killer, *Raven*, in *This Gun for Hire*. The part that would make Alan Ladd a star.

After this one picture, Alan was the fans' idol and Hollywood's heralded new star. With security in sight, he asked Sue to marry him. "I guess I fell in love with Sue that first day I walked into her office. I saw her—and that was it. When two people click," Alan says simply, "that's it." Then a shocked Alan heard Sue say she couldn't marry him. Unknown to Alan, studio executives had gone to Sue with long faces and said marriage would endanger Alan's whole future—the future he had fought so hard for. When Alan found this out, he went to the studio boss and blew his top, reminding them he was the reason he even had a career, and adding pointedly that, unless he married her, there would be no career.

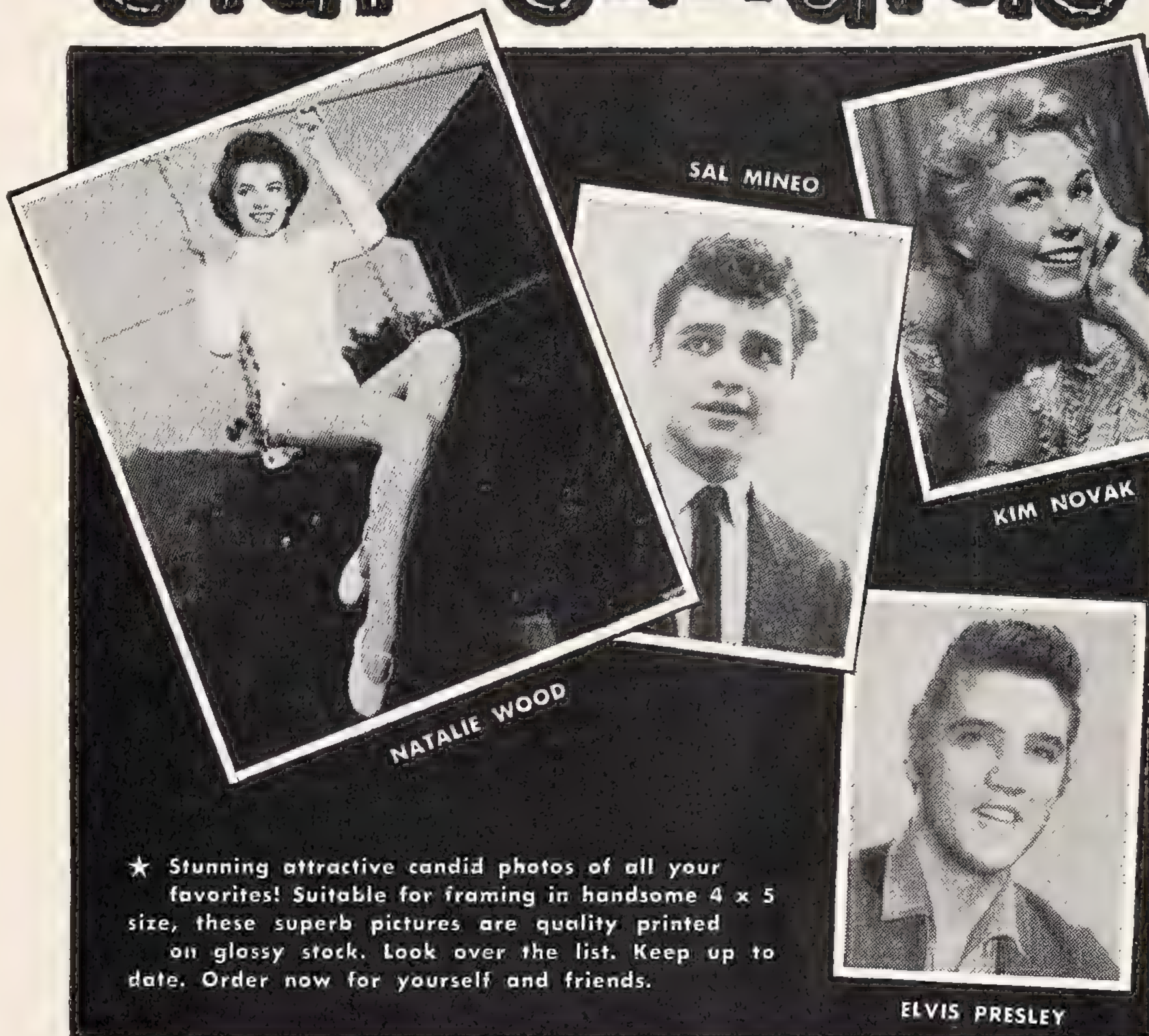
They were married twice—the first time while Alan was on location in Mexico. But you don't feel very married in Mexico." So they had a religious ceremony in Santa Ana later on, "a very sweet marriage, with just a few close friends there." And Dixie and Bing Crosby named them their Rancho Santa Fe home for their honeymoon.

They lived in Sue's comfortable old brick home in the older section of Hollywood, until Alan could build the elegant house he planned to give her. And from the beginning they proved the studio economists wrong. The fans took both odds to heart, loving Sue all the more, because she was so important to Alan.

It took World War II to separate them. Alan enlisted three months before their first-born, Alana, arrived. He was the hottest property in Hollywood, king of the box office, and leading every fan poll. He'd starved and struggled all his life to be somebody, and some professional burners were quick to say, "Kid, nobody will remember you. You'll have to start all over again."

The brick house waited for him, the way you can feel a house waiting for a man to come home. And the house began to breathe again when a bronzed figure in a tiki came through the door, clutching

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| 4. Clark Gable | 88. Tony Martin | 174. Rita Gam | 207. Eddie Fisher |
| 5. Alan Ladd | 91. John Derek | 175. Charlton Heston | 209. Liberace |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 92. Guy Madison | 176. Steve Cochran | 211. Bob Francis |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 94. Mario Lanza | 177. Richard Burton | 212. Grace Kelly |
| 8. Rita Hayworth | 97. Kirk Douglas | 179. Julius La Rosa | 213. James Dean |
| 9. Esther Williams | 103. Scott Brady | 180. Lucille Ball | 214. Sheree North |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 105. Vic Damone | 181. Eve Arden | 215. Kim Novak |
| 14. Cornel Wilde | 106. Shelley Winters | 182. Jack Webb | 216. Richard Davalos |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 107. Richard Todd | 185. Richard Egan | 217. Julie Adams |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 109. Dean Martin | 187. Jeff Richards | 218. Eva Marie Saint |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 110. Jerry Lewis | 190. Pat Crowley | 219. Natalie Wood |
| 21. Bob Mitchum | 111. Howard Keel | 191. Robert Taylor | 220. Dewey Martin |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 112. Susan Hayward | 192. Jean Simmons | 221. Joan Collins |
| 23. Bing Crosby | 113. Barbara Stanwyck | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 222. Jayne Mansfield |
| 25. Dale Evans | 117. Terry Moore | 198. Gale Storm | 223. Sal Mineo |
| 27. June Allyson | 121. Tony Curtis | 199. Dinah Shore | 224. Shirley Jones |
| 31. Glenn Ford | 124. Gail Davis | 200. Barry Nelson | 225. Elvis Presley |
| 33. Gene Autry | 127. Piper Laurie | | |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 128. Debbie Reynolds | | |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 135. Jeff Chandler | | |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 136. Rock Hudson | | |
| 51. Doris Day | 137. Stewart Granger | | |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 139. Debra Paget | | |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 140. Dale Robertson | | |
| 54. Mona Freeman | 141. Marilyn Monroe | | |
| 56. Perry Como | 142. Leslie Caron | | |
| 57. Bill Holden | 143. Pier Angeli | | |
| 65. Jane Powell | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | | |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 145. Marlon Brando | | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 146. Aldo Ray | | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 147. Tab Hunter | | |
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Sue in one arm and his first three-day pass in the other.

Marriage, for Alan, too, is made of other war-time memories.

"Like Susie coming up to Walla Walla, Washington, when I was stationed at the B-17 base there. She took a little room in a hotel. One night when I got back from the base, Susie had gone to the dime store and picked up a tall vase, and a little pot she planted with Philodendron—things like that. She soon made it home.

"One of the sergeants' wives had an apartment, and Sue would go over there and prepare the food," Alan goes on. "She used to gather up all the meat ration points and make a picnic in the park for a lot of guys from the base and their wives. I was getting \$68.50 a month. We were running a house in town, we had Carol Lee, Laddie and Alana to care for, and I thought I was going overseas any minute. Nobody knew what would happen—and I don't think ham sandwiches and potato salad ever tasted as good."

As it happened, instead of going to Guadalcanal with a film unit, Alan was assigned to the Motion Picture Unit in Hollywood. When he was discharged, he still led all the stars in fan mail. Although Sue had stopped representing him as an agent when they were married, they continued as a team in any thinking about Alan's future.

To any who have implied Sue dominated his motion-picture career, Alan has always said, "Sue's influence has always been that of a wife, a sweetheart, and a best friend. I've always had the greatest respect for her opinion. She knows the business and she's wonderful to talk to. We weigh decisions, thrash things out."

They strengthen and complement each other. Alan's the impulsive one, the hot-idea man who's always making with the plans, while Sue usually handles the paper work and tries to make the pieces fit. "We're both impulsive," she smiles. "I just say, 'Let's think about it first.'"

"Sue's more practical—except with me," says Alan. "I may get hair-brained ideas and she'll go along with me. But one thing I'll say about Susie, when I get it all fouled up and get in a corner, she'll pull me out of it."

"That's one thing we argue about," adds Sue. "Alan has such terrific ideas, and I'm always saying, 'It can't be done.' And he's usually right—it can."

Sue has often given Alan the confidence he's had to have, the faith his life had denied him. She is calmer by temperament than Alan, who goes from 'way up to ditch-down. She often just voices what Alan wants done, saving him the lengthy telephoning he dislikes and all the more boring details.

As Sue says, "Alan frets about little things, but if something big comes up he's wonderful. In a crisis, Alan's always so calm and collected."

Not, however in one crisis. Not during those three nightmare days and nights when doctors thought Sue wouldn't pull through. "When all I could do was sit in the corner of Susie's room feeling so helpless, just staring into space," Alan says slowly now.

Complications had developed during pregnancy, and during those critical hours, one of the hospital staff informed Alan that they might not only lose the baby, "but sometimes we lose the mother, too." A shocked Alan looked at Sue, and he could tell by her eyes she had heard. White-lipped with anger and with his own fear, Alan's last words as they wheeled Sue to the delivery room were in the grim low steely voice usually reserved for the screen. "Bring her back, hear?"

They brought her back, along with healthy, lusty-lunged son, David Al. And his father began building the elegant French Normandie house in Holm Hills that he'd been building in his mind for Sue ever since they were married. Alan haunted the place, making an eager hand for the carpenters. And at night many times, he and Sue would take flashlights and make the rounds, watching their house grow.

But as an equally impulsive Fate timer, he was also soon buying a ranch, a taking the Ladds really outdoors—'way out. "I went to a ranch to help a friend move a piece of furniture into a caretaker's house. I looked across the valley and loved it, and we bought the place twenty minutes later."

And so Sue, who cared little about ranches or roughing it, was soon pioneering. There was only a lean-to and a garage on the property, and as usual Alan had long-range plans to be executed immediately.

"Sue, let's make a room out of one of the stalls in the garage," he suggested.

"Don't be foolish, Alan. We couldn't do that," she said, even as she began burning there.

"And we can make a kitchen out of the porch," Alan continued.

"It just won't work," said Sue, who admittedly is less talented for visualizing the impossible, before it's accomplished.

Alan kept inching more space for more rooms until Sue had said, "Now where do we put the car? Don't tell me—in barn." Which they did.

"One thing about our marriage, never been dull!" Sue laughs now.

For example, says Alan, "Some years later, we're in Palm Springs. I'm getting a hamburger in the drugstore and Sue's over looking at some magazines. It's a pretty day, the sun's shining, the air full of sparkle, and I'm asking the waitress, 'Any property available in the vicinity?'"

"The best real estate man in town is sitting next to you," the waitress said.

They looked at three houses, and Alan fell in love with the third one. A picturesque pink and charcoal modern wanders around in a relaxed way, with glass walls. "I made a deposit on a much smaller figure than they wanted, never really dreaming we'd get it." It was, not until he noticed the house number was 323, the same as their house in town. "Sue, look! We'll get the house," he said confidently.

And they did. "Now all we need is more bedrooms," Alan said thoughtfully. "Who's the builder of this property?" asked the real estate man. "I'd like to talk to him."

The builder, Bob Higgins, a tall headed Irishman with a warm smile, had gone to school with Alan at North Hollywood High. Bringing each other up to date, Higgins said he'd always wanted to build houses, and Alan said, with familiar glint in his eye, "I've thought like to be in the hardware business."

And so, before long they were partners in The Higgins-Ladd Hardware, built a jewel of a modern store on Palm Springs' main street. They have a trade with builders throughout the flourishing desert area, and their regular star-customers include Gregory Peck, Lucille Ball, Frank Sinatra and Cary Grant. Sue personally supervises and handles the buying for their imported toys department and explores wholesale houses for the smartest lines of dishes and glassware. Alan's department? "Guns, I got I ordered them and set up the department. And tools—I've always gone for them. This latest venture, based like all

ventures on the solid bedrock of their marriage, is already a great success.

Continued success, however, has in no way changed the rhythm of their life together. Alan has always made Sue feel her importance in his life. "In any crowd, wherever we are," Sue says fondly, "Alan always makes me feel like the most important gal in the room. And he always tries to make me feel important to his business, that my opinion means so much to him."

Not that they always agree—far from it. "We both have strong wills," Sue says frankly, "but we thrash things out. Sometimes I'll convince Alan; sometimes he'll convince me."

If you ask them to name the most important attribute in making theirs a strong marriage, Sue says, "Companionship—being considerate of each other." "Honesty," says Alan. "Sometimes we hurt each other, and we've gotten hurt. But at least we're honest with each other."

Sometimes, like newlyweds, they'll sit and talk the sun up, planning for the future of their family—Carol Lee, who works for their own Jaguar Productions; Laddie, a fine-looking husky freshman at USC; Alana, 13; and David, a very busy 9.

Like any parents, Alan and Sue have their own individual views on how to raise their family. Sue believes Alan is inclined to be too strict, while Alan is equally convinced that Susie's a soft touch "and just too lenient with them."

"I don't think I'm too lenient," counters Sue. "We make them earn their allowances, and I don't think that spoils them. Laddie gets fifteen dollars a week, but he has to buy his lunches and gasoline out of that, and he has to earn it by weeding the hill and property around our house in town. Alana, who gets two dollars a week, keeps her own room in order."

Alan makes "the rounds of the house every evening" and hears all the problems of the family, but their daughters are Sue's department, generally speaking. Alan admittedly isn't too effective in dealing with the girls' problems. As he said to Sue recently, "You know, I think I'm scared of girls. I just don't know how to talk to them."

One evening recently, Alan and Sue were running a movie at home for the family. Thirteen-year-old Alana had invited a boyfriend over and during the course of the picture, Alan saw the boy put his arm around her. He left the room and called out to Sue in a loud voice to accompany him. He was white and shaken.

"Did you see that?" he thundered. "Yes, I did. But it's better that it happens here at home," Sue said, trying to calm him. "Now don't you say anything."

They went back inside and Alan tried not to say anything. But, noting the boy's arm remained around his daughter, Alan finally could stand it no longer. "Are you enjoying the picture?" he asked Alana pointedly.

"Yes, Daddy," she sighed happily.

Across the room, Sue smiled at her husband with the ancient wisdom of women, and Alan understood—or thought he did. And later, walking across the moonlight-covered grounds of the house that love built, Alan's hand found Sue's and held it hard. They spoke no words—there were no words to say except the ones they'd repeated so often: "I love you."

The struggling young actor had said it . . . the lonely corporal had written it . . . he desperately worried young husband seated beside his wife's hospital bed had prayed it . . . and the successful producer, Varners' top box-office draw named Alan Ladd, said it, too, on that night when they were new, as always, that marriage—their marriage—is forever.

THE END



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(Continued from page 40)

introduced to him in the Green Room—which, in theatre circles, is a gathering place backstage, sort of a reception room where actors get together before or after a show. As I recall, Jimmy made no impression on me at all. He was quiet, almost sullen, and seemed to resent the fact that he had been asked to work in the show.

When "Macbeth" opened and started its two-week run, the reviews in *Spotlight*, the Theatre Arts Department's newspaper, were not kind. As for Jimmy's performance, it said only, "Malcolm (James Dean) failed to show any growth, and would have made a hollow king." It was true that Jimmy's acting was not good. His Indiana twang made Shakespeare's immortal lines sound more like they had been written by Mark Twain and were being delivered by Herb Shriner. It was obvious that James Dean was not one of UCLA's outstanding acting talents. As a matter of fact, it seemed that it would have been wise for some close friend to advise him to forget any theatrical aspirations. No, indeed, James Dean just didn't have it—not then, at any rate.

Among some of the more dedicated actors on campus, there was a feeling that UCLA was not providing enough in the way of acting guidance and training. The regular classes were considered totally inadequate, in the light of the upsurge of a "new school" of acting that was emanating from far-off New York. I had briefly met James Whitmore, who had just won an Academy Award nomination for his acting in "Battleground." Noting the dissatisfaction on campus, it occurred to me that Whitmore, a graduate of the Actor's Wing in New York, might be able to solve our problem.

Whitmore, himself, had found that Hollywood was completely lacking any type of acting school in which he could continue his studies and was, as a result, greatly interested in such a project. He suggested that I invite eight or nine people from UCLA whom I felt would be seriously interested in pursuing their drama studies more intensely. He insisted, however, that we were not to consider him a teacher, but merely someone who was there to guide us and learn with us. As carefully as possible, I selected the students whom I felt would most appreciate and benefit from this advance training.

During the UCLA run of "Macbeth," a Hollywood agent saw Jimmy and approached him with the proposition of representing him. The idea of an honest-to-goodness agent, regardless of how unimportant he was, believing he had a potential, so flattered Jimmy's ego that he decided it was an actor's life for him from then on. This new dedication, coupled with the fact that Jimmy and I had become good friends, convinced me that he should be invited to join the Whitmore class.

Jimmy completed the group of nine. We began to meet several times a week in a room above the Brentwood Country Mart. The first meeting found us all tense and anxious. An air of quiet excitement hung over the group. We were about to hear the magic words that would reveal to us the secret of acting. It didn't take Whitmore long to dispel all that nonsense and plunge us headlong into serious and intense study. So, listening attentively, and reading faithfully from our copies of Stanislavsky's *An Actor Prepares*, we waited for something to happen.

About this time, Jimmy confided to me that he was finding it increasingly difficult to tolerate his fraternity brothers. It seems they suffered from the slightly dated and

provincial attitude that there was definitely something wrong with anyone who was interested in the theatre. Considering Jimmy's hyper-sensitivity to the subject, it was no wonder that he was rubbed the wrong way by the jibes of a fraternity brother one night during a stag party. Jimmy took the snide remarks as an insult and the affair ended in a fist fight. It was with mutual sentiments that Jimmy and his fraternity brothers parted company. Since both of us were then in search of living quarters, we decided to combine forces and find a place together.

Eventually, we found a three-room apartment which had been constructed on top of an apartment building near the beach in Santa Monica. It was artfully done—a place, we felt sure, where budding young artists could grow. Although it was too expensive for our limited budgets, we were unable to resist its charm, and so we moved in.

"The Penthouse," as we called it, was the scene of Jimmy's intellectual awakening. Living in such close quarters, it didn't take me long to discover that my friend was greatly lacking in plain old everyday knowledge. It was amazing how little he actually knew about art, literature, music, history, politics, and the like. I think it was the excitement over the Whitmore acting group and his new agent that made Jimmy want to start learning more about everything. He wanted to be completely prepared for anything life might present. He had often expressed a desire to grow intellectually, to broaden his scope of understanding, but had never actually started on an all-out campaign.

We would read, sometimes to each other then we'd discuss what we had read with other members of the group or with friends. Sometimes, with our girls, we would read from Stanislavsky, Henry Miller, or Kenneth Patchen. Jimmy tried very hard to perfect his diction by reading aloud from various plays, acting out every part himself. He kept a dictionary at hand to look up any word he didn't know.

So it went for several months.

Those were the lean months. Jimmy had no income, and I was barely able to scrape together enough for food and rent from a part-time job as an usher at CBS. Somehow we managed, in spite of the fact that our combined resources rarely exceeded \$30 a week. Each month, when rent time rolled around, there was a scramble to gather together the few dollars that people owed to either of us and to borrow whatever we were lacking.

When we first moved in, the electric had not been turned on and we were forced to use candlelight for several nights. However, the effect was so pleasing, we decided to dedicate at least one night a week exclusively to the use of candles. This had the inspirational effect of candlelight, and, at the same time, saved on our electricity. Sometimes on "Lightless Friday" a group of us would lounge around the apartment, listening to classical music and learning to identify the selections. The mood was warm and friendly, and there was always the feeling that something important was happening to every one of us.

Food was very often a serious problem. I remember once, shortly after we had paid the rent and we were both flat broke, sitting down to a dinner consisting of oatmeal mixed to taste with mayonnaise or jam. One successful scheme we used to keep from starving was to invite several friends up for dinner, then pool the pennies we all had, and prepare rice and spaghetti dishes. Times were hard,



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unately we were able to keep laughing at least most of the time. However, Jimmy was subject to frequent moods of depression and would slip off into a silent mood at least once a day. During these periods, I found it impossible to communicate with him, and I soon learned to ignore him or avoid him completely. Sometimes he would sit quietly thinking for hours; other times he would read or write, making only occasional grunting noises when a question was put to him. Very often he would take long walks late at night, mostly to the amusement pier in Venice, a few miles away, where he would watch and study the people. But, invariably, he would snap to after a few hours and never acknowledge the fact that he had caused anyone concern or offense. Jimmy's moods ended as abruptly as they began.

It must have been an act of God that led my mother to decide to pay me a visit at this time. When she arrived from the East, we invited her to stay with us in our modest quarters. Her arrival was like a ray of heavenly sunlight. As soon as she saw our barren larder, she headed for the local supermarket where she bought everything in sight. She cooked plentiful meals for us and saw to it that the apartment was clean.

Jimmy liked Mother at first, but soon he became uncomfortable. He was always embarrassed when people did things for him. He disliked the feeling of obligation that goes with the acceptance of a favor. He knew he was in no position to repay with tokens of kindness or appreciation. He hadn't matured enough to realize that her payment came in the form of keeping him well-fed, clean, and happy. One rainy day, Mother decided to stay and clean the apartment, and fix a fine dinner for that evening. Jimmy also re-

mained in the apartment the whole day. When I returned from work that evening, I found Mother in tears. Jimmy, it seems, had spent the entire day working sullenly on a mobile he was constructing. He had not spoken to her all day and had only grunted in response to her questions and attempts at conversation. It was all very upsetting for Mother, who didn't even know what the crazy thing was Jimmy had been building. She had not experienced his moods before and was under the impression that she had offended him. Jimmy didn't seem to feel remiss, nor did he apologize. Instead, he slumped into his chair at dinner and shoveled her carefully prepared meal into his mouth with boorish abandon. During the remainder of her visit, Mother avoided staying in the apartment alone with Jimmy.

When she left, we drove her to the depot. While she was checking her luggage, Jimmy disappeared for a few moments. When he returned, he presented her with a box of candy, for Mother's Day, which he had bought with his last dollar. Included with the gift was a photograph of himself which she had admired. He had signed the picture: "To my second mother—Love, Jimmy." Knowing that his mother had died when Jimmy was only nine, Mother was deeply touched, although somewhat confused by his seemingly sudden switch in attitude. It wasn't until a few years later, when I explained that it was simply Jimmy's nature to be moody and that he had really liked her very much, that she understood. Neither of us knew then that she was to be the first in a series of "second mothers" for Jimmy.

Up to that point, the only job Jimmy's agent had been able to get him was a television commercial in which he danced around a jukebox with a girl and another boy. He got \$30 for that first professional

job, and didn't talk much about it. The money didn't last long and, after several weeks of waiting and hoping for something else to come up, Jimmy took the situation into his own hands. He went back to the studio where the TV commercial had been filmed and asked if there was anything else on the fire in which they could use him. He read for them and was assigned a role in a full-length television feature. He was to play young John, the Baptist, in an Easter film called, "Hill Number One."

About a week before he was to start the film, while in the Whitmore class, Jimmy suddenly seemed to get the message—the "golden secret"—which, I feel, started him on the road to becoming a true artist. Jimmy and I were doing an impromptu scene, set up by Whitmore. Secretly, Whitmore told me I was to play a jeweler who had repaired a watch Jimmy had brought in and I had since learned that the watch was stolen. It was my job to detain Jimmy until the police could arrive. Jimmy was told, without my knowledge, that he must get the watch at any cost and catch a train out of town in ten minutes in order to avoid being caught by the police.

We tried the scene several times, but it was flat and uninteresting. Each time, either I gave the watch to Jimmy, or he left without it, neither of us putting up much of a fight. Whitmore finally stopped us and talked about the singleness of purpose in a scene such as this and how one could achieve that attitude through intense concentration. He spoke of a type of concentration we had never imagined possible. His explanation seemed to hit Jimmy right where it was supposed to.

We tried the scene again. At first, the noticeable change that came over Jimmy was almost frightening. With grim deter-

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mination he set himself to the desperate task of getting that watch. Nothing else in the world mattered to him. The more he insisted, the more I refused. The more demanding and insulting he became, the more emphatic I became in my refusal. The fist fight that resulted had to be broken up by Whitmore and the others.

When it was over, Jimmy and I were both amazed, and we felt refreshed, as though we had just been given a shock treatment. From that moment on, everything he heard, everything he read, everything he did seemed to have new meaning for Jimmy. Until then he had *understood* everything, but now he was able to *apply* it. For the first time, acting made sense to him.

Jimmy carried this newly acquired understanding with him into the filming of "Hill Number One." When the picture was released on television Easter weekend, the reviews of his acting were filled with praise. His agent had contacted several producers and asked them to watch the film. They were impressed with Jimmy, but, as is so often the case, that was as far as it went. Jimmy had hoped for more than praise and he was terribly disappointed when the jobs didn't start rolling in. After all, he insisted, shouldn't an actor who has proven his worth be employed? He still had to learn that this is one of the most heartbreaking aspects of the acting profession.

Before long, Jimmy was out of money again and needed a job. I was still working as an usher at CBS in Hollywood and, after much persuasion, I was able to convince my boss to hire Jimmy. Although he had taught sports at a small military academy near Los Angeles one summer, Jimmy found it impossible to conform to the regimentation of an usher's life. He resented wearing the uniform—the "monkey suit," as he called it—and refused to take the directives of the head ushers with appropriate seriousness. As a result, unprecedented as it was at CBS, Jimmy was released after one short week, during which he had managed to provoke the wrath of every one of his superiors. After that, I just smiled blandly when they would sneeringly refer to him as "your friend, Dean." Having committed the unpardonable sin of introducing the corruptive influence of James Dean into the orderly, well-organized pattern of the CBS machine, I had to remain constantly on guard, lest I make another dreadful mistake. Jimmy accepted his dubious notoriety with devilish glee and gracefully lapsed into a status of being unemployed.

He began dating Beverly Wills, daughter of the noted comedienne, Joan Davis. I had introduced them at CBS, where Beverly was acting on the radio show, *Junior Miss*. They soon found that they had a great deal in common, mostly their love for sports, and started spending much time together. Beverly introduced Jimmy to the world of young Hollywood, where he found new interests and excitement in meeting and getting to know up-and-coming stars like Debbie Reynolds. However, there was one serious flaw in the relationship, Beverly's mother. Jimmy's lack of social grace and his candid frankness unnerved Joan Davis so much, there was constant friction between them. It soon became apparent that Jimmy's relationship with Beverly was destined to be short-lived.

Going with a girl like Beverly made money more important to Jimmy. He was forced to take a part-time job parking cars in the lot next to CBS. Since his hours were irregular and flexible, he was able to search for acting jobs on the side. Most of the CBS radio directors and producers parked their cars in the lot, and Jimmy

soon got to know them. Eventually, or two of them discovered he was actor and decided to give him a chance their shows. He did a few bit parts several dramatic radio shows and even got a walk-on in one Alan Young show. He also arranged for interview at the major studios, through a friend who had done some bit roles in movies, and managed to snare bit parts in "Sailor Beware," starring Martin and Lewis; "Anybody Seen My Gal?" starring Richard Hudson; and "Fixed Bayonets," starring Richard Basehart.

In spite of the jobs he seemed to be getting, Jimmy was dissatisfied and impatient. The Whitmore classes had been a journey for the summer, he had broken off with Beverly, and he was becoming increasingly restless. His personal life didn't seem to have any order. He had recently met several established actors and directors, such as David Wayne and Bud Boetticher, whom he found intellectually stimulating. Their strong influence on Jimmy prompted him to delve even deeper into the realms of the abstract and the esoteric. What he found made him eager for more and greater sources of truth and wisdom. Hollywood

.....
Recently, the James Dean Memorial Foundation was established in memory of the late actor. One of its main objectives is to provide educational and financial assistance to young people and organizations toward the furtherance of the dramatic, musical and literary arts and sciences. Anyone interested in this worthy organization can contact: The James Dean Memorial Foundation, Inc., Hotel Excelsior, Suite 208, 45 West 81 St., New York, N. Y.

.....
didn't hold the answer for him and knew it. He wanted to soar, but he didn't know how.

A great boredom set in. Through some of his newly acquired friends, Jimmy was introduced to the plush life on Sun Strip. He had little to do but loll around the pool at the Sunset Plaza where some of his friends were staying and make clever talk with the "Strip Set."

It would be completely wrong, however, to say that Jimmy did not grow during this period. He was an attentive listener and had a tenacious memory. He picked up a great deal from the people with whom he was associating, and he made it a point to study in detail any subjects they discussed which were unfamiliar to him. In an amazingly short time he became well-versed in the subjects of modern contemporary literature, and progress in classical music. But, the shallow veneer of Strip life eventually wore thin, and boredom grew and grew. There was more than this waiting for James Dean somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew it. That was the reason he made the decision that was to change the pattern of his life so radically.

Next month, Bill Bast will tell Jimmy Dean's move to New York, of intense struggle to find acting jobs, new, influential people he met, and little-known facts behind the events leading up to the biggest break of his career. Part II of "There Was a Boy" in October Photoplay On Sale September 6



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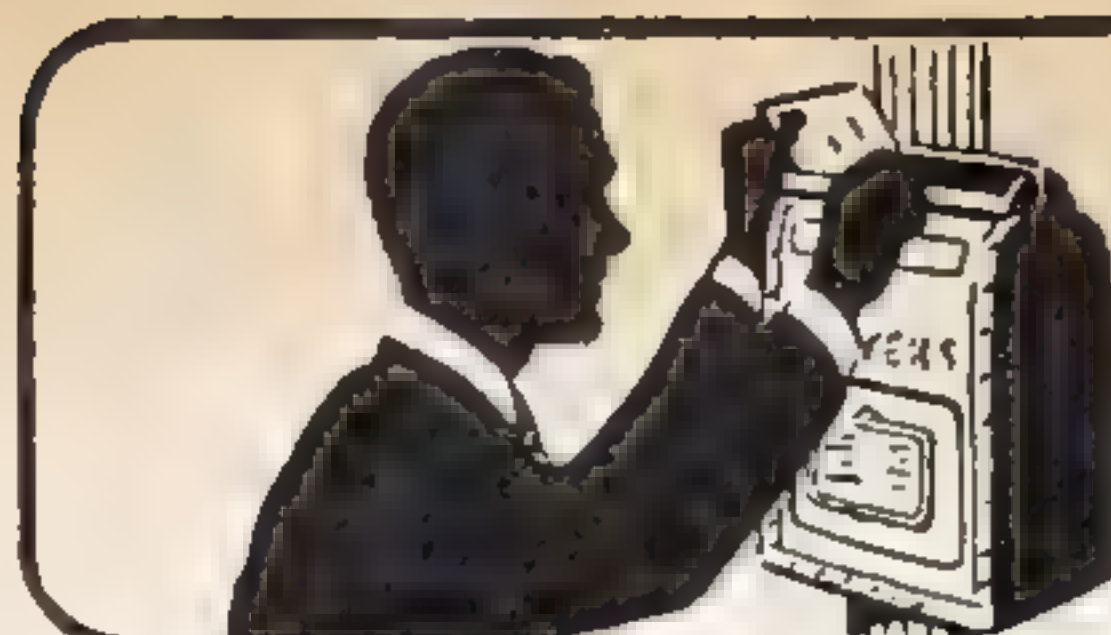
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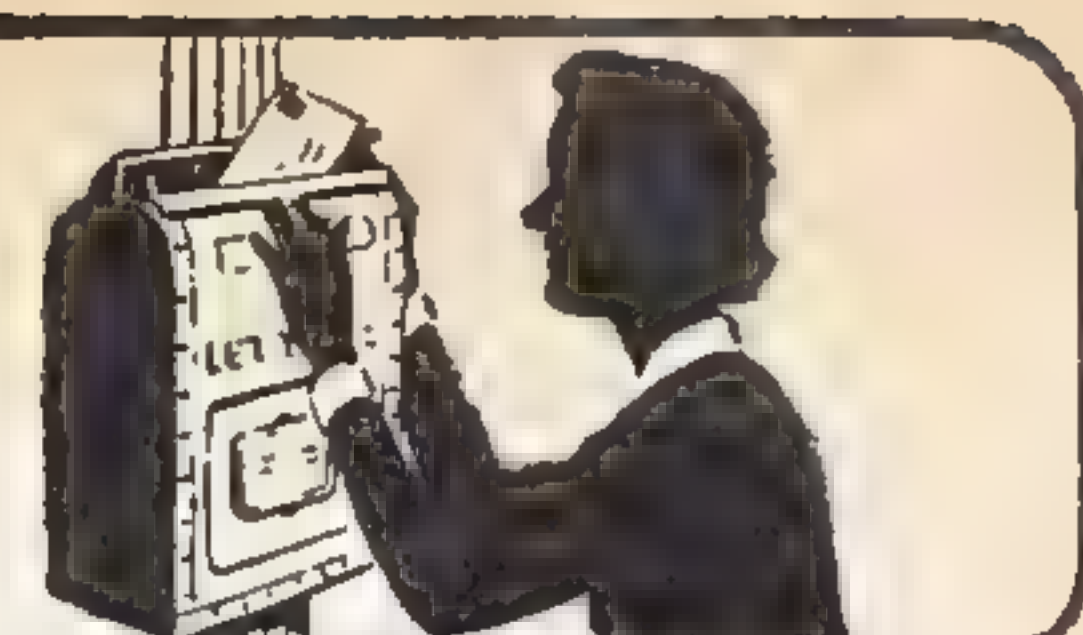
PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color portrait of James Dean by Avery;
Rock Hudson by Estabrook, Ornitz; Rita
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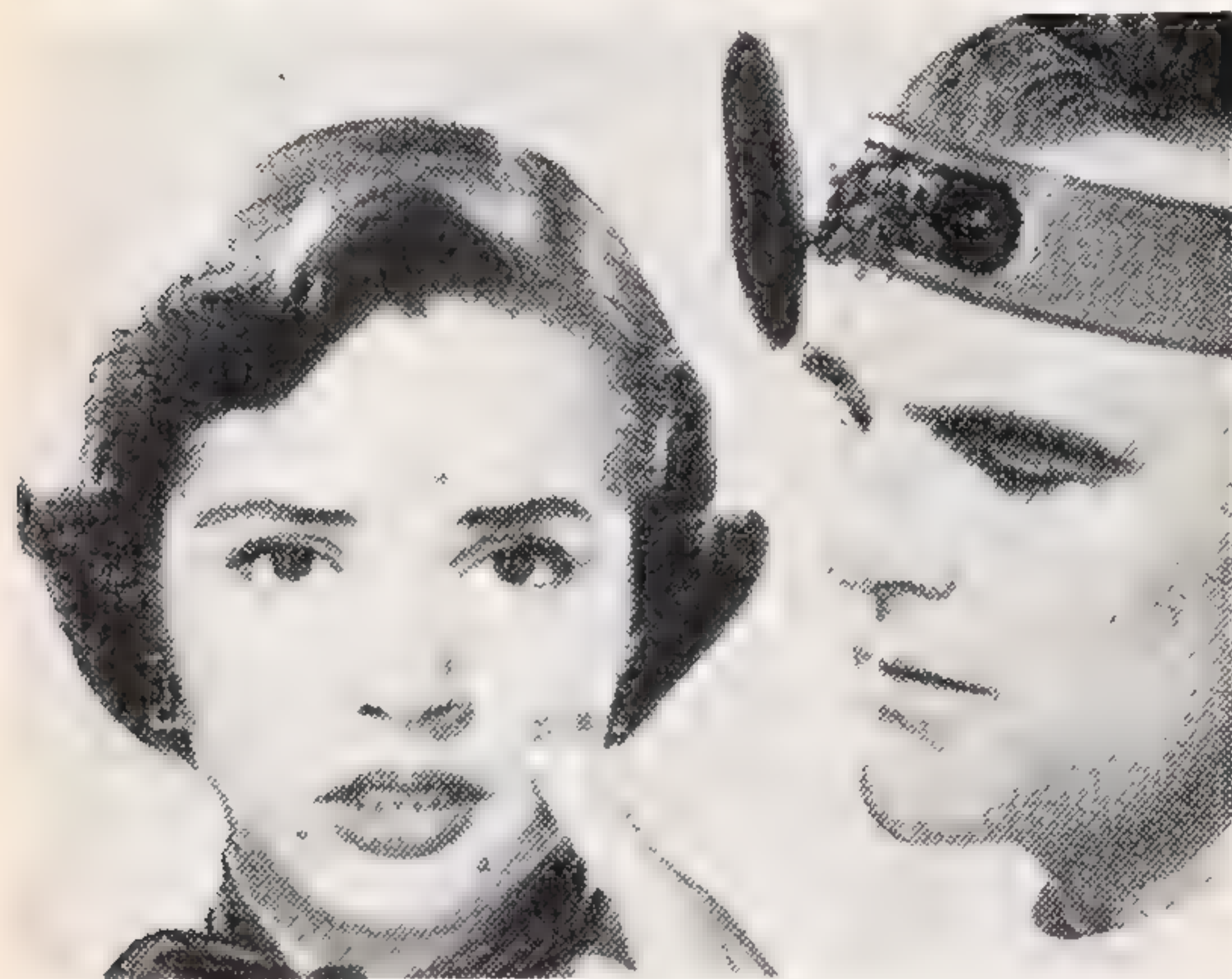


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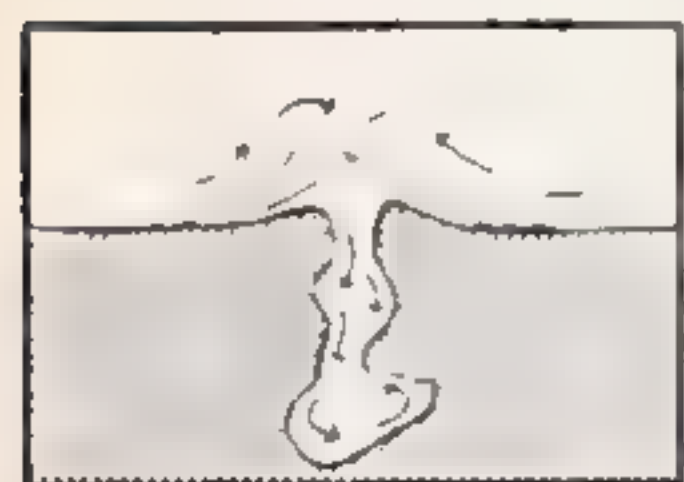
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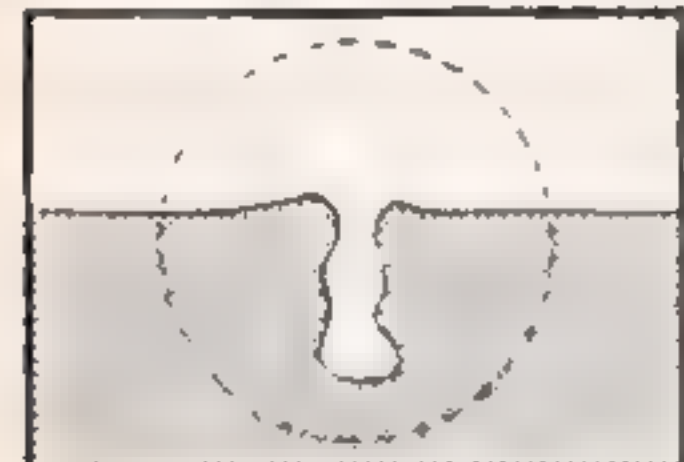


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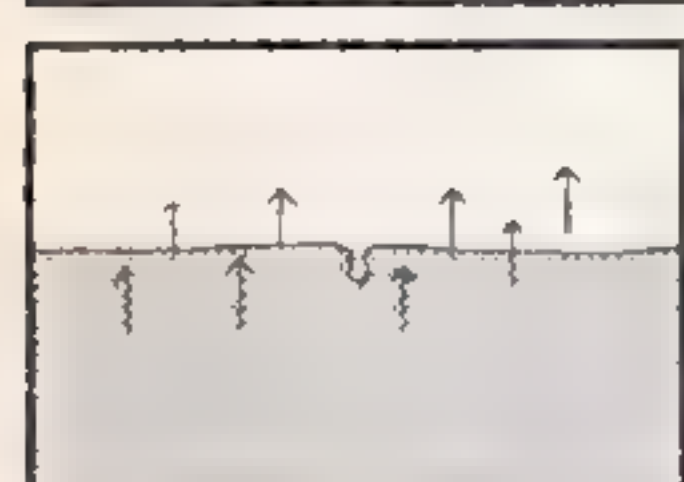
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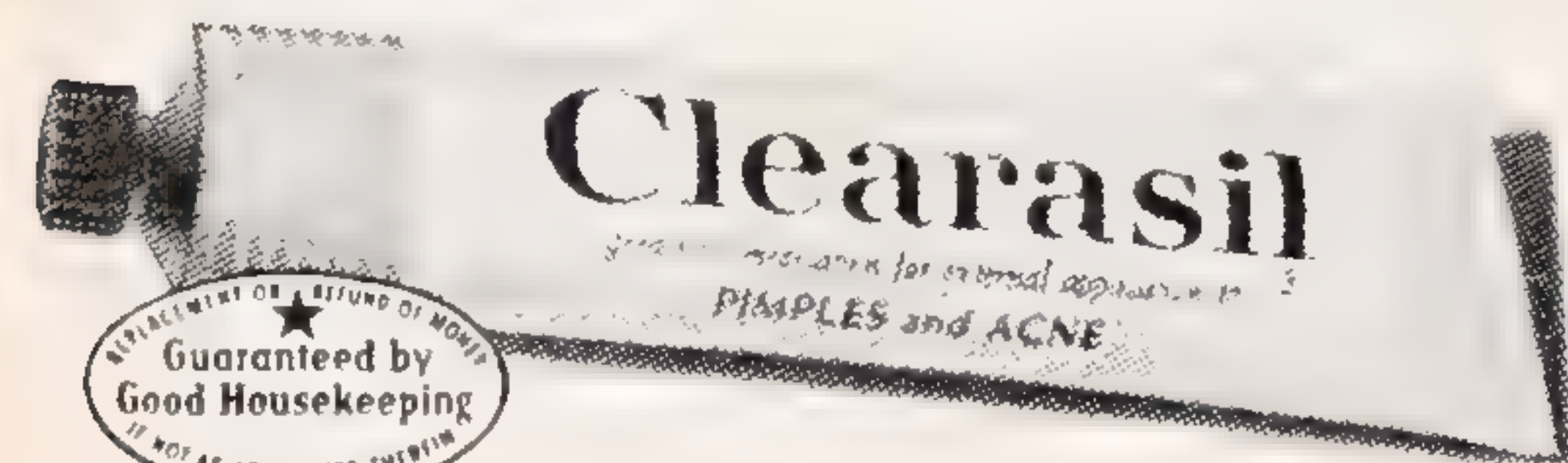


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Planning a Heavenly Love Nest

(Continued from page 45)

and handling promising young writers and talented older ones. For Rock, she was everything he'd ever thought or said he wanted in a wife—quiet, intelligent, with a keen sense of humor and the ability to separate Rock, the movie star, from Rock the serious and shy young man who can stand almost anything but phoniness, or the thought that someone might be cultivating his friendship because it could be advantageous.

Phyllis Gates was without affectation of any sort. She liked serious talk, serious books and serious conversation. Rock knew she wanted nothing from him but his companionship, the fun of being with him. When that fact dawned—really dawned—Rock was lost. From that time on, his second home, his dream house, was on its way. And because our homes always tell—or rather, reveal—so much about us, it was fun to wander through Rock's abode and guess things about him of which even Rock, perhaps, was not aware.

Rock's house, naturally, is situated upon high ground. A fellow who has reached up and out for things all his life, who has wanted to have an uninterrupted view of whatever world he found himself in, Rock seems to insist on gaining the same feeling from a house.

Another Hudson requirement for ideal living seems to be a closeness to nature. Trees, shrubs, bushes, vines, and flowers are native to him, and at least two episodes in his past are directly related to Rock's love of horticulture.

Rock recalls that one of the happiest periods of his life was the summer of his eleventh year when he was "a very rich man." He was living with his grandmother, an indulgent woman who considered it normal for a growing lad to roll out of bed at 5:30 each morning, eat everything in sight, and then shag out to the golf course where he was a caddy. He earned seventy-five cents, plus tips, for eighteen holes, and usually he was able to complete a thirty-six-hole tour before noon. He also earned the reputation as the caddy most likely to retrieve a lost ball in the woods. But he regarded his fame lightly; it was all too easy. After a few weeks, he was as much at home in the thicket as a rabbit in a lettuce patch.

A few years later, Rock's love for the lofty forest was satisfied by daily summer trips to a spot in Winnetka, Illinois (his home stamping-ground), called Fentress' Pool, which was located in a ravine off Sheridan Road. The pool was bordered by lilac bushes, weeping willows, wild berry bushes, ferns and lichen. Situated in one of the largest weeping willows was a diving board, completely obscured from below by a phalanx of branches. The result was that a diver, springing off the board toward the shimmering pool below, looked like a slim white bird descending from a passing summer cloud.

Those were the years in which Rock developed his love for nature. And it was inevitable that the house he finally chose to buy was perched high on a Hollywood hill and was surrounded by magnificent oaks and other California trees and shrubs. Rock fell in love with his six-room New England-style farmhouse at first sight.

Soon after he moved in, Rock put his green thumb to work and started clearing the courtyard behind the house. It was then he discovered that a mass of vines had overgrown and almost completely hidden a thriving rock garden. So he

pruned the vines, thinned the underbrush and planted petunias and shrubs.

Having temporarily satisfied his gardening desires, Rock moved on to other household matters. He made great play for turning the garage into a playroom and building another garage on the low level of his lot. Then, in the space now occupied by the driveway, which is gradually ascending ramp, he planned to have a swimming pool installed.

But, when he outlined this dream to a series of contractors, each discussion became more discouraging than the last. Rock finally concluded that he was paying enough income tax. "If I were paying twice as much tax," he mused, "I'd be in a bracket in which I could afford a swimming pool, and a pool house, and a system for heating them both."

While still planning for the pool and a rumpus room, Rock moved one of his most precious possessions—his electrified player piano—into the rear storage area of the garage. Eventually, he decided, it would serve as a center for the light-hearted, unpretentious parties he likes much. The piano had been a twentieth birthday gift to Rock from his parents and a group of studio pals, and it had been the focal point around which Rock's Avenida del Sol house had been decorated. The word "decorated" is used very loosely in this instance, because the del Sol house was notable for a design best described as Early Ad Lib with Philodendron Rampant.

Now the player piano is still gathering dust in the back of the garage, serving as an emblem of enjoyment in the past and as a token of a plan for the future. No means has Rock forsaken his notion someday being master of a den-rumpus pool house.

Rock's idea of the residence superb as he now eagerly tells his bride, Phyllis—was born during the making of "Captain Lightfoot," in Ireland. Many of the events in that picture took place in an atmospheric inn. The front door of the inn opened into a huge entry with a beamed ceiling, and the first view of the room revealed a large stone fireplace and an alcove. On both sides of this alcove were staircases leading to the second story and onto a corridor which looked down on the entry below.

To the right of the entry was a living room with another stone fireplace. The room was carpeted with a flamingo rug, and most of the furniture was upholstered in vivid Stewart plaids and leathers. "Big and deep and comfortable with hassocks in front so that a guy can stretch out and take it easy," is the way comfort-loving Rock describes them.

To the left of the entry was a paneled dining room with a few hunting pictures above the plate rail. The furniture was polished cherry, well-aged, and the chairs had down-stuffed cushions.

The kitchen, being a period establishment, had none of today's efficient equipment, except for a bricked fireplace which could be transformed into a modern built-in oven and companion barbecue and a round table and captain's chairs for stove-side conviviality. But above the room had an air of cozy well-being.

"Someday," Rock promised himself at the time he saw the inn, in person or on film, "I'm going to use that plan as a basis for my home. Someday."

After Rock finished "Captain Lightfoot," he toured Europe. This experience added new ideas to his mental folio of the future Hudson House. In France and Italy,

ed as many art galleries as possible, ng up a clear-cut "I know what I like, her it's Art or not" taste. ow I want some oils on my walls," he a buddy. "Mainly things that appeal e, because the landscape brings back riences that I have enjoyed." ter on, while working in "All That en Allows," Rock added another idea. ttended a Hollywood party one night, itated to the den where a rousing bull on was in progress, and caught sight four-masted model schooner on the el. It reminded him of the first such el he had ever seen in his life: it been displayed in the mansion which ed the first formal film party Rock ever attended. He had been very g at the time, unsure and shy, and ad felt like a glob of rosy Jello amid elegant surroundings and his glam- s fellow guests. had spent most of the evening, hands ed behind him, visually examining the stic model and discussing its charac- tics with anyone who joined him at fireplace. He learned that night how dly the great can be—and how in- ted they were in ship models. "Some- he promised himself, "I'll have one, There may come a time when I'll a guest whose arms have grown too for his coat, and whose legs have own his trousers, and who needs a of conversation."

ms to be left out of a house often al as much about its occupant as ables to be included. Rock has al- said, "There are three things that never going to have in any house of : doilies, antimacassars, and heavy eries with fringe. Never!"

k's dislike for these decorations was loped at an early age. He was only t six when he was taken by his dmother to visit one of her intimate ds. The hostess was a woman of is and her house reflected the taste e early 30's.

ere were starched, hand-crocheted es everywhere, and all the chairs ed hand-crocheted or hand-em- lered "collar and cuff sets." The ows wore blinds, casement curtains, eith er brocaded satin or double- l velvet draperies. "When I hid be- them," Rock recalls, "I could smell dust."

loathed the house. Clocks ticked, ds creaked, musty odors wafted oughout as if the air had been dis- ed by an invisible passing presence. Rock had to "be a little gentleman." ad to "sit still and look at a book." ad to "let Grandmother visit with her d." He was not to ask for something at even when he felt his stomach hing his backbone.

ie Christmas while his grandmother ted," Rock sidled off his chair and ed into the drawing room to study tree. There he spied an ornament he never seen before. It had fallen from wer branch and was nestled in the n batting surrounding the tree. Get- down on his hands and knees, Rock ed along the floor until he could, he ght, replace the bauble, then return vantage point for viewing his good . As he tried to back away exactly e had slid in, a branch snagged him he tipped over the entire tree with a ole-shattering crash.

om that day to this, the sight of a 7, an antimacassar, or a heavily- ed window reminds Rock of his ntry gone awry.

o doilies, antimacassars, or draperies. l these things taken into considera- how does the Hudson Honeymoon

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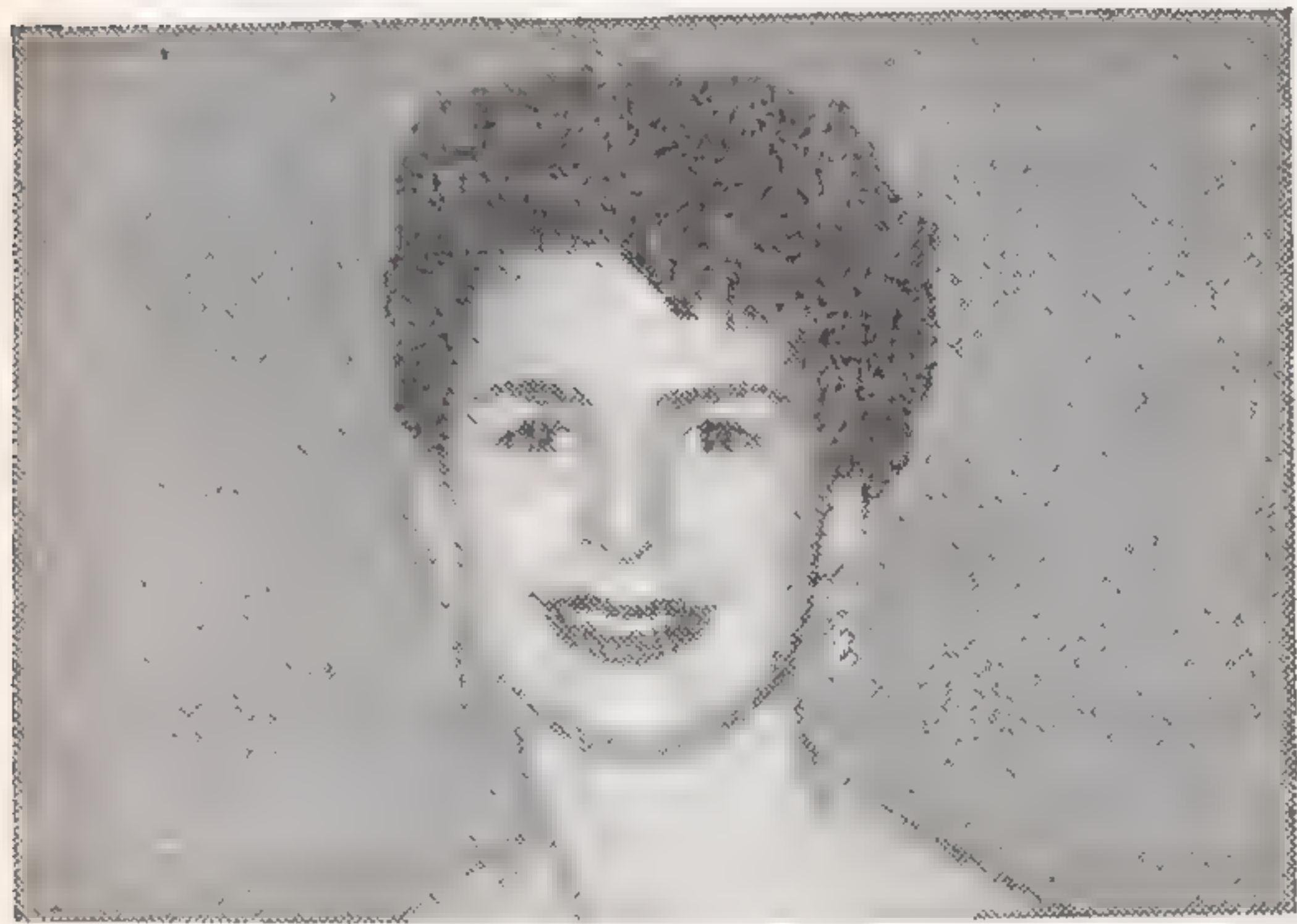
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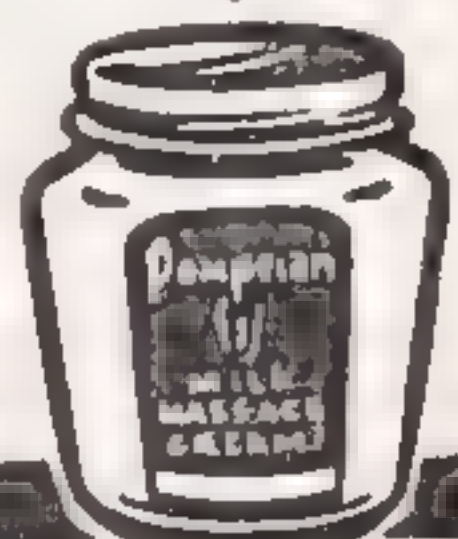
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House stack up in relation to the Ideal? The best way to answer that is to point out that, for months before they set a date for their marriage, Rock and Phyllis spent every free moment looking for a house to buy, lease, or rent. They wanted one that would include the chief desires of each of them. No luck. With each passing month, Rock's bachelor quarters began to look better and better.

"We're going to have to build to get exactly what we want," Phyllis finally, and wearily, decided.

Thinking of the size of the house they wanted and the possibilities of the future, Rock agreed, adding, "We ought to wait a while. There's plenty of room for us right now, but..."

The present Hudson Haven covers approximately two thousand feet and is divided up into an entry hall, living room, dining room, a kitchen that—of all the rooms in the house—most nearly seems ideal, two bedrooms and a bath. Outside, the house is flanked by a double garage at one end and a tree-sheltered patio at the other. The living room, though spacious, is cozy and features a beamed ceiling, fireplace and windowed dining alcove. In the kitchen there is a breakfast nook, a barbecue with an electric revolving spit, and, to one side, a walk-in bar with shutters which open out into the living room. The master bedroom has an extra door which leads out to the shaded patio. The other bedroom presently serves as a den.

One of the most impressive pieces of furniture in the house, isn't in the house—at the present time, that is. Just before Rock started to make "Battle Hymn," he and his bride decided that the wood throughout the house should be cherry whenever possible. For the bedroom they ordered a double dresser, which was built according to Rock's specifications and therefore on the massive side.

Once it was installed, Rock and Phyllis stood side by side and studied the result. "I had the impression," Rock admits, "that the dresser end of the room was slowly sinking into the hillside."

"It's too large for the room, isn't it?" Phyllis said sadly.

So, the following Sunday, Rock and a friend covered the dresser with craft paper and moved it into the garage.

However, the cherry wood hi-fi cabinet

in the entryway proved to be perfect, as did the lamp tables on which Phyllis put the whisky-keg lamps Rock had brought home from England.

On the wall between the wide window that overlook the Hudsons' private forest Rock hung one of the three oil paintings of Venetian scenes that he and Phyllis spied in Mexico City while on their honeymoon. "Venice is one of the places I'm going to take you to some time soon," Rock had said.

"We'd better have the scene to remind you regularly," said his wife with a grin.

The second painting has been hung in the entryway, and the third in the den.

The carpeting throughout the Hudson house is bisque-colored, the living-room walls are cream, the bedroom walls are pale turquoise. The living-room sofa is done in an off-white fabric of an interesting texture, and the accent colors are creamy turquoise and mint, picked up in a huge hassock placed beside the fireplace, in throw cushions on the sofa, and in the plaid-covered fireside chair.

All the windows are obscured by movable shutters, a concession to Rock's dislike for flouncy window treatment that hasn't been entirely successful. "Too much bother to open, close and fiddle with until you get the right amount of light," he laments. "There must be some other answer."

Aside from the fact that the only fireplace in the house is brick and that there is no swimming pool outside, Rock discovered another serious lack: no glass shelves whatsoever had been installed for a lady's perfume collection. "It took a week to put up enough shelves for Phyllis," is Rock's way of kidding his wife.

"Who gave me most of the collection?" is Phyllis' retort. "Besides, who has taken up all our drawer space with the stock gloves he brought back from Italy?"

"We need more storage space, that's for sure," Rock concedes. "And a big desk with a model ship on the mantel, and a huge bedroom to accommodate that double dresser, and..."

Naturally, the Hudsons will have to build. And you can be sure their future love nest will be high on a hilltop, close to the stars, where they will be able to put down roots in the ground while keeping their dreams in the clouds. THE E

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 87

Across

1. "Pardners"
8. U-I
9. High
13. One
14. events
16. Pedro (Armendariz)
17. Dix
18. Ladies
19. spoon
20. Ethel (Merman)
22. sperm
24. lad
25. "Saadia"
26. E S (Elaine Stewart)
27. Fly
30. No
31. Rue
32. outs
33. R C (Rosemary Clooney)
34. R L (Richard Long)
36. Ria (Langham)
37. Mel (Ferrer)
39. Last
40. Steve
42. poet
44. omen
45. Mindy
46. worn

47. R E (Richard Egan)
48. Power (Tyrone)
52. Sea
54. Rebel
57. Richard (Boone)
59. do
60. Dean (James)
62. Ardis (Ankersen)
64. Aldo (Ray)
66. E B (Ernest Borgnine)
67. Sal (Mineo)
69. Van (Johnson)
71. spy
72. R B (Richard Basehart)
73. Elly (Eleanor Powell)
74. ETO (European Theatre of Operations)

Down

1. Podesta (Rossana)
2. Anita (Ekberg)
3. Rex Harrison
4. Nellie (Bly)
5. Eva (Marie Saint)
6. Reds
7. snipe
8. U. S. S. R.
9. hep
10. Idol
11. groans ("The Old Groaner")
12. "Hondo"
15. tees
16. P S (Phil Silvers)
21. educated
23. M F (Mel Ferrer)
28. Lori's (Nelson)
29. Yul (Brynner)
35. Glenn (Ford)
36. rapier
37. memo
38. Every
41. Toward
43. type
45. Mr.
49. older
50. era
51. rinse
52. Shall
53. ear
55. Eddy (Duchin)
56. boo
58. dive
61. Ebb
63. Sat
64. As
65. L P (Louella Parsons)
68. A L (Alan Ladd)
70. N O (Nancy Olson)

Wynter Victorious

(Continued from page 20)

n Palm Springs, the other is an enchanting house in Bel Air, where we're literally, as well as figuratively, sitting on top of the world!"

"Had you ever thought about marrying an American before you met Greg?" I wanted to know.

Dana hesitated a moment and then said, "Let me answer that by saying I've always liked American men, and although I never had a mental image of the 'Dream Prince' I would someday marry, I've always been attracted to outdoor, athletic, physically fit men like Greg. But even in my wildest imagination, I never hoped to find anyone as kind, considerate and generous as he is. Besides the two houses, he's already given me a black mink coat, with gold lamé lining, a sable stole, a Jaguar, and many other extravagant gifts. But it isn't only his generosity with his pocketbook but with his heart that endears him to me. It's what he gives of himself to everybody. Like all busy people—and his law practice keeps him working around the clock—he always manages to find time for the smallest as well as the biggest courtesies. Last May, when I flew back to Rhodesia, Greg had planned to come with me to meet my parents and ask their consent to our marriage. But at the last minute some important board meetings kept him in New York. So, when my plane landed in Paris, there he was to greet me—on the transatlantic phone—and at every other stop en route and back. On my return to Hollywood, after only a nine-day visit with my family—whom Greg invited to be our first house guests once we were settled in our Bel Air home—Greg had arranged to welcome me 'home' with a three-piece string orchestra, which serenaded me with our favorite song, 'I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face.' But then, Radie, don't have to tell you that 'I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy,' when you predicted it would happen!"

Now, I'll take out my crystal ball again and predict that Greg will go on being accustomed to her face" until the end of time. For behind that beautiful face is the brain of an actress, clever enough to know that having one's name in electric lights can be very rewarding, but when the fuse blows out, and you are left alone, you have nothing.

I've known Dana since her struggling days in London. When she came to New York to try her luck on the Broadway stage, I was among the handful of friends who saw her opening night in "Black-Eyed Susan," a play with Vincent Price that won Dana good notices, but folded after a week. I saw her go on to Hollywood, still daunted, with high hopes of a contract with U-I. I watched her come back, after a screen test had been turned down, determined that if London, Hollywood and Broadway didn't want her, she'd make them come to her. So she went into television. She played a dramatic role on the Robert Montgomery show, and it worked! Hollywood beckoned again—this time 20th, with a seven-year contract.

And now that she's traveled so far and is finally arrived, Dana is willing to forsake her career to travel much further as his adored wife—and mother (Greg loves children and Dana wants a Greg, Jr. as soon as possible). Because she is so wise, Dana knows that "all is ephemeral—fame and the famous as well," but true love lasts forever. Which explains how she charmed everyone by winning Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, and why, for Greg, she will always remain the Wynter of his content.

THE END

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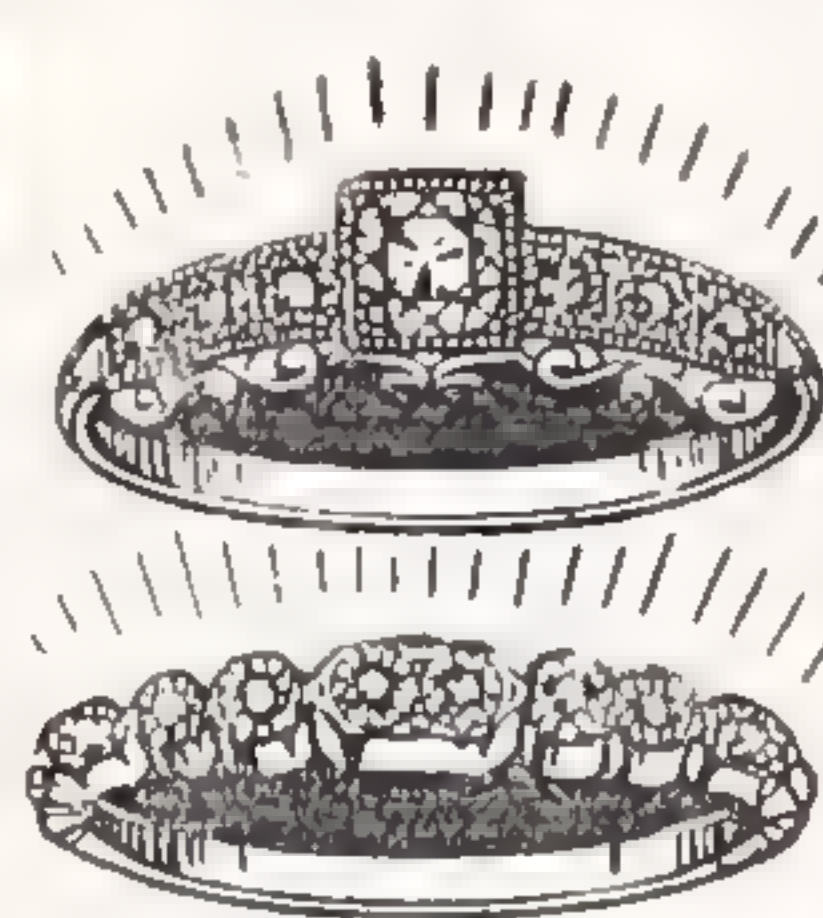
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(Continued from page 47)

other books she'd always heard about but never had enough courage to tackle by herself.

"I don't know what hit me," she says now, her big brown eyes sparkling. "Heaven knows I'm not an intellectual. I always used to be at the bottom of my class, and at fifteen, in my freshman year, I quit high school. All I ever lived for in those days was dancing and a career in show business. But lately I've become very curious about a lot of the things I missed. I have no idea what brought this on, but, I'm very glad it happened."

A peppery little number who sparkles with animation, Rita likes a good time, loves to laugh, and would rather dance than eat. She never puts up a false front or any kind of pretense; she doesn't go in for brooding, soul-searching, or trying to fathom the meaning of life. But recently she decided that she was in a rut and made up her mind to get something more out of life.

Besides going to school and liking it, Rita's developed a taste for serious music, having a special fondness for the music of Richard Strauss. After being deathly afraid of stoves most of her life—for no reason she can remember—she's learned to cook, and specializes in fancy dishes such as *Chicken Tetrastini* and *Sole Marguery*, with all the trimmings. She's also acquired a business manager and seriously intends to save money at last. And, after sharing an apartment with two girlfriends for seven years, Rita rented one of her own when one of the girls moved to New York. "It was time we split up," she says. "We were getting too dependent on each other."

Whatever caused this sudden burst of initiative, it is not the result of being in love. "I wish it were," says Rita regretfully. "In all my life I've only been in love once. It happened a couple of years ago and it lasted for eight months, the longest I've ever gone with anybody. He sent me flowers and put romantic little notes in my mailbox. Maybe that's corny, but I liked it. I want to be in love again. There's so much I want to do but most of all I want to be a woman—a real woman."

Rita won't say with whom she was in love and, in case you're wondering, it probably wasn't Marlon Brando. However, Marlon is one subject Rita won't discuss, except to express her enormous admiration for him. "Marlon doesn't like it to have his friends talk about him," she explains. "He considers it an invasion of his privacy, and I respect his feelings on that matter. All I can say is that he's one of the gentlest and kindest persons I've ever known, and," she adds emphatically, "all the other things that have been written about him are so much tommyrot."

Whether or not Rita was, or still is, in love with Marlon, her "mental awakening" may well be a delayed reaction to being exposed to his stimulating mind and tremendous vitality. Nobody ever becomes friends with Marlon without undergoing some changes. For instance, he got Rita interested in the bongo drums, which she now plays like an expert. And there may have been other influences, which took a little longer to seep through and take hold. Rita says that she "wants to be a woman," which is reminiscent of Marlon's statement that his aim is "to be a human being."

But, above all, Rita's new slant on life is probably the result of her recent, long-overdue taste of solid success. For the recent changes in her coincide roughly with her work in "The King and I," in which she portrays *Tuptim*, the beautiful

slave girl who is involved in a tragic love story. According to reliable reports, Rita's role in this film will lead her to stardom. "She can't miss," says Walter Lang, who directed "The King and I."

Rita had wanted the part badly but, afraid to risk heartbreaking disappointment, she hadn't allowed herself to hope for it. She knew she could handle the role and make the most of it. But she also knew that nobody at 20th Century-Fox, where she was under contract, was seriously considering her for it, even though she'd made test after test with a number of candidates for the second male lead, as an accommodation for her studio. For one test, in order to help a Spanish singer who didn't know English, she had rehearsed all one Sunday, expecting nothing for herself in return.

Then one afternoon last September, the studio called her and said they wanted to see her right away. Rita had a date with her mother to take her to dinner and a movie. "I'm sorry I'm going to be late Mommy," she told Mrs. Moreno. "Wait for me. I'll be there as soon as I can."

When Rita finally arrived, she was very casual. "Well, Mommy, I got it," she said. "Got what?" Mrs. Moreno asked.

"The part of *Tuptim*. In 'The King and I.'"

Whereupon Mrs. Moreno almost fainted. "The way Rita announced the news you've have thought she'd just bought herself new pair of bedroom slippers," she recalls. "She showed absolutely no emotion. I was the one who broke down."

But for Rita, who normally has enough fire to light up a city block, her calm had a lot more significance than any amount of exuberance could have had. "I wasn't teasing," she says. "This meant so much to me I probably was too numb to feel anything."

Getting that part was the final reward of more than twenty years of hard work and high hopes, a span of time covering most of Rita's life. She'd been discouraged often, yet at no time had she ever let of the dream that someday she'd be a star in Hollywood.

"It's all she ever wanted to be," says Mrs. Moreno today. "Rita was a little happy when she was still in her baby carriage, vamping everybody in sight with her big brown eyes. And she had a way of working herself into the hearts of a crowd before she knew much about dancing. She had it from the start, by whatever name you want to call 'it.' Rita was born to be in show business, and she could never be happy away from it."

Rita started dancing almost as soon as she was able to toddle, performing for her mother's Puerto Rican relatives and friends at the drop of a castanet. She showed so much natural talent that when she was only four her mother was persuaded to take her to Paco Cansino's dancing school for an interview. Paco, who is an uncle of Rita Hayworth, was enchanted with the little girl and urged Mrs. Moreno to let Rita study dancing. Payment for dancing lessons was a big sacrifice for Rita's parents, but Paco also showed faith in her talent by letting Rita attend classes every day, instead of once a week for which he got paid, and by devoting a great deal of special attention to the youngster. "Maybe Paco's interest was entirely unselfish," laughs Rita. "When I was five and made my debut with him in a Spanish dance at a Greenwich Village club, I already was a perfect match for him in size. Paco is the shortest man I ever known—but also one of the nicest."

and the most fiery. He helped me a lot."

From the moment she started her lessons with Paco, dancing became Rita's whole life. After working out at the dance studio all afternoon, she'd go home and dance some more, showing her mother the new steps she'd learned. Before long she was asked to dance at benefits and celebrations. This paid for her lessons, and it also helped toward the household expenses.

There were quite a few of these dates during the following years. Some were in Brooklyn, some in the Bronx, some in Queens, which added up to many hours in drafty subways, long waits for buses on windy street corners, and shivery walks through slush and snow. Rita didn't mind; she was happiest when she could be before an audience. But it was hard on her mother, who always accompanied her.

When she was ten, Rita's dancing school opened a Little Theatre in Macy's Toy Department, and Rita performed with the children's group. During the next three years, she chalked up a total of 770 performances. At the same time, she also worked in experimental TV, entertained at USO clubs, appeared on the radio, did commercials in Spanish, as well as dubbing-in films for export to Spanish speaking countries.

Although Rita was born in Puerto Rico, she and her mother moved to New York when Rita was an infant. Consequently, her Spanish was far from perfect. But this never worried her. One of her earliest auditions involved reading one of Margaret O'Brien's parts in Spanish. It was a difficult, highly emotional scene, but Rita read it with such authority that the director decided it was easier to improve her accent than someone else's acting ability. Subsequently, she was the Spanish voice of Elizabeth Taylor and Peggy Ann Garner.

At thirteen, Rita appeared in her first Broadway play, "Skydrift." The play lasted only one week, after which Rita returned to dancing. When she was fifteen, she was engaged as a dancer at New York's famous Leon & Eddie's. This job also lasted only for a week, because Rita couldn't persuade the authorities that she was twenty-one and entitled to a work permit. She then tried her luck at a smaller establishment in the Bronx. After a while, Rita decided to give up her studies at New York City's Professional Children's School and accept bookings out of town.

For the next couple of years, she danced in night clubs from Montclair, New Jersey to Montreal, Canada. Despite the frequent loneliness of her life and its occasional tawdriness, Rita rather enjoyed this phase. "I was kind of proud to be on my own," she says. "I think almost any kid my age would have been. It was fun. And I learned a lot—about a lot of things."

One subject Rita inevitably learned a lot about was men. Young, beautiful, unattached, a night-club entertainer, a girl who was unavoidably lonely, she was considered fair game by every roving male. It took someone with Rita's sharp wits and common sense to retain her integrity and stay out of trouble. "There isn't a line or an approach I haven't heard," she says. "I didn't really mind, as long as I wasn't fooled by it and could take care of myself. As a matter of fact, what I really resent now is the absence of a line. A lot of men just don't seem to bother with it any more. They seem to think it's enough to wave their Cadillacs at a girl. I'm no prude, certainly not—I never made any pretense of being one—but I do appreciate a certain amount of finesse."

After Rita came back from her first series of out-of-town engagements, her mother persuaded her to take a secretarial course in typing and shorthand. "I



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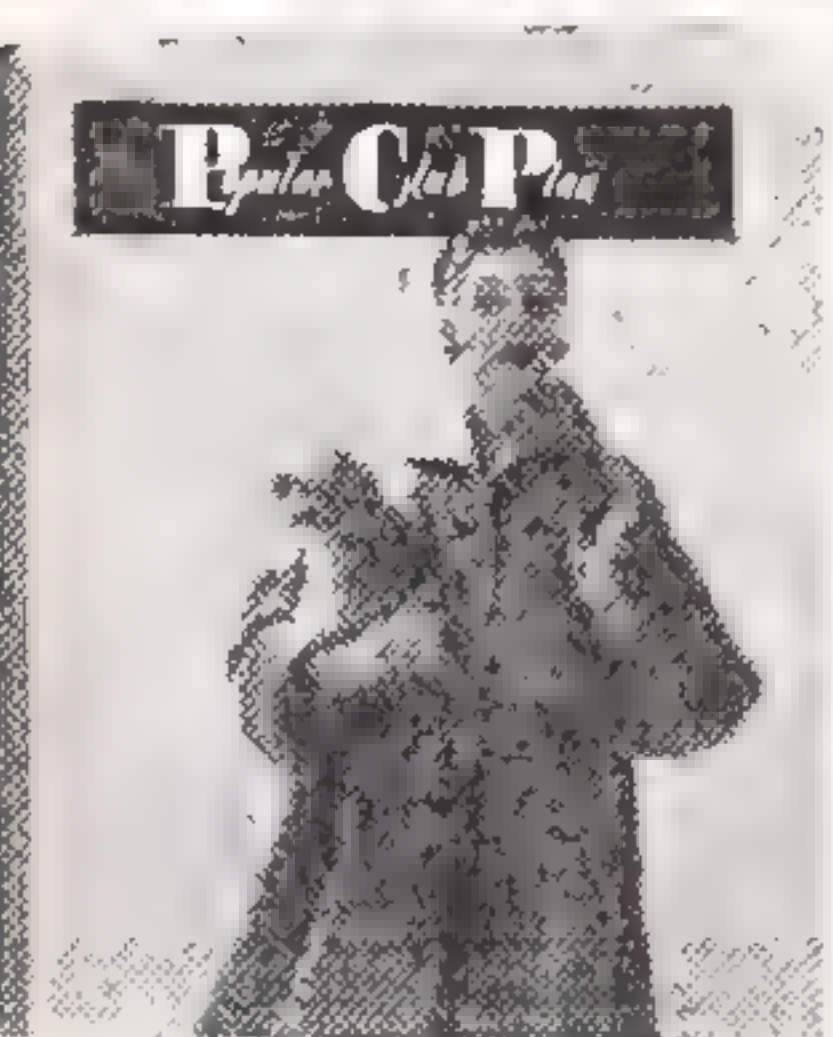


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was worried about Rita," says Mrs. Moreno. "I knew she was a sensible girl, but I was worried about what this kind of life might do to her and where it might lead."

Rita agreed to give it a try, but it lasted only a couple of weeks. When her agent called to say that he had another engagement for her, the temptation was too strong for her to resist. She packed up her books, closed the typewriter and went back to dancing.

Shortly before her eighteenth birthday—right in line with her ambition—Rita got her first part in a picture. Titled "So Young, So Bad," the film was about reform schools and was shot in New York. When it was finished, Rita went into rehearsals for a musical, "Signor Chicago," with the late Guy Kibbee. Also at this time, she was contacted by an M-G-M talent scout who told her that Louis B. Mayer—then head of the studio—was in town and would like to interview her.

Rita arrived at Mr. Mayer's hotel suite the next day, prepared to stay the usual twenty to thirty minutes. But he was so charmed by her that their talk stretched into the late afternoon. Rita finally had to take the unprecedented step of terminating the interview herself because she didn't want to miss rehearsal. Mr. Mayer understood; he also had her signed to a stock contract the following day.

But in Hollywood, Rita's career seemed to bog down. Hollywood is the kind of town where everybody either moves up—or down, and for a number of years, Rita wasn't going up. In fact, it was quite a struggle to keep from hitting bottom. Although she went to work two days after she reported to the Culver City lot, and made four pictures during her first year there, her contract wasn't renewed at option time. She was idle for nine long months before she got another job.

After several years and a series of undistinguished pictures, Rita was signed to another contract, this time by 20th Century-Fox. From this point on, her career slowly started to gather momentum, but not until "The King and I"—more than six years after her optimistic arrival in the film capital—did it shift into high gear.

It's no wonder then, that Rita feels as though she has emerged from the wilderness and has been blossoming out in all directions at once. For as her dream is coming within reach, Rita is becoming aware of all she's missed while pursuing it. "I wasn't happy as a child," she says emphatically. "I didn't mind going on the road at fifteen, but I don't look back with any regrets on all the years before then."

The cloud over Rita's childhood wasn't the result of any of the usual things, such as neglect, lack of affection or poverty. She had a stepfather, whom she called her "papu," and she always got along very well with him. There wasn't much money, but Rita never went cold or hungry, and her mother, a skilled seamstress who still alters all of Rita's clothes, took great pride in seeing her little girl nicely dressed. And she certainly gave Rita—an only child until well into her teens—as much love, care and companionship as any mother could. They're still very close, and see each other several times a week.

But with it all, Rita was a shy and lonely child. She was sickly, caught endless colds, and was painfully thin. A solitary little figure, she was forever the outsider, always on the fringe of the other children's fun.

Rita's shyness was increased by the fact that she had talent. When other children were playing games, having fun, Rita was in dancing school working on her routine. It was what she wanted to do, but it kept her from developing friendships. And the fact that she was good and performed professionally only widened the gulf between her and other children. They approached her self-consciously.

Later, when she was invited to school or birthday parties, or later still to dance some last-minute call for her professional services always seemed to interfere. "I remember one school dance I really wanted to attend," Rita recalls. "A boy I had crush on finally had asked me to go with him, and I was very excited about it. Mother had made me a beautiful dress for the occasion. But as the big night approached I was getting increasingly nervous about the whole thing. Then, on the afternoon before the dance, my agent called and said that he had an important date for me that night. By that time I became so jittery about my real date that I was glad I had an excuse to break it."

Today, Rita has happily outgrown all traces of shyness and considers herself "very well adjusted." She's bright, cheerful, and vivacious, talks well and listens easily, is extremely popular, likes men and has lots of dates. Wherever she goes, someone in the crowd is bound to rise and embrace her affectionately. "Rita has hundreds of friends," says one 20th Century-Fox executive. "Everybody likes her. And the nice part is that there isn't anything phony about her friendliness. She's a genuinely warm and outgoing girl."

Though she has a hard time waking up in the morning, Rita usually starts to sing while she's in the shower, keeps the high-going most of the day, and usually winds up with a session on the bongo drums. "I had to get a ground-floor apartment," she grins. "Nobody could stand living below me."

Rita's exuberance is extremely catching, but the one who's caught it worst is her half-brother, Dennis, who is seven. He adores his sister, and Rita is wild about him. Someday she hopes to have lots of children of her own, but meanwhile Dennis is an excellent substitute. Rita loves to buy him presents, take him to amusement parks and treat him to giant banana splits. On Dennis' insistence, she's also been teaching him the Mexican Hat Dance, but she's leery about giving him too much encouragement. "Dennis begs me to let him 'do just one show business,'" Rita smiles, "but I tell him there's plenty of time for that later on. There's no need for him, too, to have to catch up on things in his twenties. I want him to have a normal happy childhood."

The nice part about Rita is that, even without "a normal, happy childhood," she's turned into such a radiant, healthy, well-adjusted young woman. But then, Rita's exceptional. She's quite a girl. THE EN

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The Truth about Frankie's Gang

(Continued from page 55)

at the local firehouse, had his own way of getting those three more hours of sleep to which he felt entitled.

The showers may have dampened their clothes, but never their spirits. Now, more than twenty-five years later, one of the crowd says, "Nothing could stop us singing. We'd just run across the street and start all over again. But I've often thought, couldn't Mr. Dunn have been surprised if he could have known that one of the kids he doused would become famous—Frank Sinatra."

"No more surprised than he would have been if he could see some of those stories people now write about Frank when he was a kid," retorts another member. "So he waked up a fireman—and it later comes out that he was always fighting the cops. The only trouble I remember—if you can call it trouble—was the time we turned on the fire hydrant and ran through the water in our bathing suits. The cop on our beat found our clothes and took them to the station house. We had to go after them, and boy, did we get it from our folks!"

Not too long ago, a retired policeman came to Mrs. Martin Sinatra and said, "Where do they get this stuff about Frankie? That little fellow of yours never gave us any trouble. All of us liked him—that little we saw of him."

The men and women who knew young Frank Sinatra strongly resent the many stories, appearing in even some of the most respected magazines, which picture Frank as an apprentice hoodlum. Remembering him as "a scrawny lad with a wide grin and a heart as big as himself," they wonder if some writers aren't getting Frank's boyhood mixed up with the plot of "On the Waterfront," filmed in Hoboken.

Hoboken, they will admit, has garnered its share of headlines. It is a mile-square city just across the Hudson from lower Manhattan, and ships from all parts of the world anchor there. However, Frank Sinatra's friends would like people to know that any violence which broke out on the docks never touched him.

"Frankie a fighter?" says Terry Bartletta Carmody, now the wife of Hoboken's city administrator. "The only time I ever saw Frankie fight was when he caught a couple of boys tormenting a dog."

"He never needed to fight," says Terry's sister, Lee Bartletta Amorino, who until recently combined a career as a legal secretary with her full-time job as a wife and mother. "Everyone liked him and the Sinatra house was a second home to all of us. And manners—that boy was loaded." Because Mrs. Amorino treasures these memories, she decided to do something about the many erroneous reports. She wrote a letter to PHOTOPLAY citing facts of Frank's childhood. "I know," she wrote. "This was part of my life, too."

Thanks to the help she gave, this reporter was also able to talk to a few of the other old friends—Mrs. Carmody, Tony Maccagnano, now the owner of a dairy, Daniel Hannagan and his wife, Agnes, both employees of Hoboken firms, and finally to the woman who should best know what actually happened during those formative years, Frank's mother.

With a mother's loving patience, Mrs. Sinatra explained why—even when they have all been hurt by false statements—they have never lashed back at those who published them. "I'll admit I was terribly upset by one particular article which ran in a magazine which is supposed to be accurate," she said. "When Frank phoned me that week, I said, 'Frankie, this time

I'm going to write a letter.' Well, Frank reminded me, 'Mama, you know the time I got so mad at a guy I was going to tell him off?'"

Dolly Sinatra well remembered. She had calmed that particular case of teen-age sputters by suggesting Frank take a tip from a politician they both knew. "When someone prints lies about that man," she advised, "he never issues a contradiction. That would be just what the opposition wants him to do. That would keep the fire going. So he waits for a chance to let people find out something good about him instead. You try it too, Frankie. You'll find out silence is golden."

Frank never forgot. Now, when it was her turn to sputter, he replied, "Remember how you told me silence is golden? Mama, please take your own advice."

Mrs. Sinatra heeded and never wrote the letter, but when Frank's old crowd chose to tell PHOTOPLAY the true story, she arose from a sickbed to verify facts and add those vivid details which only a mother can recall. "The stories about Frankie running with a tough gang concern our friends, too," she said. "They don't want their children to believe them. They were all such wonderful kids and they've grown up to be such fine men and women."

Frank, too, cherishes their friendship. "The first thing he does when he comes home," she said, "is to ask about them. Not just the men and women you met, but all the others—Billy and Marie Roemer, the Schreiber boys, Billy Bradley, Hilma Paulsen, and many more."

One of the most effective ways these long-time friends have of setting the record straight is to conduct a tour of the old neighborhood. The Carmodys, the Hannagans, Tony Maccagnano and a number of the others still live there. Many of the people who grew up in the area have remodeled the substantial old houses to suit today's convenience. It's still home to them.

Lee Amorino, who was this reporter's guide, now lives in near-by Ridgefield, New Jersey, but returns often to visit family and friends.

She pointed out her house and those the Sinatras had, a few blocks farther on. "The higher you went in the numbered blocks, in our day, you were just a teeny bit ritzier. None of us had money to burn, but we weren't poor, either. We were just middle-class people living ordinary lives."

The center of the community is Church Square, a pleasant park where slides and swings surround a bandstand. Along one side of the square is the beautiful St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, together with its hospital, its schools, its orphanage and the residences of the priests and nuns. On the opposite side is Demarest High School which Frankie attended. On the side nearest their homes is a library, a vocational school and a private school. Leading from it are the streets where the Sinatras lived. They were first at 705 Park, then bought the eight-room red-brick row house at 841 Garden.

Both Martin and Dolly came from large, happy Italian families. Martin was the handsome, husky young man who achieved some local recognition as a boxer, tended bar a bit, then joined the Hoboken fire department. When he retired last spring, he had attained the rank of captain.

Dolly, tiny, pretty, bright-eyed and volatile, became a practical nurse. "My mother took care of Frankie whenever I was working. That boy was never alone," she says.

It was her love of people, however, which opened up a new career for Dolly. "When Women's Rights came in and we

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got the vote, Mayor Griffin sent for me. Because I knew everyone and spoke practically every Italian dialect there is, he asked me to become the leader of the Ninth District. It's one of the largest districts in the city."

Energetic Dolly has reason to remember every step of it. She covered her district so thoroughly she was credited with swinging it from Republican to Democratic.

The next mayor, Bernard N. McFeeley, had an additional task for her. The official title was that of interpreter to the municipal court. Speaking of it, Dolly now says, "Actual interpreting took very little of my time. Sometimes, when I had appeared in court only twice in a week, I'd tell the mayor I felt ashamed to accept my check. Then he'd remind me of all the other things I was called on to do."

The "other things"—all unofficial, but important—might be described as being social worker, welfare agent, parole officer, family relations counselor and little mother to the community. Whenever there was trouble in a family—hunger, sickness, minor infractions of the law—Dolly, being unofficial, could often win a confidence and find a solution faster than the "authorities." She knew how to counsel, comfort, rebuke or find help. There were no office hours for this sort of task. Her phone could ring at midnight, a frightened woman might knock at her door at four A.M., or a teenager might just drop in for a bit of advice. Many of her dollars went to tide over someone in need. Some magazines have dismissed all this by saying, "Mrs. Sinatra was in politics." Her younger neighbors affectionately offer a more intimate view.

"In the Thirties," Agnes Hannagan remembers, "after we finished high school, there were no jobs to be had, but the mother of one of the girls pushed her out of the house every morning at eight o'clock to look for work. She'd stop to get me, and then, because neither of us knew what to do, we'd go see Mrs. Sinatra. She'd give us a cup of coffee and cheer us up. Sometimes she'd know of some temporary job where we might earn a little money. We could always count on Mrs. Sinatra."

"The Sinatras were always open-handed and hospitable," says Lee Amorino. "We knew that any time we asked, Dolly would let us gather in their home for an evening."

All of the old friends speak of those evenings, and especially the two extra added attractions—Frank's radio and Pops' cooking.

"Pops" was Martin Sinatra's father who had come to live with Martin and Dolly after his wife died. "With both of Frankie's parents going to business," Lee Amorino remembers, "his grandfather was the one who kept an eye on him, and on us, too, for that matter. He was a fine, gentle old man. He and Frankie were very close."

"Not just Frankie," Mrs. Sinatra says, "but all the children in the crowd became Pops' whole life. When they were coming in for an evening, I'd get cold cuts, cake and cream soda, but that wasn't enough to suit Pops. He'd always cook up a batch of spaghetti—and could those kids eat it!"

"He was our chaperone and a more lovable one you couldn't want," says Lee. "We'd sit around and listen to the radio. Rudy Vallee, Russ Columbo and Bing Crosby were our idols. And we'd dance—the Charleston, the Black Bottom, the Lindy Hop. Frankie's radio was something special. It looked like a small grand piano."

One of their parties still brings chuckles to members of the old crowd. The Hannagans speak of it as "the time the girls got locked in the bathroom."

One of the boys thought it quite a prank, Agnes explains. "My sister Margaret and Hilma Paulsen got into one of those long,

girlish gossip sessions, so somebody sneaker up, locked the door and hid the key."

When the girls found out they were trapped, so much commotion ensued, the culprit lacked the nerve to confess and open the door. Two hours later, the girls were still shouting. Tony Maccagnano says "It was Frankie's particular pal, Bill Roemer, who figured out what to do. He always was mechanical. So he pulled the pins out of the hinges and he and Frankie lifted the door right out."

Frankie and Billy maintained a workshop which was the envy of all the other kids. "Lindbergh's flight had made us aviation bugs," says Tony. "Frankie and Billy built the best model planes of all of us. They were always winning first prize in contests the merchants put on."

Such a prize brought Frank his first plane ride. "He came in all excited," Dolly Sinatra recalls, "and said, 'You be sure look up, Mama. I'll wave to you.' And, you know, I was just as ignorant about flying as he was. I went outdoors and craned my neck, expecting I'd be able to see him. It was about that time that we began planning for Frank to go to college and become an aviation engineer."

While their early teens had been carefree, the Thirties drew the kids even closer together. The deepening Depression pinched spots on many a family's budget, and the kids often pooled their wealth. "After a stick ball game," Dan Hannagan remembers, "we'd pitch in whatever money we had to buy three-penny lemon ice. It was the same with movies. No one was ever left out just because he didn't have the price of admission."

"I get a funny feeling, now," says Agnes "when we go to one of our theatres and see Frankie up there on the screen. I remember how many times he sat in the same seats beside us."

Frankie had a bit more money than some of the rest of the kids and was always generous. Agnes cites an instance where that generosity took an unexpected turn. "One of the boys had been having a pretty rough time, but he finally earned a little money and Frankie decided it was time he had some better clothes."

Frankie and friend repaired to Geismar, a men's shop where, even then, young Sinatra had a charge account. His credit would supplement the other lad's credit. Frank wanted the boy to look real sharp.

"It's the only time I've known Frankie to go wrong about clothes," says Agnes. "Trousers with checkerboard waistbands were the rage. Frankie could have worn them, but not this other fellow. Frankie also insisted he get some pointed shoes."

Dan takes up the story: "I'll never forget seeing those two come down the street. By the time they reached Sixth Washington, those pinching shoes had come unbearable. So there was Frankie looking miserable and embarrassed, our other friend, in those silly checkerboard pants, was limping along, carrying his shiny new shoes. You never saw sadder guys!"

Mrs. Sinatra was responsible for the elegance of their outings. All the children loved to swim and usually, having the price of admission but lacking carfare, piled into Schreibers' truck and went to neighborhood pool or to Palisades Park. But to a political rally at Rye Beach, they went in style.

"Mrs. Sinatra had a taxi call for us," says Agnes, "and she sent a man along to carry the big picnic basket. I suppose she also watched out for us, but we never thought of that. We were too busy taking big shots. Although we usually didn't have the money for films and developing, we took pictures on that outing." She cherished the snapshots all these years.

two of them are included at the beginning of this story.

Marie Roemer, pictured on page 54, was Frank's first girl. Lee Amorino recalls that she was called on to play amateur Dorothy Dix. "I was a bit older and inclined to feel like Frank's big sister, so he asked me how to win Marie's attention. I tried to help him out, to the best of my sixteen-year-old knowledge. When we got around Marie to the extent that she accepted a birthstone ring he bought her for St. Valentine's Day, you'd have thought she had handed Frank the world on a silver platter, just by agreeing to go steady."

Dates, of course, called for a car, and the crowd's first automobile was a sensation. "That was a corporation," laughs Dan Hannagan. "It cost a total of twenty dollars and we all owned shares. Billy Roemer stayed up all one night working on it."

The paint job, too, was a joint project, and Frank was thrilled beyond words with it. "It's a dreamboat, Mama," he reported.

"Dreamboat!" says Mrs. Sinatra today. It was a nightmare. Every wheel was a different color, it had no top, and there were wisecracks scrawled all over it. When he parked it in front of the door, I made him take it away. I was afraid the neighbors would think I had gone crazy."

Frankie held the only driver's license and, one day, with him at the wheel, as many of the kids as could pile in set out for Atlantic City. The motor may have been smooth, but the brakes were smooth-r. At Elizabeth, New Jersey, a stoplight turned red in Frank's face and he crashed into the car ahead. No one was hurt, but an SOS was sent to Martin Sinatra.

"Boy, was he mad," says Tony. "He had that car pushed onto a vacant lot right on that corner where the crack-up happened. He set fire to it and wouldn't leave until it was all burned up. We sure mourned the work that went into that motor."

Dan Hannagan, who was employed in the stock room of a New York publisher, was

responsible for getting Frank his first job. He spent the summer as a clerk.

That marked the end of Frank's formal education. The story has been printed that Frank was expelled from Demarest High School for "general devilishness." This, Dolly Sinatra asserts, is not true. "When fall came, he just refused to go back to school."

Still cherishing the dream that he would become an aviation engineer, the Sinatras were much troubled. "We talked it over with a professor," says Mrs. Sinatra, "but to our surprise, he agreed with Frank. He told us that if we insisted on sending Frank to engineering school, we'd be wasting our money, Frank's time, and the school's facilities. He pointed out that glee club was all Frank cared about."

Dolly Sinatra was particularly reluctant to accept the decision. Frank compromised by going to work for *The Jersey Observer*, first on one of their delivery trucks, then as a sports reporter.

Terry Carmody holds a fond recollection of Frank Sinatra, newspaperman, age approximately seventeen. "I was just enough younger to think Frank was a hero. He had a brown corduroy jacket, a pork-pie hat, that bow tie of course, and then he added a pipe. He had no tobacco in it, but it became his favorite prop."

Interesting as it was, sports reporting could not compete with singing, and Frank soon found that a public-address system his mother had given him provided an open sesame. "It had a mike and speakers and a case covered with some sparkling stuff," Tony recalls. "Those things were rare in those days, so when Frankie would let a band use his p.a., the leader would usually let him sing—for free, of course."

Because Tony sometimes joined in those songs, he felt he had a right to be critical when Frank did his first radio program. "I heard him on WAAT and the next time I saw him, I said, 'You'd better quit. Boy, you were terrible.'"

Tony wasn't the only one who thought so. Dolly Sinatra will never forget the day that Frank came in, anxious and unhappy. "Mama," he said, "there's an opening at the Rustic Cabin."

Dolly, who had her own ideas of what her son's future should be, replied, "Opening, closing, it's all the same to me."

"But the bandleader doesn't like me." "That's just fine," said Dolly. "I won't have you staying out until all hours, singing in one of those night clubs."

Her objection was the final crusher. "Frankie just looked at me," she says, "and he didn't say a word. He took his dog, Girlie, in his arms and he went up to his room. Then I heard him sobbing."

To have her grown-up, happy-hearted son cry was too much for the devoted Dolly. "I stood it for a couple of hours, and I suppose I realized then, for the first time, what singing really meant to Frankie. So I got on the phone and I called Harry Steeper, who then was president of the New Jersey musicians and now is James Petrillo's assistant. I said, 'What can we do? Frankie wants to sing at the Rustic Cabin and the bandleader doesn't like him.' Well, Harry had heard Frankie sing, and he must have noticed the start of that quality which Frankie later learned to bring out so effectively. So Harry said he'd fix that—that I was to tell Frankie he was as good as hired. That's how it happened. So many people claim to have started Frankie professionally, but the truth is it was actually Harry Steeper."

The engagement at the Rustic Cabin brought Frank's first break with the old crowd. "We would have liked to go hear him every night," says Dan Hannagan, "but the prices there were too steep."

Tony has his own reason to recall an-

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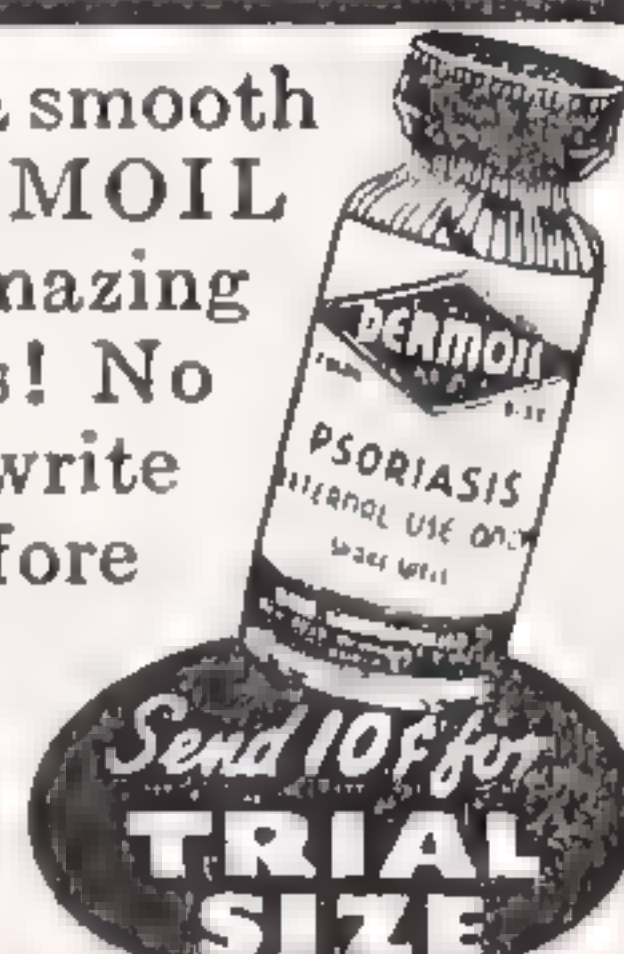
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other memorable day in Frank's life. "I had a milk route, the truck broke down and I was having a horrible time trying to carry milk bottle crates in a rumble seat. It was just daylight when along the street came Frankie. I asked him what he was doing out so late and he said he had just cut a record with Tommy Dorsey. That must have been his first hit, 'I'll Never Smile Again.'"

At the same time, they all could have sung, with feeling, "Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine," for Frankie had met and fallen in love with Nancy Barbato.

"Everyone," says Agnes, "expected that Dan and I, who had been going steady all through high school, would be the first to marry, but it turned out to be Frankie."

Their days of close association were over. Some went on to school, some found jobs, some married. Different interests gave a different direction to their lives.

But they were to learn that Frankie, though famous, was still their friend. In the midst of the screaming riot of bobby-soxers who—during his first big engagement at the New York Paramount—overflowed into Times Square, Frankie saw to it that old friends from Hoboken had a clear path through the swooners.

All members of the old crowd have their favorite stories of similar visits through the years. Terry Carmody remembers when she and her husband, Daniel, chose not to do an I-knew-him-when act while at a New York night club. Frankie, however, spied them in the audience and came racing over to their table.

Tony tells a particularly charming story. A neighbor's daughter had been ill, and because the youngster adored Frank, Tony thought it would give her a boost toward health if she could see him. Warm-hearted Tony went to the trouble of getting a night-club manager's permission to bring the young girl to see the show. He promised her he would get her Frankie's autograph. When Frank learned about the little party, he came to the table and sat with her until time for the next performance. "She was so thrilled and excited," says Tony, "she just trembled."

Not too long ago, Dan and Agnes Hannagan went over to Manhattan to watch Frankie do a television show. An usher was insisting it was impossible for them to go backstage to say hello when Dolly Sinatra discovered them. "She threw her arms around me," says Agnes, "told the usher to take us on stage, and we ended up being guests at Frankie's birthday party."

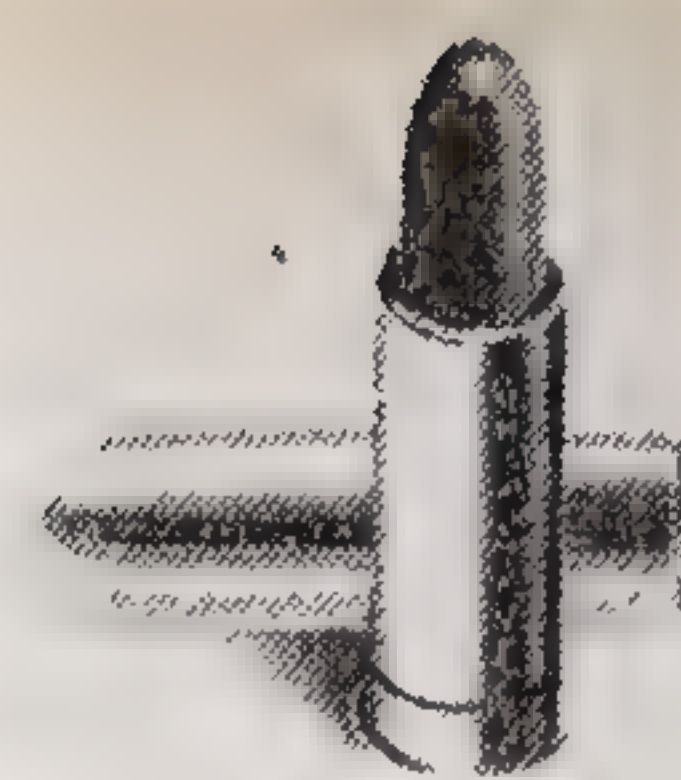
Frank's generosity in appearing at benefits in Hoboken also endears him to his old friends. "If he's in New York and we have something going on," says Terry Carmody, "we know that if he can manage it, he will be over."

The path to fame is always a lonely one and, in Frank Sinatra's life, it has often been turbulent. Yet through the years, he has continued to earn, and give, both affection and loyalty. Those who have known him the longest still love him the best.

Tony sums it up. "Come to think of it, I know of only one thing Frankie has ever said he would do that he didn't. Last time I saw him, he noticed I was getting kind of bald on top. So he yelled out, 'Hey, Tony, when I get back to Hollywood, I'm going to get you a rug—a hairpiece. I'll put your curly locks right back on your head.' That's the only thing I've ever known him to forget, but at that, it might be a little inconvenient. How could I get my head to Hollywood for a fitting when I'm kind of busy using it right here in Hoboken?"

The defense for Frank's youth rests.

THE END



A



B



C



D



E

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Audrey's Harvest of the Heart

(Continued from page 42)

It was only for Audrey. "He's too old for her," they said, though the difference in their ages is not really great. "He has too much influence over her," they sounded their ominous warning. "He'll resent it when her career outstrips his," the gloom-sayers and the doom-sayers predicted, carrying this one step farther. And, all the time, they were trying to analyze what cannot and could not be analyzed—which is, simply, the fundamental appeal that attracts one human being to another, regardless of the seemingly insurmountable barriers which must be overcome before love can find fulfillment.

Audrey once said of herself that her greatest asset is her discontent.

It was a professional reference, of course, meaning that she always refused to be wholly satisfied with her work. But, hearing of this, a friend and admirer commented: "Discontent is also her greatest personal liability."

This comment was made several years ago, before Mel Ferrer had appeared on the scene, and it was not entirely untrue—then. Discontent was not the precise word, but it was a distant cousin. It is truer to say that, when Audrey Hepburn left Paramount after making "Sabrina," she had not yet found herself, found the woman she was to become. Her life was singularly intense and one-dimensional. She loved her work, as she loves it now, and that ruled out discontent and its various implications. But she didn't have much aside from her work; she was living for Audrey Hepburn's career. Today, she still takes that career with utmost seriousness. But it constitutes only one dimension in her life. The perspective has shifted and widened since she fell in love and married. In the process, Audrey became a woman. The change may be indescribable, but that hasn't stopped her friends from trying to describe it.

"I'll tell you," said one of them recently. Two years ago, she was a pixie. You didn't know but what she'd suddenly limb a tree or hurdle a hedge or just vanish in a spiral of smoke. Now you're reasonably sure she'll eat a ham sandwich and go to a ball game—or whatever."

Said another: "We've always loved her here on this lot. But, before she met Mel, you sensed something—maybe it was unhappiness or insecurity, I'm not really sure. But there was a sort of fragility of temperament; you handled her with care. Now—well, what I'm trying to say is, now I know her. She's an entirely different

person since her marriage to Mel."

"I hate to labor a word like this," said a third friend. "But this girl is transfixed. Happiness in love has turned her inside out."

Now let's hear what Audrey herself has to say on the subject.

Having completed "War and Peace" in Italy, Audrey was back in Hollywood, but only long enough to make some scenes for "Funny Face," with Fred Astaire. Then she would be on her way to France to finish the film.

Audrey sat in her period dressing room, wearing slacks and eating fruit salad and sliced cold meat. No endive. Never in her life will she again eat endive. As a child during World War II, she once survived for days on nothing but endive. Just the thought of it now turns her stomach.

When asked about the change in her, Audrey grew thoughtful and said, "I want to be agreeable, but I want to be accurate, too. Perhaps the words used are too neat. I mean, if I was discontented, I wasn't aware of it then. I was very busy. But looking back, perhaps it was so. I never had any conscious feeling of insecurity, but I suppose many insecure people are that way. I—I don't think now that I was a whole woman then. No woman is, without love. I was dedicated. My work, my dance lessons, terrific application—I thought this was enough. Now I know it wasn't. Mel has meant—well, everything."

Here there seemed to lay the seeds of conflict. In other words, if Mel so wished it, would Audrey forsake her career?

She considered the question for some time. "If you'll forgive me," she said finally, "it's not a fair question. It sets up an issue I don't think would ever arise."

"If Mel," she said, "put it to me that it was of the most vital concern to him that I retire—yes, I would. But it would make me very unhappy. As I say, though, I can't imagine his doing it. Oh, perhaps if—something drastic happened, something I can't even conceive of, at the moment. But Mel knows what my work means to me. He likes for me to work if it makes me happy. We work together. Some author once said, a writer's only salvation is to write. It's that way with us, too, perhaps. The question upsets me a little, because I think I know where it comes from. All this talk, especially in New York, that Mel is a kind of Svengali to my Trilby, dominating my career. It's so ridiculous and so unfair to Mel. He advises me, yes, and sometimes I advise him. Isn't it that way with all couples? We



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want to help each other, it's one of the wonderful things of marriage. But dominating—oh, no!"

Audrey and Mel were married in Switzerland, in September, 1954, not long after the Broadway run of "Ondine," in which he was her co-star. The news raised the eyebrows of many right up to the hair-line, and a few were muttering "Svengali" before the honeymoon even started. But they were wrong. "They" are wrong so often, it might be wondered sometimes why "they" even bother to come to bat. The Ferrers honeymooned in Europe and were ecstatically happy. They lived on an Italian farm for a while and, while Audrey made "Funny Face," they rented a beach house at Malibu, which they both loved.

Since they have yet to own a home of their own, they are tireless house renters.

"We'd love to own one," says Audrey. "But not yet. We go wherever our careers take us, where the good roles are to be found. It would be silly to buy a home and then spend a year or more away from it. But we have a villa in mind like the one we had in Italy, and one day we're going to have it—perhaps perched on a California hillside near the ocean."

But, as she says, not yet. First there are pictures to be made, in Paris, maybe Rome, maybe London. So for the present, Hollywood is just another way station, and the villa by the sea a somewhat remote dream.

"Anyway," Audrey continued, "sometimes things get printed and there's nothing you can do about it. After all, you don't complain when the words are praise, so it should work both ways. But now and then—oh, I don't know. For instance, today I'm having lunch in my dressing room. Well, I usually do—have lunch in my dressing room, I mean. Being alone, I re-charge my batteries. Anyway, I thought I was being a good girl, giving my all to the picture this way. But then one of the columnists—and one I thought I got along with—wrote a line about what goes with snooty Audrey Hepburn, not eating in the commissary. I never thought of it that way. So now do I have to begin eating in the commissary just to pacify this columnist? I'm afraid it would be cowardly of me. He's committed me to a course of action."

Returning to the subject of love, Audrey's eyes grew tender as she said, "For me, the growth has been in the giving and the strength in the sense of protection. I'm not alone any more. Don't make that sound pathetic. I never minded

being alone. But I'd mind it now. I do know it then; I do now: no one should be alone. But when I was last here, in Hollywood, my every movement was Audrey Hepburn, and in a way that made you ingrown. Now I know what it is how else can I say it?—live for another. It has an archaic sound, but that's honest. I've been restless, but that's over. I didn't know exactly where or what I wanted to be. Now I do. Wherever Mel is, I'm home."

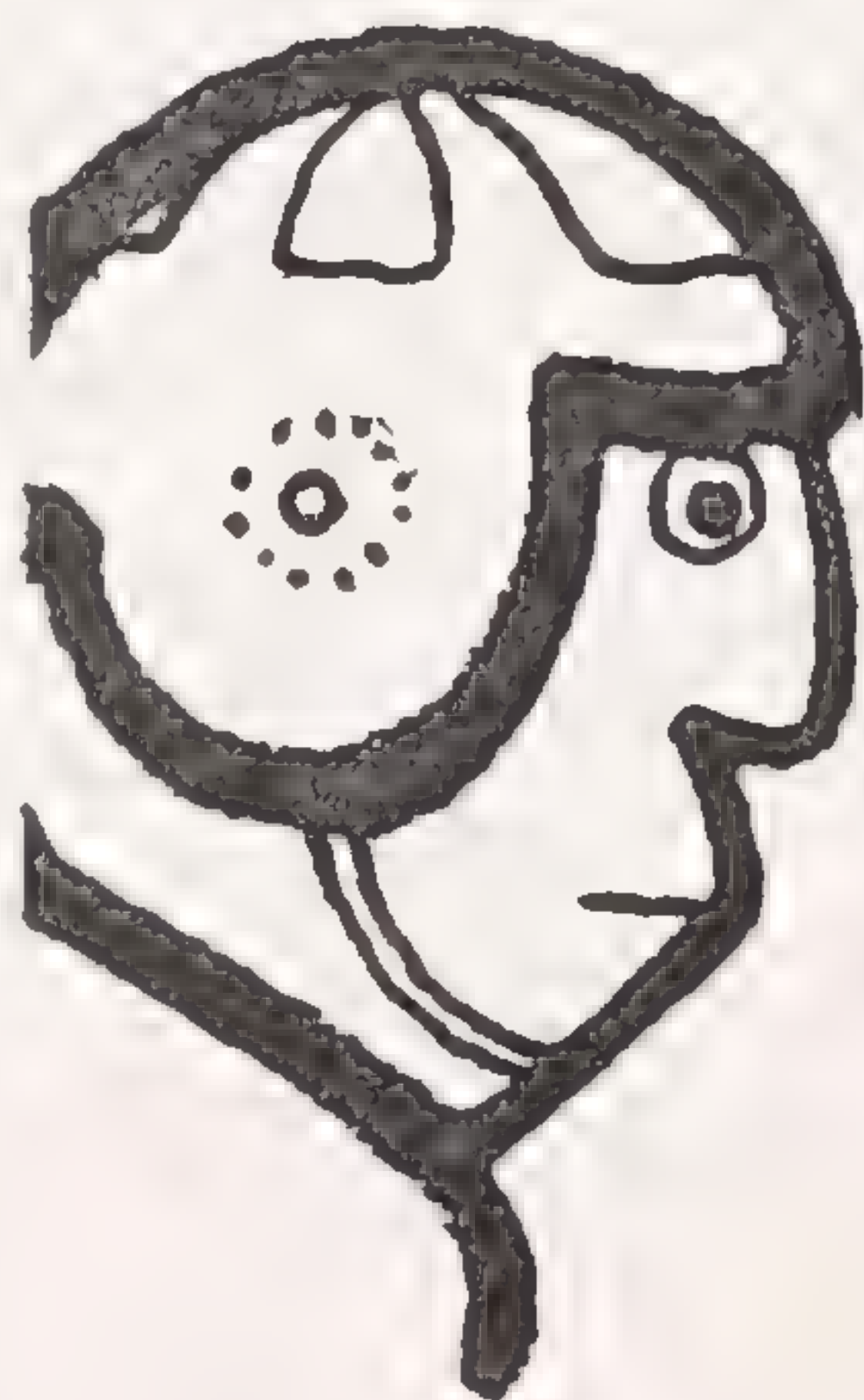
And, in truth, home has been an elusive project for Audrey. Her life reads a little like an improbable operetta—but a serious one. She was born in Brussels, Belgium, in 1929. Her father, J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, was Anglo-Irish. Her mother is of Dutch nobility.

Audrey was tomboyish as a child, loved animals and had no regard for cats ("They never seemed real to me.") In 1939, her parents were divorced, and when the war came Audrey went to stay at a home in Holland. It was there, one day in 1940, that she fell in love with ballet, seeing a performance of the famed Sadler's Wells. She went home that night determined to be a ballerina. The next day the Nazis invaded.

Arnhem in those years was a grim, fantastic place for a child to be. Audrey learned ballet and sometimes carried underground messages in her shoes. Her attitude toward the Nazis was, of course, far from amiable; her English was completely fluent. She was hungry much of the time. But she came out of it all in one piece.

For three years after the war, she studied in Amsterdam, then in London under ballet director Marie Rambert, who once said of her: "She was a wonderful learner. If I had wanted to persevere in ballet, she might have become an outstanding ballerina." Lack of perseverance is not commonly one of Audrey's weaknesses, then she had a feeling that time was running out. She was in a hurry. The search had begun in earnest.

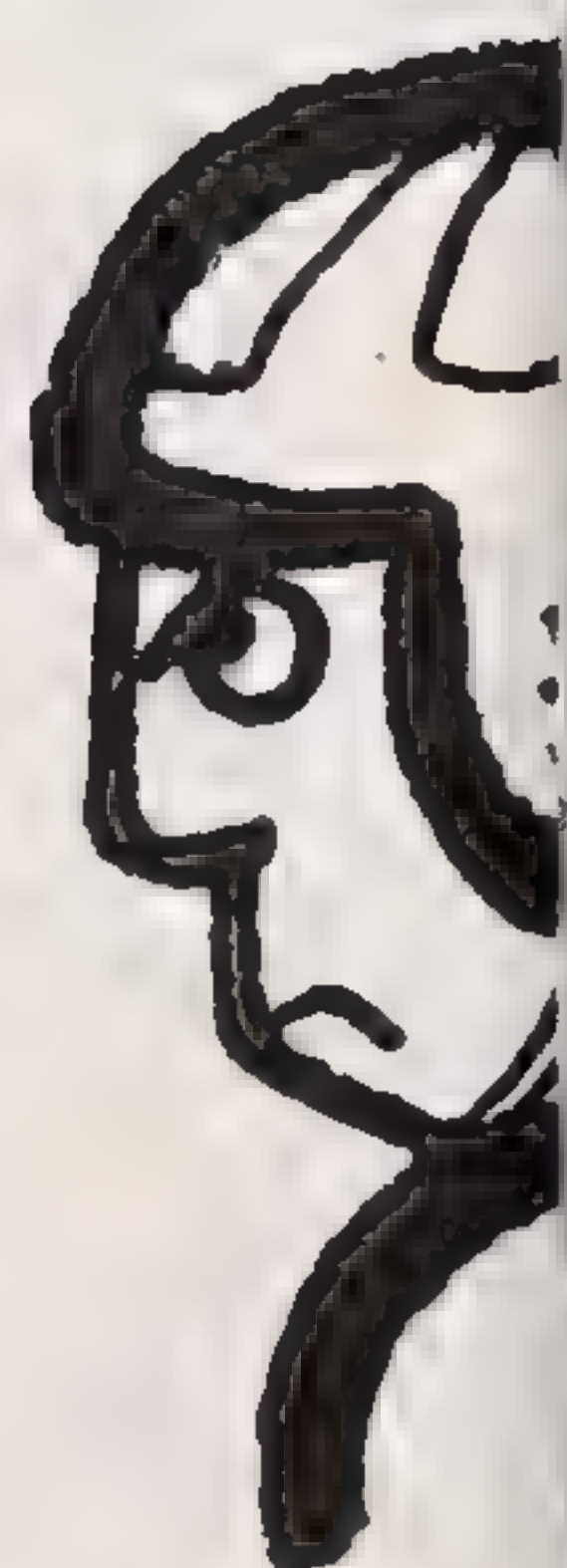
She got chorus girl and night-club work such as in the London company of "Button Shoes." But all the time she studied, too. Then fate, that literary convenience, took her to Monte Carlo for a bit part in a picture, and there she was spotted by Colette, the famed and respected French authoress. Anita Loos, playwright, had just then completed dramatization of Colette's book, *Gigi*. Colette took just one look at Audrey Hepburn and said: "Voila!" Miss Loos agreed.



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When it opened on Broadway, "Gigi" rned out to be less than a roaring hit, it Audrey Hepburn in the title role was e event of the season. She also shook ollywood observers to the marrow. After Audrey's first appearance before a mera, Paramount director William Wy- said, "She was absolutely delicious." A top Paramount executive agreed with m, adding, "We were fascinated." And so striking was her impact, after oman Holiday," that Billy Wilder was oved to observe: "This girl, single- nded, may make bosoms a thing of the st."

Audrey Hepburn, however, the twenty- en-year-old cosmopolite, who looks like ery girl and like no girl ("She doesn't en look like Audrey Hepburn," a friend ce remarked), is not inclined to ponder own stature.

"Now and then," she did concede one day ently, "it staggers you a little. So ny people pointing cameras, especially Europe. And now and then, you find rself out of your depth. The questions ll the way from what do I think of e or how does it feel to be a star, to rmous ones, even political, with as ny prongs as a pitchfork. Here I am, an ocent little actress trying to do a job, d it seems that my opinion on policy in Middle East is worth something. I t't say I don't have an opinion, but I bt its worth."

Making "Funny Face," Audrey Hepburn s a busy girl. Dancing with Fred aire is not for idlers. But Audrey loved

every minute of it. The ballerina bit, it appears, was not wasted.

Nor have her years of searching been in vain. At one time, according to intimates, Audrey was extremely shy. Now she is gay and more confident.

Once, after her name had gone up in New York lights over "Gigi," Audrey gazed at the marquee like a little girl. Then suddenly she said: "Oh, dear, and I still have to learn how to act." If she has such misgivings now, she doesn't mention them.

Audrey is by no means brash, and the little girl aura is still a part of her. But it's quite plain to see that Audrey Hepburn has come to terms with herself.

In what can be loosely called the old days, Audrey Hepburn would go home to her apartment after work, still in a state of nervous concentration. She would be alone, and she would want it to be tomorrow, because her work was her fulfillment. And when she stopped and was alone again, there would be a sense of desolation and, occasionally, even a feeling of fright.

But now on this sunny day, she was going to wind up the afternoon and point her car west toward the sea, then north to Malibu. If she got there early enough, she would do the shopping. Then—home. Mel would be waiting there, he and the beach house and the sea. There was no need to wish for tomorrow, because the missing parts have fallen into place. The search for Audrey Hepburn is over. At least, for now. . . .

THE END

Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 24)

amer, producer-director of "The Pride and the Passion," echoed Cary's sentiments. believe Sophia will be great in American pictures, because she has the qualities ays sought in stars. She has the same m, friendly playfulness Lana Turner when she first started in movies, that rilyn Monroe now has. She has the e overwhelming sex appeal that was young Joan Crawford's, unbelievably abined with the sweetness of an Ann th. And she has the most melodious gh you ever heard.

evertheless, at the bull fight in Madrid, uccess Grace was awarded all the bulls' s, which is the highest of honors in this nge sport.

he presence of two such luminaries at ull fight was enough to throw all rid into a tizzy, anyhow. But unspoiled hia had made the mistake of sitting in ox with her publicity man, while Her ene Highness was—in a Latin country Spain—not only accompanied by her band, but one who is a reigning prince. girl who has achieved such eminence erves the bulls' ears.

Spain, delays are as common as anets, and Frank Sinatra fussed and ed over every one of them. But Cary nt had a wonderful time with his e, Betsy. Cary has a bubbling enthusi- for Spain, the Spaniards, the food, the t wines. And, anyhow, he's a lover fe.

us, when I drove some thirty miles ide Madrid to El Escorial, the vast astery built by Philippe II in 1562, I d Cary laughing in the sun. Some of scenes in "The Pride and the Passion" e shot in this architectural wonder. On particular morning, they had been oting down among the tombs, where all three of the kings of Spain are buried. guide, with a group of tourists, had

come along between shots, explaining the sights. He pointed to the left and said, "Here are Carlos V and the three Philip- pes." He pointed right and said, "Here are Ferdinand and Isabella." Then he looked in the center and said, "And here is Mr. Grant."

Banked Fires?

Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner ran into each other at an elegant Madrid restaurant called The Commodore and disappointed everyone by not being the least bit dramatic about it. Each was with a different party of friends and they both greeted each other with just the right note of pleased politeness, neither too cordial nor too cool. If they ever saw each other alone in Spain, there's no proving it. There's no proving anything about Ava in Madrid, anyway. She lives in a house far out in the country, and the beat of flamenco music and dancing is usually heard there all night. During the day, she is completely invisible.

Danny Dood It

It was Danny Kaye, in Spain with his UNESCO film on children, who really shocked the Madrelanos, as the citizens of Madrid are called. Although Danny has worked eagerly and tirelessly for UNESCO, the Madrelanos couldn't excuse his air of extreme informality. They are such formal people, they even wear gloves when going to market, and they were deeply offended by Mr. Kaye when he turned up for an audience with General Franco. Danny was wearing sandals, a sport coat and sport shirt with no tie, and was in need of a haircut.

Franco kept him waiting for three hours—which cooling off period the Madrelanos felt Danny richly deserved.

THE END

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(Continued from page 67)

Twenty years later—give or take a few—Selena Royle, no longer a star, went to Hollywood to play a small part in an M-G-M picture. One day, she mentioned to a co-worker, an M-G-M contract player, that she'd once known Spencer Tracy. "But he wouldn't remember me after all this time," she added.

"Let's go over to his sound stage and see," urged the acquaintance. Reluctantly, Miss Royle consented.

It happened that they entered the sound stage while Spence was rehearsing a difficult scene. They stood quietly among the thirty or forty assorted technicians, prop men, script girls, and sub-sub assistants who clutter up the sidelines of every active set. Spence, absorbed in his work, didn't even glance in their direction. Then, after a few moments, he seemed to become aware of something a bit unusual. He looked up, frowning, narrowing his eyes against the light. Suddenly he yelled.

"Selena!" Rushing off the set, he grabbed both Selena's hands, then threw his arms around her in a bear-hug. "By golly, it's wonderful to see you! How are you?"

This little incident illustrates Spencer Tracy's phenomenal memory, but it also illustrates something more—his loyalty to a friend. Not the casual, easy kind of loyalty, which would have permitted him to continue rehearsing until the director called a break, then stroll over and greet Miss Royle with smiling, poised friendliness; but the dynamic, positive kind which made him forget everything except that a person whom he'd been fond of a long time ago was standing there.

Loyalty—and also humility. For it was Spence, not Selena Royle, who a few minutes later proceeded to tell all within hearing how she had gone out on a limb to give him his first big acting chance, and how disastrously he had bungled it.

"I wondered," he said, "what had ever given me the idea I could act." He paused and looked thoughtful. "Still wonder that, sometimes," said the man who has twice won an Academy Award for the excellence of his acting.

Nor was he being falsely modest. There is not one ounce of phoniness in Spencer Tracy. He simply and sincerely does not have, and never has had, a high opinion of his own abilities. Time and again he has pleaded not to be cast in this or that role because he was convinced it was beyond him as an actor. "Who'll believe I'm a Portuguese fisherman?" he demanded when M-G-M wanted him to play Manuel in "Captains Courageous." "With this Irish mug? And I can't learn that accent—I'd mess up the whole picture!" Later, when he was offered the role of Father Flanagan in "Boys Town," his reaction was even more violent. "Me, a priest?" The Irish mug twisted as if in pain. "Why—it would be sacrilegious!"

However, he did play Manuel and Father Flanagan. Those were two roles for which he received Oscars.

Spence had been under contract to M-G-M for twenty years—longer than any other star on the lot—but this year he decided to become a free lance, as have so many other stars. As far back as 1952, having read *The Mountain*, by Henry Troyat, and Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, Spence had asked M-G-M to buy the stories for him, but to no avail. So, after he became a free lance, he arranged with Paramount about filming "The Mountain," and with Leland Hayward about producing "The Old Man and the Sea." "The Mountain" will be released

this fall, and "The Old Man and the Sea," which is now being filmed in Cuba, will be released early next year.

On his last birthday, April 5, Spence was fifty-six. He doesn't mind reveal his age, nor does he make any attempt appear younger than his years. All with his professional humility, Spence a complete lack of personal vanity. Long ago he declared, "I'm not the roman type, and—" he added, sticking out square jaw and popping eyes, "I can prove it!" No make-up artist has ever been permitted to pretty him up for a picture. Unless his role demands it for purposes of realism, Spence wears no make-up at all before the camera. His hair, once a bright red, is silver now, and the lines strip his forehead and raying out from the corners of his quizzical blue eyes are deeper than they used to be. Only his freckles unchanged.

Spence was born and brought up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he thought less of being an actor than most youngsters do today. His father was a sales manager for a motor truck company, and the Tracys were "not rich, not poor, just comfortable." Spence thought, when he was in his teens, that he'd like to be a doctor, but first there was the little matter of World War I to be settled. He and his friend, Bill O'Brien, managed to enlist in the Navy, although they were both under the minimum age limit, and served several months before the war ended.

That out of the way, Spence entered Ripon College as a pre-medical student. During his freshman year he went out on the debating team—and that was the beginning of the end as far as his medical plans were concerned. "The drama coach watched me debating," he says, "and spotted the ham in me. He gave me a good part in a play, and from then on I was a goner. I decided I wanted to be an actor; I've never changed my mind."

Since he was going to be an actor, Spence saw no point in studying medicine and in the middle of his third term at Ripon he left college and went to New York, where he enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. In the meantime, his boyhood chum, Bill O'Brien, also been bitten by the acting bug, they took a furnished room together, had changed his first name to Pat by then, and in the years since he hasn't been too badly in the acting line either.

The boys had a lot of fun and a lot of heartbreaks—just as other boys (and girls) equally determined to be actors are having today. "We had one advantage, though," Spence says soberly, "that youngster day don't. Stock companies, outside of New York. Places where we could learn to act, doing a different part in a different play every week—and still earn enough to live on. Hardly any stock companies now. A kid either gets a job on Broadway, and, if he's lucky, keeps it and does the same thing six nights and two matinees a week for a year or so—or he gets discouraged and hungry and goes back to school. Of course, there's radio and TV—they're something else."

Spence's first stock engagement was as mentioned, conspicuously successful. On his second try, he did better. He was hired by a company in White Plains, New York, to play juvenile leads. And, as if weren't sufficient proof that fortune was on his side, in the company there was a beautiful young actress named Irene Treadwell.

They played love scenes on stage, and very soon they were playing them on the stage as well. By the time the

plains season was over, Spence had proposed and Louise had accepted. They were married on July 28, 1923, and they've stayed married ever since, through the lean years and the fat ones.

Perhaps one reason for the success of their marriage is that it has been kept separate from Spence's career. In a town where a star's private life is considered public property, Spencer and Louise Tracy have avoided the spotlight and shielded their home and home life from prying eyes. It is no secret that their happiness was early shadowed by the hearing deficiency of their first child, John, who is now thirty-one, but it is something Spence never talks about for publication. Neither is it any secret that he and Louise founded the John Tracy School for the training of other children similarly handicapped. But again this is a fact which is never allowed to serve as an excuse for any publicity connected with Spencer Tracy, the star.

Today, Spence is quietly proud of all his son has accomplished, despite his handicap. John was graduated from college with honors, is carving out his own career as a cartoonist, is happily married and the father of a three-year-old son.

Spence and his wife have the kind of warm, affectionate relationship you find between two people who have shared both happiness and sorrow—who understand each other completely and have found their way to a mature, undemanding love. When Louise Treadwell became Louise Tracy, she gave up her own acting ambitions, willingly and entirely. John was born when he and Spence had been married a year. Their second child, Suzy, was born in 1932, after success on the stage had brought Spence to Hollywood and greater success. Louise's part in that success was to provide a home, a haven. A charming, dignified woman, she now spends most of her time at the Tracy ranch near Encino, coming into town only rarely.

Spence has a far more difficult, seeking temperament than his wife's. He loves the ranch, which he likes to believe is a real one. It isn't. Real ranches don't lose money; his one does, mainly because its owner's ideas of ranching are strictly his own. Spence has acres of rich pasture in which he refuses to plant money-making crops because he needs them to support the race horses and polo ponies he has acquired at different times and never sold. He can't bear to sell them, because if he did they might have to go to work. He also raises turkeys and chickens, all of which die of old age because Spence can't bear to have them killed or sent to market.

But, since there has always been a streak of restlessness in Spence, he could never be happy as a full-time gentleman farmer. He needs the stimulation of people and activity and new scenes. So, while he is working on a picture, he lives from Monday to Friday in a small, comfortable Hollywood apartment, spending only his weekends at the ranch.

He is bored by gaudy night spots, but he loves good food and knows which restaurants serve the best. He has a great many friends, most of them connected with the film industry. Among the closest are Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons, Leo Grogan and Laraine Day, Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon, directors George Cukor and William Wyler, executive Benny Thau, agent Bert Allenberg, Clifton Webb, Richard Burton, Ernest Hemingway—and the dearest friend of all, Pat O'Brien. It is no accident that all these people are witty and entertaining conversationalists. Spence can't abide dullness, in himself or others.

Several years ago, he took up oil painting as a hobby, but he is not one of those amateur painters who shows his efforts at

the drop of a hint. Only his family and a few very close friends have ever seen a completed Tracy landscape. He is even reticent about the fact that he paints at all. While on location at Lone Pine, California, making "Bad Day at Black Rock," Spence disappeared one morning when some scenes in which he didn't appear were scheduled for shooting. No one knew where he had gone. Finally, he was discovered at Whitney Point, a spot on the mountainside commanding a magnificent view which he was trying to paint.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going up there?" asked the studio publicity man assigned to the company. "I'd have sent a photographer up to get some shots of you painting."

"That's why," Spence said, with a grin.

It's not that he isn't cooperative. Simply, some things are his own property, not to be exploited for the sake of publicity.

Spence can be stubborn about such things—about anything that he feels conflicts with his integrity as a person or as an actor. He has a temper which has earned the awed respect of front-office brass. But it's notable that less exalted studio workers—grips, wardrobe men, bit players—speak more of his kindness than of his temper.

Younger actors he has worked with, especially, idolize him. People like Jean Simmons, Bob Wagner, Van Johnson, will tell you by the hour of his patience and helpfulness at times when they were unsure of themselves.

If there is time between pictures, Spence likes to take a trip of some kind. For instance, as soon as "The Mountain" was finished, he took off for Paris, along with Robert Wagner and Barbara Darrow. Assuming the role of tourist-guide, Spence showed them what he calls "My Paris"—the little cafes, the art galleries, the colorful side streets.

Spence and Bob Wagner had worked together before, in "Broken Lance," and while shooting "The Mountain" they became even closer friends. Bob has long idolized Spence, and apparently the "master" has a high regard for his young "protege," for it was Spence who picked Bob to play opposite him and insisted that he get co-star billing.

"The Mountain" is an exciting, breath-taking picture. It tells the story of many conflicts—between right and wrong, kindness and greed, younger and older brother, and most of all, between man and mountain.

Most of the picture deals with the ascent and descent of the famous and hazardous Mont Blanc. In order to prepare for the rigors ahead, Spence and Bob arrived in the village of Chamonix, France—which lies within the shadow of Mont Blanc—three weeks ahead of schedule. For days they worked with Alpine guides, practiced climbing over snow and ice, jumping over crevasses, climbing steep, craggy cliffs.

Charles Balmat, one of the most famous Alpine guides, was in charge of training the men. "You can always tell an American in the Alps," says Balmat. "They always want to get to the top in fifteen minutes. You can't do that in the Alps."

Throughout all the arduous training and filming, Spence kept up with the pace set by the guides. He was in constant danger, and at no time during the climb did he—or anyone else—feel safe. The first day of climbing, the weather was calm and beautiful. As they proceeded on their way, everyone felt good and confidently exclaimed, "This is a cinch!" Then, just a short way up the mountain, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of what Charles Balmat called "the worst storm Chamonix has ever had." As lightning

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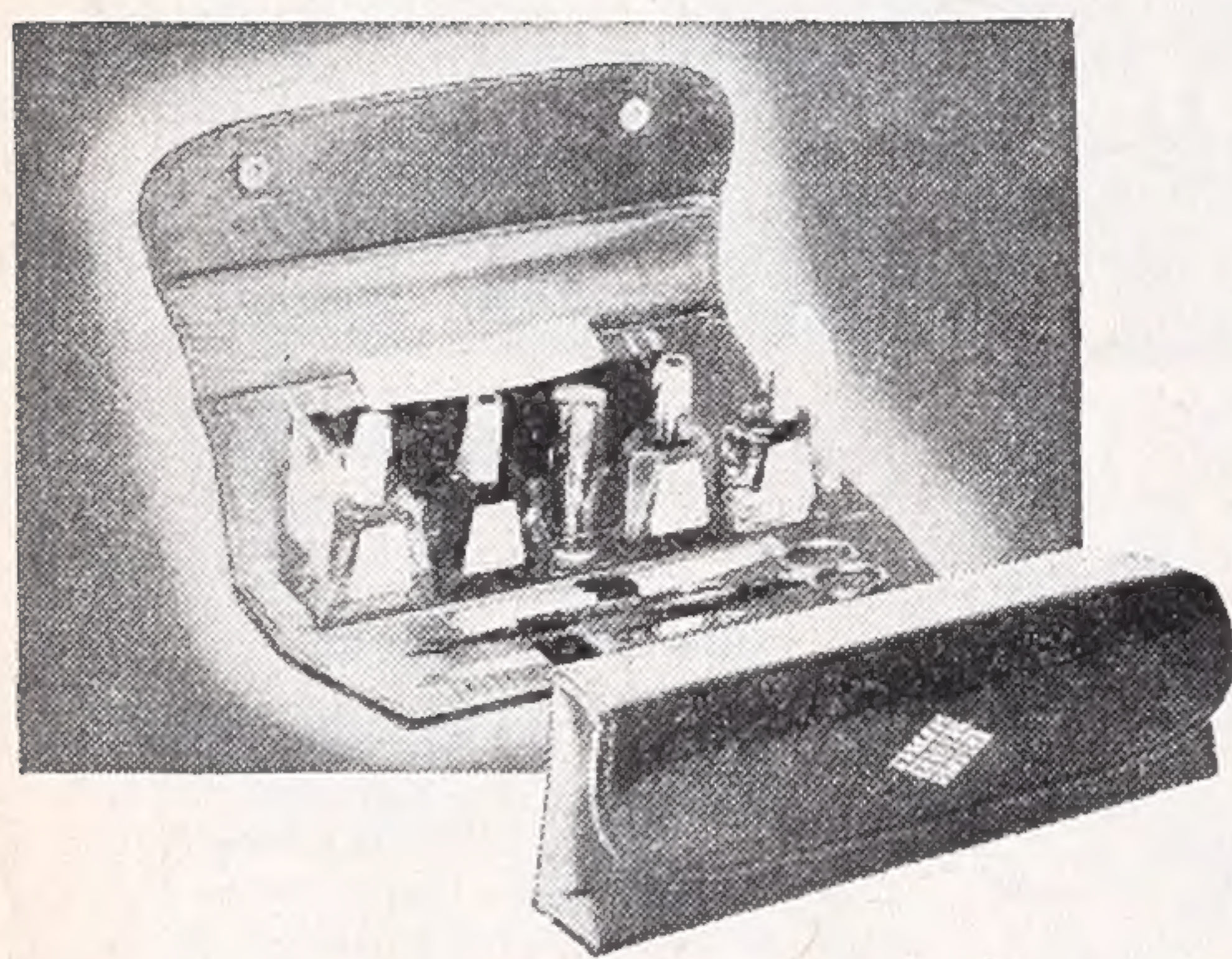
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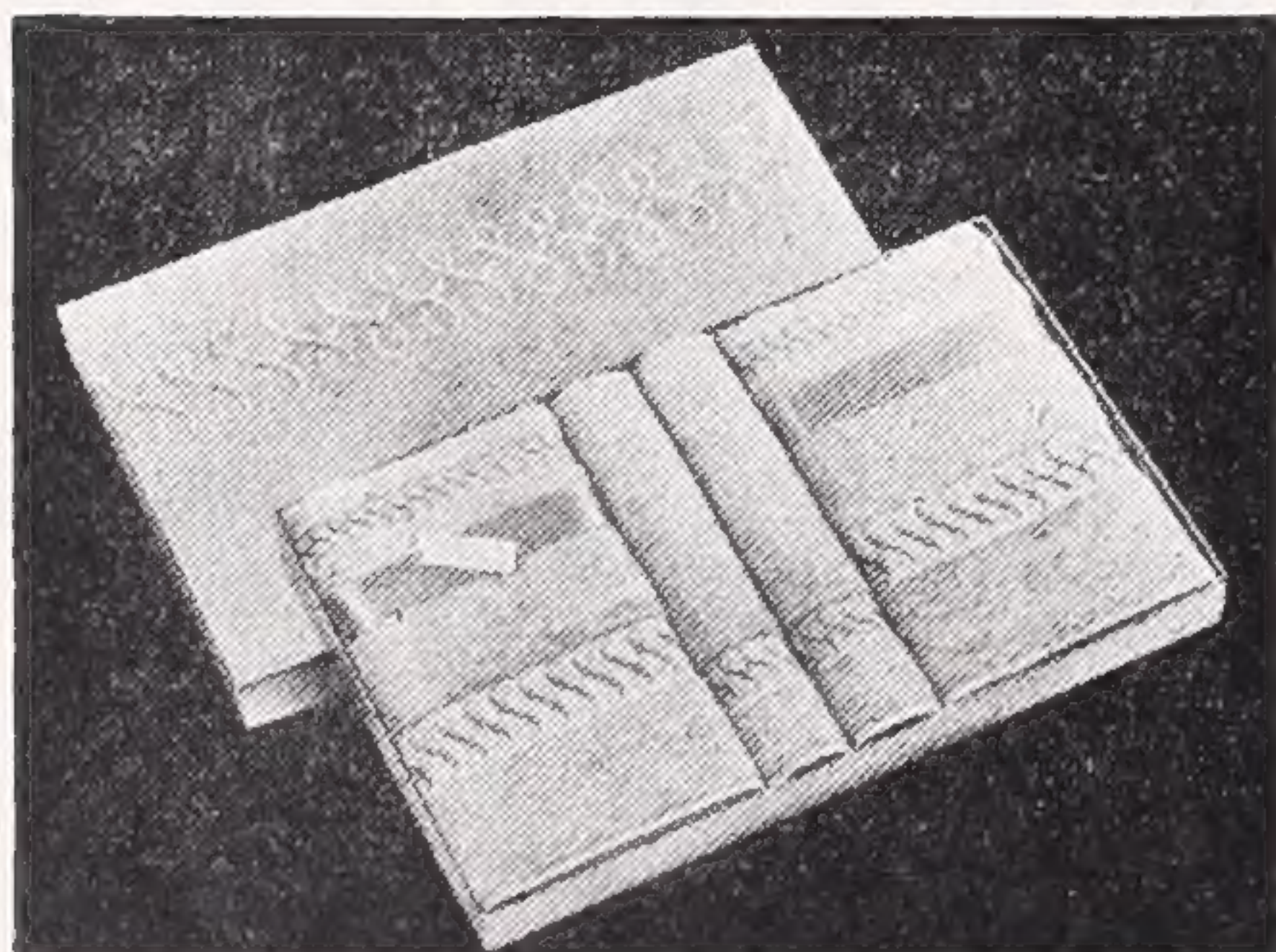
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and thunder crashed all around them, Balmat shouted, "Drop everything and run for your lives!" But where can you run when you're scaling a mountain? And even if they had known where to run, the storm was so bad, they couldn't see two feet ahead. They did manage to crawl back, finally, but in the process one of the porters was struck by lightning.

The people of Chamonix were delighted to have "The Mountain" company visit their town, and in honor of the occasion they gave numerous parties. Although Spence led a comparatively quiet life while on location, he did attend some of the parties and, understandably, captured the hearts of the townspeople. Before long he became known as the Pied Piper of Chamonix, because he frequently strolled down the main street, handing out candy to the children who gathered around him.

One of the unpleasant aspects of making "The Mountain" was having to start work before dawn—unpleasant to everyone, that is, but Spence. He has never needed much sleep—about four hours a night does him nicely—and is always awake by six A.M., at the latest, whether or not he is working on a picture. Similarly, in the evening he is still likely to be bright-eyed and eager when everyone else in the party is beginning to droop. This may be partly due to the fact that he drinks nothing stronger than coffee—gallons of it. There was a time when this was not so—when, in fact, Spencer Tracy seemed bent on earning himself the reputation as a hard man with a bottle. Seven years ago, without fanfare, he went on the wagon and has remained there ever since.

No matter what time he goes to bed, Spence reads for an hour or so before falling asleep. Then, as soon as he wakes up, he brews a big pot of coffee, which he drinks while he reads some more. He reads fiction, history, biography, and every book about the theatre he can lay his hands on.

He doesn't own a television set. He and Ernest Hemingway made a pact several years ago that as long as there are still words being printed on paper, neither of them will buy a television set.

"I wouldn't want one anyway," Spence says. "I've got no self-control around television. I take a trip to New York, I bring along a stack of books I want to read, I plan on seeing a few plays and a few friends. There's a television set in my hotel room, and I snap it on. So what happens? At two in the morning I wake up and find I'm still sitting there."

Speaking of Hemingway, he and Spence have recently had the opportunity to extend their friendship into a working relationship, during the filming of "The Old Man and the Sea," on location in Cuba. As in "The Mountain" the chief conflict is between man and mountain, so this story is about man's struggle with the sea and its inhabitants. It tells of a poor, elderly Cuban fisherman who catches an unbelievably large marlin but, by the time he brings it into port—after all kinds of struggles—there is little left but the skeleton. The role of the old fisherman is a tremendously difficult and taxing one, and Spence carries the story almost single-handedly.

Not the least of the problems involved in filming "The Old Man and the Sea," was catching a huge enough fish. Along with several others, Ernest Hemingway tried his experienced hand at it. And, while he was attempting to make the biggest catch of his fishing life, Spence was busy preparing for the role that could snare him the unprecedented honor of an actor's life—the Oscar for the third time.

It is a strong possibility and, if it does become a fact, it will be the richest harvest Spencer Tracy could reap in these, his rewarding vintage years. **THE END**



SHE: "Barbara's my idea of a really attractive girl!"

HE: "And you're mine!"

*To him
you're just as lovely
as a movie star*

So look your most attractive—be sure your skin is always fresh and glowing—like Barbara Rush's. Along with 9 out of 10 of the other Hollywood stars, Miss Rush uses new Lux every day. And Lux care can do as much for you!

Cosmetic lather is the secret

New Lux lather has a beneficial *cosmetic* action on your skin. It actually helps maintain the proper moisture balance that's so essential to a fresh, radiant complexion.

*New Lux is sealed
in Gold Foil*



... to protect its rich, creamy *cosmetic* lather, dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance. You don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion—that's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!



Barbara Rush

... so lovely to look at! And isn't her complexion something? Miss Rush tells us it's regular Lux care that keeps her skin fresh and glowing!



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

COMBINATION OFFER OF CREME RINSE WITH BRECK SHAMPOO

There are Three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair, another is for oily hair, and a third is for normal hair. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

Breck Creme Rinse is used after the shampoo to add softness, lustre and manageability to your hair. It makes combing and arranging easy. Breck Creme Rinse is helpful in the care of dry, brittle hair. Enjoy fragrant Breck Creme Rinse after your next shampoo.

A 2 1/2 oz. bottle of Breck Creme Rinse with a \$1.00 bottle of one of the Three Breck Shampoos - both for \$1.00 plus 3¢ federal tax.

Instructions for making the distinctive jeweled mirror shown above are available on request.

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